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A VISIT TO AMERICA

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(II)

I SAW some of the sights of New York at leisure during the Christmas holidays when my lectures were suspended and I was the guest of Mr and Mrs Paine in West 49th Street. They are a wonderful testimony to American energy. Of course the absurd reports one sometimes hears in England of immense numbers of buildings fifty stories high, are false. I never believed them to be true. Still, the skyscrapers are very wonderful, and a few of them come up to the reported standard, while large numbers of buildings are of a height hardly known in England—14, 15 and 16 stories. I studied a guide-book called "The Great New York City," by Joseph Pennell, published at Boston, with the express object of ascertaining the exact height of the skyscrapers, but to my disappointment I found no facts or figures. Opposite a picture of one tall building, in place of a description of its dimensions, was the following sentence: "The towering splendour of New York is one of the marvels of the world. The mind can only grope after words to express its proportions and try to imagine its height and girth." I did, however, in time ascertain the figures of the case. The highest building is the Woolworth building, 54 stories high, exclusive of the tower, which the guide-books reckon as one extra story, but in which I counted four, making in all 58. Next comes the Singer Building in Broadway and Liberty Street which is 47 stories high. Next the City Investing Building and the Municipal Building, both of which are 34 stories.

The Woolworth Building is a marvel. On the ground floor all round are walls and pillars of the most costly marble. There is also a Turkish Bath and a Restaurant. There are forty lifts, or "elevators," as the Americans call them. On each floor there are numerous business offices. There are express elevators and slow elevators,

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parallel to express and slow trains. As I wanted to go to the top I took an express elevator, and in a moment, without any sense of motion, found myself at the first stopping place, 27 storys high. The next halt was 54 storys high. Then I got into another "elevator" in the tower at the top of the building, and ascending four more storys looked out on to the wonderful view. Mr Woolworth, who built it and whose bust stands in the hall, made his millions by building shops throughout the States, in which nothing cost more than ten cents, or fivepence. Desiring to leave a name behind him, he erected this building, which is of course for height unparalleled in the world. He met with his death only a year ago, in a fire in Philadelphia.

Not to be named with the Woolworth Building, but still a very remarkable sight in its way, is the New York Hippodrome; the stage is two hundred feet across and the scale of the *mise-en-scène* immense. I counted twenty-two horses on the stage who behaved themselves remarkably well in their complicated evolutions.

Some of the great railway stations—strange as it may seem—are wonders of effective architecture to which there is no parallel or approach in England. An English friend of mine who frequently visits America said to me that he felt inclined in the hall of the grand Central Station, New York, to take his hat off as though it were a church. The terminus station of the Pennsylvania line is equally impressive.

Another very striking feature of American life is to be found in the Athletic Clubs; the most remarkable of these which I saw was the Racquet Club of Philadelphia. You enter it and see nothing at first to distinguish it from an ordinary social club. There is a dining-room, a smoking-room, a drawing-room, and so forth. When you reach the fourth floor the genius of the club is apparent. On that floor there is to be found a Turkish bath, a swimming bath, full size tennis and racquet courts, as well as a large number of those smaller courts known as squash courts, each with electric light so strong that you can

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play in the night as well as in the day, the larger ones having an auditorium for spectators. At the time of my visit, Jay Gould, the amateur champion of the world, was playing tennis with Thompson, the professional. From twenty to thirty bedrooms are on the same floor, also a drawing-room and a dining-room. The business men come here for their exercise. If a man wants to take a month's complete holiday and loves nothing better than tennis and racquets, he can live on this floor his whole life of exercise and eating and drinking and sleeping. I may add that the basement of this building is never shut by night or day; the key is buried under the hearth. Various athletic exercises are performed in this basement. I noted especially the game of ten pins, a sort of mammoth edition of the ninepins of English children, played with wooden balls as big as old-fashioned cannon balls; and the ten pins were of proportionate size.

The University Club at New York is a most impressive building, with its frescoed walls and gilded ceilings. No London club approaches it in beauty. But it pales beside the University Club at Chicago. I was told that this was the finest club in the world, and at first I was sceptical and regarded the remark as a piece of swagger. But I can only say, after visiting it, that if there is a finer club I would go far to see it. The money spent must have been unlimited, and the architect—Mr Cram—has a genius for Gothic architecture. The dining-hall on the ninth floor is, I should say, larger and much more impressive than the dining-hall at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is a magnificent Gothic hall with a stone arch dividing two sections, a noble carved roof and stained glass windows. The connoisseurs told me that another room, based on the model of a mediæval monk's refectory, is of equal beauty.

I met many people during this Christmas recess and asked many questions. The traces of the old Indian population still remain in place names in New York, such as Manhattan and Lackawanna, but no sign of the Indian himself is visible in the town. There are, I was told, one

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or two Indian "reservations" in the New York State, but of insignificant proportions. For one reason or another the Indian is everywhere dying out. He has never adapted himself to modern civilized life, which leaves him without hope and without zest. He pines for his old life of hunting and war, and looks for it now only in another and a better world. He readily contracts diseases and the race promises to become extinct.

The negro, on the contrary, is in the Southern States very prolific, and the negro question is one of the great difficulties of the day. From Northerner and Southerner alike I heard but one opinion as to the consequences of their sudden emancipation—that they had been for the most part disastrous. The negro is by long habit accustomed and skilled to obey, but incompetent to look after himself, still more incompetent to direct others. That the negro is singularly well drilled and, in many departments, skilful in carrying out the orders of white men, is evident even to the casual traveller who sees their remarkable efficiency as porters and waiters. The almost acrobatic skill with which the waiting in the dining cars is achieved, aroused my enthusiasm. The work is most difficult, for meals are served *à la carte*, and each passenger has a different *menu*, and as I could not express my appreciation by applause I used often to give double the customary tip. Their intelligence as porters in explaining the very complicated arrangements which cross-country journeys often involve struck me equally. I was told that in the old days of slavery they were quite admirable as carpenters, blacksmiths, joiners and generally as handicraftsmen, always working under white masters. Now they have attempted to set up on their own account and have lost much of their former skill. They quarrel with each other and are quite unable to direct any business efficiently. More serious than all is the moral transformation. A black slave was one on whose morality his employer could most absolutely depend. Now the negro is a byword for immorality. Certainly if testimony, universal so far as my opportunity allowed of

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investigation, is to have its weight, the sudden and complete emancipation of the slaves was one instance added to the many which our age has witnessed of acting on a theory—a crude and exaggerated theory as to the value of liberty—without regard to the facts of human nature. The negroes are neither better nor happier in consequence, and they are far less efficient. If the coloured men exercised the franchise which is now theirs by law, their political power in the South would be very great. But public opinion makes this impossible. If a negro attempted to vote, I was told, he would infallibly be shot.

Amongst the most interesting functions I attended during the Christmas holidays was a luncheon party spontaneously arranged for me on December 29 by a number of gentlemen in New York who were interested in religious questions. I say "spontaneously," for not one of them was either a personal friend of mine or a friend of any of my friends. Its origin, so far as I could make out, lay in the deep interest created by the "Life of Cardinal Newman," which has gone through four large editions in America. Some forty members of the University Club were present, Canon Douglas being in the chair. Among the guests were two Episcopalian bishops, Dr Courtney, lately Bishop of Nova Scotia, and Dr Lynes, Bishop of New Jersey, Dr Newman Smythe, the ablest of the Congregationalist writers in America and the author of "Old Faith on New Lines," Dr Butler, the distinguished President of Columbia University, Professor William Adams Browne, head of the Theological Department of the Union Theological Seminary, Dr Lyman Abbott, who succeeded to Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church and who is also a close ally of Roosevelt and editor of the "Outlook," Dr Frederick Lynch, Secretary of the Church Peace League, the Rev. W. T. Manning, Chairman of the Episcopal Commission on Faith and Order, and Mr George Zabriski, a layman of great wealth, who is closely identified with the interests of the Episcopalian Church. I believe that the first proposal of the luncheon came from Dr Lynch, who had read the "Life

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of Cardinal Newman " three times—so he said in his address on the occasion.

Very interesting speeches were made after the luncheon, the principal topics being unity among Christians, the work and genius of Cardinal Newman and the significance of the Oxford Movement. In reply to the toast of my health I called attention to almost the last letter Newman ever wrote, addressed to his Evangelical friend, Mr Edwards, in which he declares that the Catholic Church realizes fully those very lessons of Christian piety which he learned as a boy from Evangelical teachers. This letter was at once an acceptance of the idea of a true unity among Christians of various denominations and yet an assertion of the claim of the Catholic Church to teach that truth in fulness which is elsewhere but partially known.

Another gathering which I attended and which interested me very much was a luncheon of the staff of the "Outlook." I visited before luncheon the large offices of the paper, which includes a special room for Mr Roosevelt. Some twelve editors assembled at a round table for luncheon, Dr Lyman Abbott being in the chair.

He showed me a correspondence between his father—Mr Jacob Abbott—and Cardinal Newman. The two had had some controversy in the forties of the last century and Mr Abbott touched Newman by owning that he had misrepresented him. Mr Abbott visited Newman at Littlemore, and Dr Lyman Abbott showed me an interesting record of the visit.

Many questions were asked me about the English suffragettes, and though the company was perfectly polite, I detected a sense of wonder at our ineffectiveness in dealing with them. The Ulster question was also a subject of deep interest to them.

These were gatherings of non-Catholics. But I was also invited to a dinner, given for Abbot Gasquet and myself by the Directors of that great work, the Catholic Encyclopædia; and Abbot Gasquet in his speech on the occasion most happily said that it could never have been carried

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through but for the combination of American enterprise with English doggedness. Father Wynne, one of the editors of the *Encyclopædia*, was among my kindest friends in New York.

During the recess I went to several dinner parties. I had introductions to various people from Mrs Schuyler Warren, Lord Bryce and Mr Shane Leslie. At the house of Mrs Douglas Robinson—a sister of Theodore Roosevelt—I heard Mr Alfred Noyes recite remarkably well some of his own poems. One of those with whom I dined was President Butler, of Columbia University, a very interesting and able man. Mr Butler spoke strongly on the mistake that President Wilson had made in not recognizing Huerta. In a country like Mexico it was not to be expected that there would be a ruler with a better claim than Huerta's. The record of Diaz was at the outset no better, and Mr Butler anticipated that Mr Wilson would, in all probability recognize some one eventually whose claim was far less good than Huerta's, as the position of recognizing no authority in Mexico was intolerable. Mrs Butler was a Catholic and had been educated in England. The dinner party was a large one, and I met, among other people, our own Liberal Whip, Mr Geoffrey Howard. Mr Cabot Ward was also there—the new Commissioner of Parks—whose mother was a kinswoman of the Duke of Norfolk's family, a descendant of Joshua Howard who settled in Baltimore in the reign of Charles I.

My lectures were resumed on January 5, when I gave an address in the evening at the large academy of New Rochelle conducted by nuns. New Rochelle was originally a Huguenot settlement. Mr John Agar's motor took me there from New York, and I dined with Mrs Agar and her son, for Mr Agar, an old friend of mine, whom I had known in England thirty years ago, had been called away by the illness of his father. I had a good audience, and was introduced after the lecture to Judge Keogh, an exceedingly interesting and able New York lawyer. My next lecture was on the 8th at Philadelphia, where I repeated at the Houston Hall, under the auspices of the University

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of Pennsylvania, my lecture on Tennyson, giving it again on the following morning to the Association of Teachers at the Girls' High School, which is superintended by Monsignor MacDevitt.

On the 12th I lectured in New York at the Carnegie Lyceum, and on the 13th Mr Agar's motor took me—in company with Father O'Keefe, one of the Paulist Fathers—to the Newman School at Hackensack, in New Jersey. My friend, Father Sargent, is the chaplain there. He is a devoted follower of Newman's and so is Dr Locke, the head master of the school, who is a convert of some years' standing. The class of boys is much the same as at Edgbaston, and it was profoundly interesting to me to see Newman's ideal so closely realized in America. I could not but feel the pleasure it would have given to the Cardinal himself. Pictures and other memorials of him were plentiful. The whole building was very attractive, though not large, and the school chapel exceedingly devotional. My lecture was again on Tennyson. I also gave a brief musical entertainment to the boys and masters. This was one of the pleasantest visits in the course of my tour.

On the 14th I lectured to an audience which the excessively cold weather made somewhat small at the Berkeley Theatre for the League of Political Education, and was afterwards entertained at luncheon by its secretary, Mr Erskine Ely. Mrs Ward's health was drunk as well as my own, and a large company assembled at luncheon. On the following day I went to Providence, staying with my friend, Father Orosz, a Hungarian priest, who is chaplain to the nuns. The convent is an extremely attractive building—a country house originally built some sixty years ago by a member of the Grosvenor family. Its effect on a moonlight night with the snow lying on the ground was highly picturesque. I had some very interesting conversation with the nuns, many of whom are great readers of English Catholic literature, and gave a lecture in the evening.

On the following day I went to Boston. I had no lecture

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engagements there, but I wished to see Harvard, and Mr and Mrs Bellamy Storer, with whom I had stayed at Cincinnati, were visiting the town. I called on President Lowell at Harvard in the afternoon, and he showed me over the main buildings. Great additions are taking place, and they are introducing the thin end of the wedge of the college system by building halls which are called by the not very attractive name of "dormitories," in which students may reside instead of going to lodgings. One of the most interesting buildings is the magnificent library not yet finished, which is to be called the Harry Widener Library. Harry Widener was a Harvard student and a great lover of books. He and his father and mother were wrecked in the "Titanic," the father and the boy were drowned and the mother was saved. The library is being erected by her as a monument to his memory.

When I returned to my hotel I had a telephone message from Mr W. R. Castle, one of the professors at Harvard, asking me if I could give a lecture at the house of Mrs Gordon Dexter on Sunday, the 18th. I arranged with him to give my lecture on Tennyson, and immediately afterwards I was invited to lecture at Harvard and to return to Boston later on to give another lecture. This involved postponing my return journey to England until February. I lunched on Sunday in company with the Bellamy Storer at the really wonderful house—palace one might almost call it—of Mrs Jack Gardner. It is a veritable museum of treasures, and a good deal of it formed part of a Venetian palazzo which Mrs Gardner transported to America. The house is arranged in perfect taste, and its art treasures are most valuable. It represents the labour of many years. Among the pictures I recall the small Pietà by Raphael, the Assumption by Fra Angelico and a Madonna and Child by Fra Filippo Lippi; a portrait of Thomas, Earl of Arundel by Rubens, also a Romney—a picture of Mrs Moody the actress. The numerous curiosities in the house might suggest a museum: but the taste of the owner who is also the designer has imparted an artistic unity to the whole.

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At Boston I made many pleasant acquaintances, among them the mother of Mr Cabot Ward, and her daughter, Mrs Perkins, as well as Mrs Gordon Dexter and Mr Castle of Harvard. I met at dinner the ex-President Elliott of Harvard—a hale old man of about 76—and Mr Longfellow, a great-nephew, I think, of the poet. I also had a long interview with Cardinal O'Connell, and met at luncheon at Harvard Mr Beacon, formerly Ambassador at Paris and now a member of the University corporation. Mr Castle is an enthusiastic admirer of Cardinal Newman and gave me a lecture of his own on Newman and Coleridge as well as a short volume on Newman by Mr Gates, of Harvard, which both showed a very rare appreciation of the great Cardinal's genius. Mr Castle's own lecture was avowedly very slight, but it penetrated far deeper than the estimates of most of our English critics. Mr Gates' introduction to his selections from Newman's writings is a really first-class performance, and I could not help contrasting it with the infinitely more pretentious work of Abbé Brémont. M. Brémont's work is extremely clever and ingenious, but so far as my own power of estimating the Cardinal's work allows me to speak, I should say that it is quite full of misapprehensions caused in part by the fact that there is a large side of Newman's thought which lies wholly outside the purview of M. Brémont. Mr Gates seemed to me to have an almost unerring touch, and I found his criticism most illuminating.

I must not omit to chronicle a meeting with a very brilliant and agreeable lady—Mrs Bell—a daughter of a celebrated Bostonian, Mr Rufus Choate, and a cousin of our late American Ambassador of that name. Mrs Bell insisted that Englishmen in one respect lacked a source of joy accessible to Americans, of the extent of which we could form no idea, namely, the American sensations at seeing the great historic monuments of England. She described her first visit to England, her delight at the cathedrals and other relics of the past which she visited. "When I got to Charing Cross," she said, "the cab

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driver asked me where he should drive to, and I replied: 'That is wholly immaterial; it is all London.' "

She spoke of her emotions when she saw the tomb of Goldsmith at the Temple Church. When the late Lord Carlisle visited Boston she had drunk in eagerly from him all that he knew of The Club, the old Dining Society of which Johnson, Burke and Goldsmith were members in its early years, and to which Lord Carlisle himself belonged. I rose greatly in her estimation when I informed her that I, too, was a member of that august body.

My next lecture was at the seminary of the New York diocese, just outside the city of Dunwodie. This gave me almost as much pleasure as my visit to the Newman school. My audience of 192 divines was extremely alert and attentive. Cardinal Farley introduced me, and as we entered the large lecture hall, the College band greeted us with a march. The lecture was on The Four Cardinals, and both the Cardinal Archbishop himself and Mgr Lavelle made cordial speeches of thanks at its conclusion. The seminary is large and impressive. It has an admirable library overlooked by an extremely learned Father who hails from Bagdad. I had much talk with the professors and some of the students after supper; and carried away a most pleasant impression of an ecclesiastical spirit and keen intellectual life.

I lectured on Huxley on the 25th for Dr MacMahon's Library Association. This lecture had been arranged in December, and by a curious coincidence as I was in course of revising it, I received a letter from my old friend, Huxley's widow, enclosing a poem which she proposed that I should publish in the DUBLIN REVIEW. Mrs Huxley was then 88 years old, and the poem breathes a characteristic religious resignation at the prospect of death. I cannot do better than set it down in this place:

" In joy and anguish I came
Swift as a bird could fly.
My life will go out as a flame
By the puff of a wind from the sky.

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Closed is the track before me.
Death's darkness hovers o'er me.
What can I give the Lord
To stay the tightening cord?
If I give my repentance
Will he delay the sentence?

But He—He holds my all.
Nothing is my own:
For I am his born thrall
Without condition.
All I can give, O God, is my submission."

The writer of this poem has since been called away. I had seen her in the previous July—her very remarkable mind alert as ever, and full of memories of the past. Two other friends of many years' standing also passed away while I was in America—Father Peter Haythornthwaite, whom I had known since my early boyhood, and who was for years my father's chaplain, and Mr Spencer Lyttelton. Father Haythornthwaite was a man of quite singular charm, and the extraordinary sweetness of his nature as well as his wide literary culture, drew to him many friends. Tennyson's suggested epitaph for him has been given in two forms, and both, I think, are authentic. The first is:

"Hereunder lies Haythornthwaite,
English by nature, Roman by fate."

The second I heard from the poet himself:

"Here lies Peter Haythornthwaite,
Human by nature, Roman by fate."

With Mr Spencer Lyttelton I had never been as closely intimate as with Father Haythornthwaite, but I had known him well for more than thirty years and sung in his company in many a part song. He had been, in college days, a friend of my Cambridge uncle, Arthur Ward. I felt,

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as I think many of those who knew him did, that the blank caused by his death was greater than the frequency of our intercourse could explain. Pascal says somewhere that friendships could not survive if we knew what our friends said of us behind our backs, but there are exceptions to this rule; and I think Spencer Lyttelton's friends would have no anxiety as to what he might say of them. He was essentially a *bon camarade*, of rare straightness and sincerity; a man of the world, too, with a high standard which commanded respect in every company in which he found himself, and often enough had a wholesome influence on its tone.

I went to Buffalo on the 28th, and lectured at the Twentieth Century Club in that city on the evening of the 29th after visiting Niagara in the afternoon. I stayed with the Jesuit Fathers and my lecture was organized by my kind friend, Father Havens Richards. Bishop Coultou presided, and presented me to the audience. On the 30th I went to Toronto, travelling in company with Lord Eustace Percy, who had come from Washington and gave me a greatly improved account of our Ambassador's health. I was at Toronto only the inside of a day, lecturing at 3 o'clock and then travelling right through by night as far as South Bend, the station for Notre Dame University. The fog prevented my seeing the beautiful University buildings to advantage. But I had much interesting talk with Father Kavanagh, the very able Rector, and Father Hudson, editor of the *Ave Maria* review. I gave the lecture on Tennyson twice here—once for the University and once for the neighbouring convent, and went on the same day to Chicago, lecturing for the Mediævalists' Club that night (a lecture organized by Father Shannon), and giving two lectures on the following day in Chicago and at an academy just outside the town—five lectures in two days.

I stayed in Chicago with Father O'Callaghan and the Paulist Fathers, with the value of whose work I was greatly struck, as I had been in New York. The services were devotional, the music excellent, and the sermons I

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heard impressed me greatly. It may interest my readers that I should set down here the leaflet announcing the lectures for non-Catholic audiences which were to begin the day after I left. This paper conveys the spirit of the Paulists more faithfully than any words of mine could convey it. It is typically American in its form and I think very effective. I may add that almost all of the Paulists are converts, and they are therefore able to address outsiders to the Church with a sympathy and understanding which is not common in born Catholics.

WHAT
do you know
of the

CATHOLIC CHURCH?

There are 15,000,000 Catholics in the United States. They are a power you should know about. As an American citizen, it is your duty to examine the ideals and principles of this gigantic institution. The Catholic Church in this country is a tremendous influence for good—or evil.

WHICH?

THE PAULIST FATHERS
cordially invite you to attend a
Course of Lectures for Non-Catholics
February 2nd to 15th inclusive
at 8.00 o'clock each
evening.

SAINT MARY'S CHURCH
Wabash Avenue and Eldredge Court.

The Paulist Fathers are known as thoroughly American and progressive. They will give an honest, courteous and impartial exposition of Catholicism. There will be no bigotry, no controversy. The discussion will be entirely constructive. No other religion will be attacked.

“Come and see.” (John 1, 46.)

The subjects of the lectures seemed to me to be very well chosen for their purpose. Some of them dealt with the Church in its more social aspect, others emphasized

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the essence of the Catholic religion as consisting in the spiritual life. I subjoin the titles of a few.

The Church a Social Power.
The Church and Intellectual Progress.
The Church and Democracy.
The Church and Evolution.
The Tolerance of Rome.
God in the Soul.
Communing with God.
God in the Home.
God our Inheritance.
The Gospel of Pain.

To the leaflet is added a notice facilitating the asking of questions or arranging for personal interviews.

On the morning of February 2, at 8.20, I left for Boston. An interviewer and photographer appeared on the platform and got through their business with wonderful despatch in the space of ten minutes. A journalist of genius, however, amplified the interview and it filled quite two columns of a local daily paper.

I reached Boston at 11 o'clock A.M. on February 3, after travelling a day and a night, and stayed in Beacon Street with my friend Mr W. R. Castle, of Harvard, giving a lecture on Disraeli at the University on the day of my arrival and two further lectures on the two succeeding days. I was invited at this time to lecture at Yale, but could not accept any of the dates proposed for a University lecture proper. I did, however, give my lecture on Tennyson to the Graduates' Club there on the evening of February 7, meeting many of the professors at dinner. Yale was to me more reminiscent of an English University than Harvard. It had something of an old-world touch about it. The library was very interesting and I wish I had had more time to examine it. Most of it was originally the work of private societies belonging to the University some eighty or ninety years ago. My family sentiment was aroused by finding there three

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editions of Robert Plumer Ward's once famous novel "Tremaine," the original edition of 1825, a Philadelphia edition of 1827, and a later English edition with an excellent portrait of the author, dated 1835.* There was also in the library a novel called "Feilding," by Plumer Ward, of which I had never heard. The number of editions of "Tom Jones" was phenomenal—I think something like twenty. But the most remarkable books from the collector's standpoint were to be found in the Elizabethan Club—among them the original edition of *Paradise Lost* and a copy of the *Faerie Queen* with Spenser's autograph. I here transcribe the Preface which I read in the early edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, belonging to the Club:

Poems written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent. 1640, London.
To the Reader.

I here presume (under favour) to present to your view, some excellent and sweetely composed Poems, of Master William Shakespeare, which in themselves appeare of the same purity, the Authour himselfe then living avouched; they had not the fortune by reason of their infancie in his death, to have the due accommodation of proportionable glory, with the rest of his everliving Workes, yet the lines of themselves will afford you a more authentick approbation than my assurance any way can, to invite your allowance. In your perusall you shall fined them *Seren*, cleere and elegantly plaine, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe your braine, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence; such as will raise your admiration to his praise: this assurance I know will not differ from your acknowledgement. And certaine I am, my opinion will be seconded by the sufficiency of these ensuing lines; I have been somewhat sollicitus to bring this forth to the perfect view of all men; and in so doing, glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved Author in these his Poems.

I. B.

I spent the night as the guest of Professor Webb, a convert to the Catholic Church. The story of his conversion was an exceedingly interesting one, though too

* Mr R. P. Ward was my great-grandfather's younger brother.

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long to relate here. I learnt in conversation both with him and with Professor Stokes—the University Secretary—that a movement in the High Church and Catholic direction, as the alternative of free thought, is going on in America somewhat similar to what we are witnessing in England. Congregationalists and Unitarians are much less numerous than of old. Many people join the Episcopalian communion and some find their ultimate home in the Catholic and Roman Church.

During my occasional visits to New York in February, I was generally the guest of Mr Thomas Hughes Kelly, whom I had known slightly in England. He was a friend both of Lord Edmund Talbot and of the late Mr George Wyndham. He showed me the utmost kindness and hospitality. Through him I became acquainted with the Catholic orator, Mr Bourke Corkran.

My last lecture was on February 9, under the auspices of the National Arts Club, New York, of which the President is my old friend, Mr John Agar. Before the lecture I dined with Mrs Douglas Robinson, who gave me as a parting gift a volume of her poems. The subject was again my Recollections of Tennyson, and Mr Bourke Corkran, in a speech of thanks, gave a really eloquent account of the effect on himself of Tennyson's poetry.

I was to sail at 1 o'clock in the morning on February 11, and several friends joined in a farewell dinner at Dr MacMahon's on the evening of the 10th, among them, Father Sargent, Mr Woodlock, Father Jackson, Father Clifford and Dr Grivetti. Mr Kelly and Dr MacMahon came with me to the boat, and on the way thither I took leave of my friends, Mr and Mrs Paine.

The homeward passage, though a bad one, was not hard to endure amid all the luxuries of the "Lusitania," with its five decks and its magnificent suite of rooms; and the hours were beguiled by some interesting conversation with the editor of the American-Hungarian newspaper, whose name was Geza Kende (there was no prefix analogous to "Monsieur," "Signor," or "Herr" on his visiting card). This gentleman gave me much interesting

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information as to the Hungarian immigration which belongs to the past twelve years.

Thus ended an exceedingly interesting and, for me, memorable tour. I parted from my American friends with sentiments of great gratitude and good will. I reserve for another occasion some further account of the lessons I learnt, and the impressions I formed.

WILFRID WARD.

MR BALFOUR *on* BEAUTY

Criticism and Beauty: The Romanes Lecture, 1909. By the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour. At the Clarendon Press.

The Gifford Lectures, 1914. By Mr Balfour, especially Lecture III on *Æsthetic Values and Theism* (as reported in the *Morning Post*).

NOT the least important effect of the Romantic Revolt was the impetus it gave to constructive æsthetics. Kant, of whom it has been said that he uttered the first rational word concerning beauty, was a contemporary of Wordsworth and of Coleridge, the pioneer of modern Shakespearean criticism. The rich reflections of Schiller and Goethe were followed, a generation later, by the "Aesthetik" of Hegel. Experimental psychology began to concern itself with the problem of the æsthetic sentiment in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, and in our day, while philosophy sits on the Woolsack, an ex-Premier lectures on theism and æsthetics.

There thus appears to be a growing interest in this subject. The philosophical world is exercised as much over Croce as it is over Bergson, and Mr Balfour, not content with his admirable lecture on "Criticism and Beauty," in 1909, returns to the problem five years later. And he returns, be it at once said, to develop in striking fashion, that mystical reference of Beauty to final, ultimate causes which he had already hinted could alone satisfy his sense of value in the beautiful.

Yet his first note is one of lament. Two thousand years have passed since men first began to analyze their appreciation of the beautiful, yet to-day, say both Mr Balfour and Signor Croce, to-day we are without any accepted body of æsthetic doctrine. The old conventional criticism has gone. The Romantic movement destroyed it, yet romanticism has not replaced the outworn conventions with any other canons of universal validity. Modern criticism, thinks Mr Balfour, is very excellent on the whole. But it is limited to the statement of

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personal appreciation and guidance in discerning individual merits. It is true that where technical skill is concerned some objective criteria are obtainable:

Ye hear how the tale is told, ye know why the forms are fair,
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist list enrolled.

BROWNING.

But, continues Mr Balfour, despite this measure of agreement we are as far off as ever from agreeing as to the ultimate nature of Beauty and the Sublime. In Music he finds a cardinal illustration of this point. In this art, he thinks, it is futile to search for agreement even among men of trained sensibility. Music asserts nothing, imitates nothing, does not copy nature, affirms no truth, does not claim to be useful. Indeed, Music would appear to be as *sui generis* to him as it was to *Abt Vogler*:

But here is the finger of God: a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo, they are,
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth, but a star.

On the question then, of the ultimate nature of Beauty, Mr Balfour takes up a frankly subjective position. "We are always driven in the last resort," he says, "to ask, 'Does this work of art convey æsthetic pleasure?'—a test which, on the face of it, is subjective, not objective."

But, we may ask, is pleasure a test any more subjective than the reasoning which tests a proposition in mathematics? And even if it were, is there anything more solidly established than the fact of æsthetic pleasure—is it in any way a weakening of the value or worth of this fact to describe it as subjective? It will be urged that universal assent and intellectual compulsion can be obtained for judgments in mathematics and not in æsthetics. This, however, is not necessarily due to any lack of stability or surety in the latter. There is this difference between mathematical reasoning and æsthetic experience, that the former is comparatively impersonal while the

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latter makes a unique and profound appeal to the whole personality. But personality is itself so richly diverse, so infinite in its *aperçus* that we may well expect Beauty to appeal to it in a thousand different ways, yet all the while be itself one, indivisible and absolute. Many are the ways to Parnassus but Parnassus is one and holy. Mr Balfour himself in the Romanes lecture and still more in the Gifford lectures makes some advance to a more objective position. But even on his main thesis, the alleged subjectivity of æsthetic pleasure does not deprive it of its universality. Kant saw that. To him the subjective universality of the æsthetic fact constituted one of its fundamental "moments" and he linked it with its necessity. In Kant this universality really implies an objective validity and we may regret that Mr Balfour has not followed Schiller in this respect and recognized more openly the objective character of Beauty.

We may perhaps go further and demur to the axiom that pleasure is the sole test. In his Gifford lectures Mr Balfour certainly modifies this contention. There we find him admitting and indeed emphasizing the judgment factor in appreciation of the beautiful. Let it be granted that in such experience pleasure is a conspicuous factor, perhaps of an unique order and degree. Nevertheless, the experience as a totality, he insists, includes a judgment. "No scene of beauty is so overpowering," says Mr Balfour, "but it includes the vague thought—vague but insistent—'This has a meaning, great significance for me. It is a revelation, not a mere agitation of the cortex of the brain.'" Would not Plato have replied: "Exactly; that vague thought is the predication and the revelation of Beauty Absolute; Beauty objective of which this fair scene is a portion of the loveliness"? Any admission of a standard as such, any departure from pure hedonism and sheer subjectivity is an obeisance to that Lady Beauty whom Rossetti followed, that impitiable Daemon to whom Francis Thompson owned fealty, the Beauty Absolute and Lord of Plato's vision in his "Phædrus" and "Symposium."

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From the subjective position however, Mr Balfour naturally deduces the impossibility of final agreement in taste even among experts. That feature of growth and development which we so admire in Gothic is, he suggests, really the criticism of each generation upon its predecessor. "If they refused to build in the old manner, it was because they thought the new manner better." The futility of agreement is most conspicuous in Music. Remembering the poverty of Greek musical apparatus, Mr Balfour does not hesitate to say that the value placed by Greek thinkers upon tunes that were rendered by voice, lyre or reed is "incredible." The Greek genius need not have been deficient, but the means at hand were palpably inferior to ours, and so Greek genius was in music (he says in fine phrase), "Titian limited to a lead pencil."

Now is this really the case? No one would deny the advantages we enjoy in our wealth of musical form and apparatus. Yet the incredibility of the influence and valuation of simple music amongst the Greeks is so frequent a charge that we must venture to criticize Mr Balfour's contention in this respect.

In the first place, Mr Balfour in the same context puts in a plea for the boy immersed in the "penny dreadful" on the ground that the boy's æsthetic experience is not necessarily poor. Nay, it may have an intensity often to be envied by the blasé connoisseur. Now, may not this also be said of the Greek, happy in the simplicity of the pipe, the lyre, the voice? Why should we deem the intensity of the boy's experience natural and enviable, and that of the Greek incredible?

Nevertheless, even if this be conceded, Mr Balfour thinks we should smile, if transported to classical Athens, at any comparison between Greek poetry and Greek music. We could not possibly assent to the Greek valuation. This is an equally disputable proposition. For the real point is whether we do not have in musical sound *quâ* sound, a mode of appeal to æsthetic sensibility of an independent and unique value. Surely the answer is emphatically yes. Sculpture, painting, architecture and

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the crafts, all are silent. Truly did Francis Thompson affirm of Nature:

In sound I speak,
They speak by silences.

It is through sound and sound alone that we come into intimate communion with our fellow men. Hence the supreme appeal of poetry. Yet poetry fails. There are experiences and communions which call for utterance yet escape the fixity of words, the rigidity of definitions—'fancies that break through language and escape.' Here music comes in, speaking to us in sound, yet rising, as Mr Balfour himself recognizes, above conventional signs and the logical "universe of discourse":

Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is nought:
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said.
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Surely the Greeks, with Aristotle, were capable of realizing the unique results that follow from mixing a sound with two in the thought? They considered and bowed the head. What is there incredible in that? Would it not be more incredible if Aristotle's doctrine of *κάθαρσις* had come from an experience devoid of or deficient in richness of appreciation of music?

Again, the rich complexity of modern music and its apparatus may easily hide from us some important facts. One Caruso outweighs many choirs. Could not the Greeks have had their Carusos?

Indeed, this principle of simplicity is at work in our modern music itself. When we think of any great work such as a symphony or an opera, what is it that we most immediately and most intensely recall? Some simple melody, some "motif" of often only half a dozen notes. Who does not recall the Fate motif in Beethoven? the Grail theme, the Shepherd's flute in Wagner? We admire the skill and the intellectual ingenuity with which the composer embroiders, amplifies and develops his theme,

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but it is when, ever and anon, he returns to renew his inspiration by enunciating the motif once more in beautiful simplicity, that we catch ourselves again transported to the unique ecstasy of the musical intuition. There are, perhaps, no finer songs extant than those of Schubert, yet the simplicity of their airs and in general of their setting, gives them a deep simplicity of appeal which makes the Greek appreciation not incredible but profound. The impregnable strength of plainsong lies here also. It is profound because it is plain.

But Mr Balfour lacks no courage in passing from the negative conclusions of an essentially subjective attitude, to positive suggestion also. He agrees that it is intolerable to make æsthetic values the caprice of extreme individualism. He realizes much more than does Signor Croce (whose position in general is not unlike his own), that the question of a criterion or standard cannot be evaded. He will have nothing to do with any attempts to strengthen a falling æsthetic theory by allying it with ethics, religion, or didactic. We welcome without reserve his repudiation of Arnold's dictum that the poet must supply a criticism of life. He does not hesitate to say that in Ruskin "Æsthetics, theology and morals are inextricable from each other." Though he urges that the theory of the beautiful must eventually be linked with metaphysics, he confesses that he can get no aid from Kant. That Beauty mediates between Reason and the Understanding, between the phenomenal and the noumenal, is to him meaningless.

What, then, does he offer upon these negations? "For myself," he writes, "I require a mystical supplement to that strictly critical view of beauty with which (in the Romanes lecture) I am now concerned." Coming from Mr Balfour this is an extremely interesting suggestion, the more so because in his current Gifford lectures he has devoted a whole lecture to that mystical supplement. We cannot but admire the intellectual vigour and honesty of the author of the defence of philosophic doubt. The nature of this mystical supplement is, however, clearly indicated in the lecture of 1909.

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Firstly, he links the æsthetic sentiment with the noblest of the practical sentiments, namely, love. Though the one is mainly individual and contemplative while the other is dividual, social and active, yet both possess one common attribute. To both we assign a *value* of an extremely high order. Love rules the world and Beauty draws the soul. Beauty and Love both refuse to obey rules from without, both escape final definition. Yet the value of Love is not thereby diminished, nor, by analogy, is that of Beauty. Their value is in both cases subjective yet real. It must be confessed that this is in reality conceding that validity whose value is not less objective because it is denied the term. But Mr Balfour thinks he has not swerved from his original position and continues, "That is for every man most lovable which he most dearly loves. That is for every man most beautiful which he most deeply admires." This is an essentially Crocean doctrine and is intended to hold fast to the essential subjectivity of both Love and Beauty. Eventually, however, Mr Balfour goes much further. He must escape from the intolerable impasse of extreme individualism.

Secondly, then, he develops the "mystical supplement" in a reference to first and final causes. In his Gifford lectures he insists that the appeal and value of works of art lie in their being a communication of spirit to spirit, of the personality of the artist to the personality of the beholder. Much more so is this the case with natural beauty. The beauty of Nature cannot be explained away by psychology or evolutionary researches into the genesis of the emotions. Something is requisite to justify our valuation of the beautiful. The persistence of personification in Nature poetry is a sign of a reality not to be got rid of on subjective grounds. Still there clings to the artist, and musician, the sculptor and the poet, the epithet of creator, "little maker." Personification and epithet are alike based upon a sound inference. That inference is that in Beauty, spirit speaks to spirit, deep calleth unto deep. It is admittedly so in all art forms, it must be so in Nature too. We cannot get rid of natural beauty. We do

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not import it. It is in Nature for all time. And it signifies, surely it signifies a world-artist.

This, however, as Kant's criticism of the teleological argument shows, does not carry us further than a world-artist. Mr Balfour can, however, go still further. Kant got as far as recognizing in Beauty a symbol of moral order in the universe, but to-day we have a frank and more welcome inference to personality. It is not merely that natural beauty symbolizes even a world-artist. It is that our sense of value can only be validated upon the supposition that such values are conserved in a personal God. The æsthetic value of Nature depends upon its being a real and vital communication from God to man. It is deeply significant to find our statesman-philosopher reaching so notable a conclusion whenas one of our principal poets proclaims that truth also in great song. Francis Thompson's "Carmen Genesis" is itself an enunciation of æsthetic theory, giving due place to the subjective factor but also orientating all beauty, as does Mr Balfour, in the last resort to God.

Poet! still, still dost thou rehearse,
In the great *fiat* of thy Verse,
 Creation's primal plot;
And what thy Maker in the whole
Worked, little maker, in thy soul
Thou workst, and men know not.

Still Nature to the clang of doom
Thy verse rebearth in her womb;
 Thou makest all things new
Elias, when thou comest! Yea,
Mak'st straight the intelligential way
 For God to pace into.

His locks perturb man's eddying thought,
His feet man's surgy breast have sought,
 To Man, His world, He came;
Man makes confession, "There is light,"
And names, while Being to its height
Rocks, the desired name.

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Here is a theory of æsthetic production with which, we fancy, Mr Balfour's development from the Romanes lecture is in general sympathy. Signor Croce, who lays such great stress upon the creative individuality not only of the poet and artist but of all men also (*homo poeta nascitur*, he would write), nevertheless expressly disavows both a mystical and a metaphysical æsthetic. We prefer the frank recognition given by Mr Balfour to his mystical supplement, and find Thompson's poetic intuition more convincing. For only so, only by conceding an objective validity to Beauty (even if we cannot wholly grant the term), can we justify our sense of value, and find the ground of a standard of judgment. Flying though her feet be, and fluttering though her hem, yet with Rossetti we follow the Lady Beauty irretrievably.

And the philosopher in the end co-ordinates even more than the poet. For Mr Balfour will not leave our æsthetic experiences, profound as they are, in isolation. He proposes to argue quite systematically from *all* values, the intellectual, the logical, the scientific, the ethical as well as from the æsthetic to a causal explanation of value. Unless we can believe in a God who cares for beauty, cares for truth, cares for the good and for all other values that operate in our spiritual life, then these values themselves become a mockery to our souls. He must care, for was it not God Himself Who said, "Consider the lilies of the field"; God Himself Whose value judgment was, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"?

ALBERT A. COCK.

THE FRUITS OF THE "GOLDEN BOUGH"

The Golden Bough, by J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., etc.
Ed. 1, 1890; Ed. 2., 1900; Ed. 3, 1910-1914.

Part I. The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings (two volumes).

II. Taboo and the Perils of the Soul.

III. The Dying God.

IV. Adonis, Attis and Osiris (two volumes).

V. Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild (two volumes).

VI. The Scapegoat.

VII. Balder the Beautiful (two volumes).

(An *Index* is in the Press).

THE third edition of the *Golden Bough* has, we are reminded by those distinguished scholars who are endeavouring to create the "Frazer Fund for Social Anthropology," lately been completed by Dr J. G. Frazer, of Cambridge and Liverpool; and over the oak-green covers of twelve stout volumes the mistletoe sprawls its quaint leaves and golden fruit. Besides these, we have before us, from the pen of the indefatigable Professor, his four volumes, containing almost 2,000 pages, upon *Totemism and Exogamy*; his lectures on *The Early History of the Kingship*; his "Discourse concerning the Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions" picturesquely, and therefore characteristically, entitled *Psyche's Task*; and the first volume of a study of the *Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead*,* of which the second volume, still to appear, will serve (if need be) to hold the author to his promise of further literary activity. For he regards the completion of the *Golden Bough* as closing but one chapter of

* For completeness' sake, a note should mention his useful translation of a commentary on Pausanias; his *Pausanias and other Greek Sketches*; and even (unlooked-for work) his selection and edition, in two volumes of the "Eversley Series," of William Cowper's *Letters*.

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the work I projected a long time ago. I am hopeful that I may not now be taking a final leave of my indulgent readers, but that, as I am sensible of little abatement in my bodily strength and of none in my ardour for study, they will bear with me yet a while if I should attempt to entertain them with fresh subjects of laughter and tears, drawn from the comedy and tragedy of man's endless quest after happiness and truth.*

Perhaps it is this almost naïve note of personal appeal which lends, from time to time, such charm to Dr Frazer's writings. They are, however, so much more than merely charming! Not charm alone causes an author's reputation to become “world-wide.” His “speculations,” as the distinguished anthropologists and others, to whom we alluded above, with exquisite tact have indicated, founded as they are on “an immense accumulation of facts, have affected the main current of thought in several important subjects.”

They do but state, in writing thus, what everybody must agree with—that Dr Frazer's industry has been little short of miraculous; and that with his many facts he has connected theories which simply cannot go unnoticed. So many are the facts, so creative the theories, that it is a foregone conclusion that not all will interpret and estimate all the facts just as he does, nor accept as demonstrations all his conjectures. But the facts will fascinate and the theories will have influence. Even to provoke correction and recrimination, is to influence. Only the influential provokes brisk antagonism. In fact, on the very list of those who wish to see the Frazer Fund prosper are the names of several scholars whose opinions are quite opposed to those of the author of the *Golden Bough*. So trustful are they of honest research; and so convinced that more truth is bound to correct the lesser truth which so often misleads not least by its very truthfulness.

Dr Frazer himself welcomes this attitude. He is so modest that he constantly points out the weaker

* *Balder*, I, p. xii.

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places in his own argument and the unsubstantial character of his entire edifice.

Even in his first edition (1890) he wrote, in the Preface:

Now that the theory [i.e., of the Arician priesthood, with which alone that edition dealt], which necessarily presented itself to me at first in outline, has been worked out in detail, I cannot but feel that in some places I may have pushed it too far.

In his Preface to the second (1900) he was, indeed able to appeal to the *Acts* of St Dasius, newly discovered by Prof. Franz Cumont, as corroborative of part of his theory, but added forthwith that he was "as sensible as ever of the hypothetical nature of much that is advanced in it."*

And, in the Preface to this third edition† he loyally repeats:

No one can be more sensible than I am of the risk of stretching a hypothesis too far, of crowding a multitude of incongruous particulars under one narrow formula, of reducing the vast, nay, inconceivable complexity of nature and history to a delusive appearance of theoretical simplicity.

We shall see that Dr Frazer's fears, here expressed, of possible error, turn out, later, a confession, almost, that actually he has erred.

Meanwhile, he insists that both his explicit ideal and professed method have both of them been misconstrued. He at first intended to explain one particular piece of ritual only (the murder of the priest of the Arician Diana by his successor), and only later to deal with "certain general problems of universal religious

* It is interesting to observe that it was between these two editions that Dr Frazer's well-known theory as to the relation between religion and magic, and the probable universal priority of the latter, took shape. "When I first wrote this book, I failed, perhaps inexcusably, to define even to myself my notion of religion."

† *Magic Art*, I, p. x.

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and sociological import.” His method, moreover, is that of linked hypotheses. Yet half his readers—and, we may say, all the outer circles of his admirers, who read, not him, but his popularizers—have taken his hypotheses for proofs, and, what is worse, his assumptions as proven.

How little he intends this, he boldly shows by his treatment of his earlier views on Totemism. It is well known that he, devoutly following and even in slight measure anticipating Robertson Smith, did much, in his earlier days, to spread (in England at least) the opinion that Totemism was ultimately and in essence religious and in fact a kind of universal basis for religion. Nobody will forget how passionately Salomon Reinach has developed this thesis, and how his really scandalous little book, *Orpheus*, offered to indignant students the spectacle of a scientific propagandist run amok, and taught French schoolgirls, who got it for a prize, how (for instance) the Eucharist was but the refined edition of the sacramental eating of a fish-totem. For thorough-going Totemists were fain everywhere to discover rituals consisting of the periodical slaying of a totem-god, else taboo, and of his ceremonial eating by his worshippers, that they might incorporate him with themselves and live by his life. Protests were raised, in England by Prof. E. B. Tylor amongst others, and already in 1900 Dr Frazer, in the Preface to the second edition of the *Golden Bough*, disclaimed emphatically any intention of asserting the *universality* of Totemism, and, again, any connexion between his own theory of the slain God with Robertson Smith’s theory of the derivation of sacrifice in general from a “totem-sacrament.” He thought, in fact, that there was no evidence as yet for the existence of a totem-sacrament (*ib.*). In the four discernible cases of the solemn slaying of a sacred animal, either it was not certain it was a totem, or it *was* certain it was not eaten. He looked forward, however, to the discovery of further evidence making the “universality” probable; and considered that “the long-looked-for

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rite [of totem-sacrament] had at last been discovered by Messrs Spencer and Gillen in full force among the aborigines of Central Australia." Building on this isolated example, he then averred that the totem-sacrament had become in his opinion a "well-authenticated fact." In 1910, however, he concluded from his tremendous accumulation of evidence that the universality of Totemism was no nearer being proved:

. . . Totemism has not been found as a living institution in any part of Northern Africa, Europe or Asia, with the single exception of India; in other words, it appears to be absent, either wholly or for the most part, from two of the three continents which together make up the land surface of the Old World, as well as from the adjacent portion of the third. Nor has it been demonstrated beyond the reach of reasonable doubt that the institution ever obtained among any of the three great families of mankind which have played the most conspicuous part in history—the Aryan, the Semitic and the Turanian. It is true that learned and able writers have thought to prove the former existence of Totemism both among the Semites and among the Aryans, notably among the ancient Greeks and Celts; but so far as I have studied the evidence adduced to support these conclusions, I have to confess that it leaves me doubtful or unconvinced.*

As for the totem sacrament and communion, to others its foundation upon the *Intichiuma* ceremony of the Aruntas appears far from solid.† M. Frédéric Bouvier, a most careful and industrious writer, has arranged in the *Revue de Philosophie* for Nov. 1, 1913‡ an admirable display of evidence showing that this curious ritual can only by strained metaphor be called a sacrifice; scarcely so, even, a communion; and is very probably not Totemistic at all.§ Hence, although in *Balder the Beautiful* (11.

* *Totemism and Exogamy*, 1910. Vol. iv, p. 12-13.

† It is described by Messrs Spencer and Gillen in their *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, 1899, p. 169 *seq.*

‡ *Le Totémisme est-il une Religion?* pp. 341-371, especially 362-367.

§ Since a totem god appears to be a gratuitous invention—M. Durkheim, his patron, himself speaks of him as a "metaphor"—the slaying of the totem-animal can scarcely be called a "sacrifice" to him. When M.

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p. 218, n. 3) Dr Frazer reprints his “earliest conjecture on this matter without “any substantial change,” because he still thinks “it may contain an element of truth,” and anyhow serves as a convenient peg for facts, in *Totemism and Exogamy* (1910) he sang the most loyal of palinodes:

It is a serious, though apparently a common mistake to speak of a totem as a god and say that it is worshipped by the clan. In pure Totemism, such as we find it among the Australian aborigines, the totem is never a god and is never worshipped. . . . Hence it is an error to speak of true Totemism as a religion. As I fell into that error when I first wrote on the subject, and as I fear that my example may have drawn many others after me into the same error, it is incumbent on me to confess my mistake, and to warn my readers against repeating it. p. 5.

Dr Frazer, then, sits with laudable lightness to his theory of the totem. Is he as detached from that view of magic which has, in fine, made him famous? It seems so. His proof, had he one, would result from an elaborate interconnexion of facts; and here again he is careful to remind us that his interpretations are in reality hypotheses, and these not always substantially coherent. His book consists of dissertations “loosely linked together by a slender thread of connexion with my original subject” (*Magic* I, p. vii): the theory itself of the Nemi priesthood rests on but “slender foundations” (*Ib.*,

Durkheim writes: “L’animal lui-même est immolé, sacrifié, peut-on dire, déposé sur une sorte d’autel et offert à l’espèce dont il doit entretenir la vie” (Durkheim, *Forces élémentaires de la vie religieuse*, 1912, p. 489), M. Bouvier has every right to retort that in this description every single word, save that perhaps of *animal*, is to be regarded as pure metaphor! It is a Lutheran missionary, C. Strehlow, who protests that violence is done to words when “communion” is applied to the eating of the slain kangaroo, which is, indeed, often enough omitted, and at no time contains the idea of uniting oneself with the totem-god (himself a myth), and is in fact a magical, not a religious, rite. In fine, Fr Schmidt, S.V.D., editor of *Anthropos*, considers the whole ritual to be probably not indigenous to the Aruntas, and not organically connected with their totem system.

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p. ix): and in the Preface to *Balder* (1, p. vi) he develops these two points. He has been "led to institute a parallel" between "the King of the Wood" at Aricia whom he supposes to have guarded a bough which, if he is right, was of mistletoe, and the plucking of which was the "necessary prelude" to his slaughter, and the Norse god Balder, who perished by a stroke of mistletoe. Though "now less than ever disposed to lay weight on the analogy" between the priest and the God he has "allowed it to stand because it furnishes me with a pretext for discussing" much besides. "Thus, *Balder the Beautiful* is in my hands little more than a stalking-horse to carry two heavy pack-loads of facts." The priest is but a nominal hero "of the long tragedy of human folly and suffering. . . . He too, for all the quaint garb he wears and the gravity with which he stalks across the stage, is merely a puppet, and it is time to unmask him before laying him up in the box." Quite so. Yet the general reader is apt to be confused by the juxtaposition of the disconnected: he inserts causation into mere sequence: he guesses parentage where he sees similarity: he forgets that to recommend one conjecture by another is to render the result not half, but twice as conjectural. He is downright misled by analogies which are false analogies. "There is a river in Macedon and there is moreover a river in Monmouth"; and if only we go on to mention, with aplomb, Madagascar, Munich, Mantua and Manitoba, we shall soon believe that there are rivers wherever—and then only where—a place-name starts with M, and we shall easily dispense with evidence that "there is salmon" in each and all. For Dr Frazer professedly writes for the general reader, and baits his pages with much rhetorical artistry, forgetful, perhaps, at such moments of the "incomparably subtle and complex nature" of his subject, or of those "thick mists of passion and prejudice" which, he knows, blind the average man's eyes.

Yet, as we said, Dr Frazer is always warning us, and at times is positively pessimistic about his own

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achievement. His contribution is but “a rough and purely provisional classification of facts gathered almost entirely from printed sources.”* After mentioning two or three points on which his view has changed† he concludes:

The mere admission of such changes may suffice to indicate the doubt and uncertainty which attend enquiries of this nature. . . . In this as in other branches of study it is the fate of theories to be washed away like children’s castles of sand by the rising tide of knowledge, and I am not so presumptuous as to expect or desire for mine an exemption from the common lot. I hold them all very lightly and have used them chiefly as convenient pegs on which to hang my collection of facts.

And elsewhere,

“The longer I occupy myself with questions of ancient mythology the more diffident I become of success in dealing with them.” To search for solutions of “these insoluble problems” is to play the Sisyphus; to re-enact the Danaids. “If we fail, as we probably shall . . . it is not inglorious to fall in leading a Forlorn Hope.”†

Mr Reinach told us (at Oxford, I think?) that his “Totemism” was gone like a card-castle: Dr Frazer hints that his “magic” may be but a castle of sand. Messrs Marett, Hartland, d’Alviella, Wundt, Hubert and Mauss, Jevons, Loisy, Andrew Lang (and the

* *Balder*, i. vi. Impressed by the influence of physical environment upon events, he bitterly regretted (at least in 1906: *Adonis, Attis and Osiris*, Pref. to ed. 1) his lack of autopsy which forces him to use for backgrounds “composite photographs” made from the description of eye witnesses. But he does it very well! (Cf. e.g., *Ib.*, pp. 120, 216.)

† He now follows Westermarck as against Mannhardt’s theory of the solar origin of European fire festivals, which now appears “erroneous,” as “slightly, if at all, supported by the evidence”; and Mr Warde Fowler [he writes with doubtful taste] has been the good shepherd who has “gathered me in like a lost sheep to the fold of mythological orthodoxy,” as regards the Aryan sky-god, now recognized by him as such, and not primarily an oak-god. This affects the Nemi priesthood theory.

† *Adonis*, i, p. ix.

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list might be added to, especially from France and America), have at least made it clear, each in his turn, that it is founded upon no rock.*

Hence we are perhaps not impudent when we own to a growing distrust of Dr Frazer's theories and even of his facts. Some of these familiarity enables us to test. He does not always know what is under his eyes. "In the Abruzzi" holy water is, on Easter Saturday, blessed and newly consecrated in the Churches.† *The Book of Days*‡ is apparently the authority for a "custom in Catholic countries of silencing the church bells for two days from noon on Maunday Thursday to noon on Easter Saturday," while "according to another account" (the reference is here to Smith and Cheetham's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*) "the church bells are silent from midnight on the Wednesday preceding Maunday Thursday till matins on Easter Day."§ "In Mexico," a candle, lighted at new fire struck from a flint on Easter Saturday, "is carried through the church by a deacon shouting 'Lumen Christi.'" But alas! why the Abruzzi? Why Mexico? All this happens at Cambridge and at Liverpool, except that the deacons probably would not like to be told they shouted. Anyhow, the parish priest would be a little more accurate than Messrs Smith and Cheetham.

He adheres, moreover, to views of Catholic origins, especially of the dates of feasts, which we know better than to accept. He roundly declares¶ that the November feast of All Souls

under a thin Christian cloak conceals an ancient pagan festival

* It is again to M. Bouvier that we are indebted for this list of names. He supplies the references in his second article on *Religion et Magie*, in the *Recherches de Science Religieuse*, Paris, 1913, No. 2. M. Bouvier has also published an excellent piece of popular criticism, *Magie et Magisme* at Brussels, 1913.

† *Balder* 1, p. 122.

‡ R. Chambers, 1886. 1, 412.

§ *Ib.*, p. 125, n. 1.

¶ *Balder* 1, p. 224.

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of the dead. [The Catholic Church, it is true] succeeded in altering the date of the festival by one day (for) we can hardly doubt that the Saints, who have taken possession of the 1st Nov., wrested it from the Souls of the Dead, the original proprietors. [The Church effected the change] *no doubt** for the purpose of disguising the heathen character of the festival.†

Elsewhere‡ suitable comparisons

“leave *no room for doubt* that the nominally Christian feast of All Souls is *nothing but* an old pagan festival of the dead which the Church, unable or unwilling to suppress, resolved, from motives of policy, to connive at.”§

Father H. Thurston has surely pointed out¶ not only how this and other similar conjectures are devoid of anything like proof; but that they often conflict with

* Italics ours throughout.

† *Ib.*, p. 225, n. 3.

‡ *Adonis*, II, p. 81.

§ In the marginal note, All Souls “*seems to be*” an old Celtic feast; All Saints “*seems*” to have displaced it. Even in the text dogmatism is not constant. The Celts “*appear*” to have dated years from Nov. 1. This “*suggests*” that All Souls originated with them, spreading to others who “*may have*” transferred their similar feasts to Nov. 2. This “*conjecture*” is supported “*by what we know of the ecclesiastical institution, or rather recognition [but observe this *petitio*] of the festival.*” “The Church has never formally sanctioned it by a general edict [?] nor attached much weight to its observance [!],” a “*fact*” which may be simply explained “*by the theory that an old Celtic commemoration of the dead lingered on in France down to the end of the tenth century*” and was then reluctantly assimilated. Only the Church did not want it too much talked about. . . . “*Perhaps we may go a step further and explain in like manner the origin . . . of All Saints.*” For “*further analogies lead us to suppose. . . . May not then . . . ? The facts of history seem to countenance this hypothesis. . . . We may conjecture. . . . On this theory. . . .*” And all in less than a page! Not I would care to stand perched on the rickety platform which tops this swaying scaffold of conjecture, and declare “*no room for doubt is left!*”

¶ DUBLIN REVIEW, July 1907, p. 115: cf. *The Month*, Feb., 1907, p. 204; March, 1907, p. 225; *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec., 1898, Jan., 1899. He deals in these periodicals with All Saints and All Souls; the Assumption; the Nativity of St John, St George’s Day, the Purification, etc.; and the date of Christmas Day, respectively.

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the known origins of the Calendar; and that anyhow they involve the assumption of a *method* in dealing with this department of evidence which is illegitimate. It is this question of method which is so all important. In view even of the possibility of Dr Frazer's "approach" being indefensible, quite apart from the conjectural character of all his dogmas, how exasperating is a paragraph like the following:

When we remember that the festival of St George in April has replaced the ancient pagan festival of the Parilia; that the festival of St John the Baptist in June has succeeded to a heathen midsummer festival of water; that the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin in August has ousted the festival of Diana; that the feast of All Souls in November is a continuation of an old heathen festival of the dead; and that the Nativity of Christ Himself was assigned to the winter solstice in December because that day was deemed the Nativity of the Sun; we can scarcely be thought rash or unreasonable in conjecturing that the other cardinal festival of the Christian Calendar—the solemnization of Easter—may have been in like manner, and from like motives of edification, adapted to a similar celebration of the Phrygian god Attis at the vernal equinox.*

Exasperating, we repeat, partly because were Fr Thurston right as regards the question of *method*, quite eight out of Dr Frazer's most decorative volumes could not now adorn our shelves; and even were he wrong in all his conclusions, yet would not her utilization of pre-existing dates for her festivals reflect in the slightest upon the historical or even moral value of the Church's doctrine, nor even upon the motives of her authorities. Yet without any doubt Dr Frazer leaves one with the impression that a deal in the Christian system must be assimilated as in origin, so even in material, and spiritual

* *Adonis* 1, p. 308. *The Month and American Ecclesiastical* are modest reviews, and well may have escaped Dr Frazer's eye. Not so, surely, the DUBLIN. If, however, Fr Thurston's arguments are unknown to Dr Frazer, that is but another proof of the isolation in which Catholic scholars work; partly, it may be, through their own fault; more, by the fault and wholly to the misfortune of their non-Catholic confrères.

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value to “similar” pagan cults; and above all he colours the Church’s action with imputations in a style of which one wonders whether it will ever grow old-fashioned. “We may be allowed to conjecture that the ecclesiastical authorities *adroitly* timed the Nativity of the Virgin so as to coincide,” etc.* The Church “followed its usual policy” . . . “acquiesced *with a sigh*”—and “cast about for a Saint to supplant a heathen patron.”† “When we reflect how *often* the Church has *skilfully*” (planted new seed on old stock, etc.).‡ Lo the intriguing, unbelieving craft of priests. All this is, to begin with, due to ignorance of the Church’s psychology in all ages, and not least in those ages when the calendar grew; and, in its effect, it is an illegitimate *suggestio*, an intolerable instruction of the jury. The ordinary man is no better than tricked by whole passages such as those which deal with the “resurrection” of Osiris, or the assimilation of Mary to Isis.§ Most of the Mithraic section is delusive to the utmost: the whole book is stained with quiet little assumptions—“the faithful poured wealth into the coffer of Diana . . . just as [they enrich] the black Virgin of Loreto”¶—which witness to an antecedent philosophical view, governing all later management of evidence, and which simply asks for false illations, unwarranted conclusions.

We fear that it is of little use to relegate to an appendix the section dealing with the death of Christ, which in edition ii formed part of the text||; and very little

* *Balder*, i, p. 221.

† *Adonis*, i, 249.

‡ *Ib.* 256. Italics throughout ours.

§ *Adonis*, ii, 89, 118.

¶ *Balder*, i, xi.

|| “The hypothesis which it sets forth has not been confirmed by subsequent research and is admittedly in a high degree speculative and uncertain. . . . [It survives] on the chance that, under a pile of conjectures it contains some grains of truth.” *Scapegoat*, p. 412, n. 1. I do not know whether Mr S. Reinach or Dr Frazer first argued that Christ died as an annual ritual victim analogous to that of the *Sacra* or *Saturnalia*. Fr. M. J. Lagrange, H.P., vigorously criticized this in his *Quelques Remarques sur l’Orpheus de M. S. Reinach*, Paris, 1910.

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there to assert the historical character of Christ, if throughout these volumes the author constantly assimilates all that is most salient in His life to what belongs to personages confessedly mythical and to analogues which he constantly anathematizes as cruel, degraded, savage and superstitious.

He views the possible consequences of his book very seriously. Doubtless at times he grieves that he must burn what so many still adore. Still, he looks forward also to a great reconstruction, in which his conclusions shall play some part, however subordinate, when "men shall seriously set themselves to revise their ethical code in the light of its origin. The old view that the principles of right and wrong are immutable and eternal is no longer tenable. The moral world [is subject to the law] of perpetual flux. [Contemplate ubiquitous moral divergencies], then say whether the foundations of morality are eternally fixed and unchanging."* The reason is, that "we ourselves are the lawgivers and the judges." The comparative method, applied to ethics, will prove, as it has in the case of religion, the true emancipator. Here, indeed, is dogma, taking its revenge for so much hypothesis! Even so, in the abrupt abandonment, on the last page of *Balder*, of the absolute value of ideas, is the nemesis for so much misplaced intellectualism throughout these volumes. For both magic and religion are regarded by their author as "theories" whereby the developing savage is supposed to construe his world. Both, Dr Frazer at one moment opines, the black strand and the red, are to pass, it may be hoped, into the pure white texture of Science. But, in these last pages, the whole structure is, he seems to feel, destined to turn out just one illusion.

Do this despair of ideas, and this apostasy from fact, affect his mind throughout with a certain contempt for what is merely logical, materially obvious? We often have thought so, when reading him. The hypothesis

* *Taboo*, p. vi.

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allures: “entertains”: “amuses.” The fact? Well, in the Preface to the second edition, he bows to the criticism that the bells of Rome cannot, even in still weather, be heard (as he had said he loved to hear them) from Nemi, but leaves his “blunder” uncorrected. In *Old Mortality* Scott left a similar error—the sounding of drums at midnight (when they are *not* sounded) because he “liked” to imagine them thus. There is too much of this irresponsibility underlying this toilsome compilation. Yet, later, a scruple laid hold on the Professor. In *Balder the Beautiful* (II, 309) Ariccia replaces Rome.

Nemi’s woods are still green, and as the sunset fades above them in the west, there comes to us the sound of the church bells of Ariccia ringing the Angelus. *Ave Maria!* Sweet and solemn they chime out from the distant town and die lingeringly away across the wide Campagnan marshes. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi! Ave Maria!*

So the book ends. We had wondered, more than once, while reading it, whether here were some new Darwin, doing a work destined to be soon, but reverently, superseded: or some Herbert Spencer, condemned to a less noble fate. But on reading this last page, we ask ourselves, also, have we not here pure Renan?

C. C. MARTINDALE.

GEORGE BORROW IN SPAIN

THE lives of missionaries, whether recorded by themselves or others, are seldom entertaining to read, more rarely romantic and never humorous. George Borrow's "Journeys, adventures and imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula," is an exception, for it contains few pages without interest, humour or romance. It has considerably more flavour of Spain than of the Bible. A highly developed sense of the adventurous underlay if it did not overspread his entire sense of religion. He would have declined to hawk Tracts in London with contempt, but to smuggle prohibited books through the land of the Inquisition was a feat worthy of his talents. He was a linguist, a tramp and a specialist in low life, not without traces of a poet and a runaway schoolboy in his composition, but this combination made him the Prince of Colporteurs. He made a unique trip through that wild, picturesque, rascally, heroic Spain which has completely disappeared except from Goya's pictures and his own pages. He found many pious readers for his wares, but he never made a single definite convert. The answer given him by a Maragato carrier was typical, as well as his comment on the same:

As for what you have told me, I understand little of it, and believe not a word of it; but in respect to the books which you have shown me, I will take three or four. I shall not read them, it is true, but I have no doubt that I can sell them at a higher price than you demand.

So much for the Maragatos.

Speaking from experience I aver that the letters by which Borrow justified his trip at the expense of English piety make still the one and only entertaining companion in Spain. He wrote a hybrid between a Baedeker and the

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Travels of St Paul, but with a sense of humour, and an eye for the picturesque that jarred sadly on the feelings of his patrons at home.

What was his secret? He travelled as a pilgrim rather than a tourist. He confessed his main mission was the study of man. He went as one inwardly transported, not as a piece of conducted baggage. The result was, he explored and knew Spain better than any Spaniard, and far better than any Englishman before or after—and that in the days before Cook.

So utterly did he lose himself in the wood that he never saw, or forgot to mention, such stock trees as the Alhambra, Velazquez or the Escorial. Instead he lived with jail-birds and gipsies, with bull-fighters and thieves, and, strange to say, at times with priests.

It is only necessary to strip off the anti-Popish gasconades, which were thrown in to keep his peace and pay with the "Bibliophiles" at home, to make the book possible to Catholics. Borrow pretended to be a bigot, but often let slip appreciations of what he called "the ancient, grand and imposing religion," which could not have been too comforting to the rigid and unloveable body by whom he was employed.

Of St Ignatius—Spain's typical contribution to the world's progress—he made memorable record as "a great and portentous man, honest withal," while of the Jesuits he said to the English Rector in Lisbon:

I am ready to assert that there are no people in the world better qualified, upon the whole, to be intrusted with the education of youth. Their moral system and discipline are truly admirable. Their pupils, in after life, are seldom vicious and licentious characters, and are in general men of learning, science, and possessed of every elegant accomplishment.

Borrow himself came nearer than any other to being a Protestant Jesuit, if ever Protestantism was to produce that combination of daring, learning and shrewdness which makes the Society at home and abroad.

He had been recommended to the Bible Society for his

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physical and linguistic abilities. As a proof of his prowess he walked from Norfolk to London in twenty-seven hours, and within six months passed an examination in Manchu Tartar.

His first mission was to St Petersburg, where he saw a New Testament out of the Press. He then volunteered to proselytize China or wherever his expenses were paid. He was finally dispatched to Portugal, to survey at a distance the heathen wastes of Spain. At her borders he lifted his voice:

From what land but that before me could have proceeded those portentous beings who astounded the Old World and filled the New with horror and blood: Alba and Philip, Cortez and Pizarro: stern colossal spectres looming through the gloom of bygone years, like yonder granite mountains through the haze, upon the eye of the mariner. Yes, yonder is indeed Spain; flinty, indomitable Spain; land emblematic of its sons!

Spain, as he told his readers, "is not a fanatic country. I know something about her and declare that she is not nor has ever been. Spain never changes."

This important evidence is re-echoed to-day by Martin Hume, after Borrow himself the most learned of Englishmen in *cosas d'Espana*, for he writes of a Spain as free and tolerant as England. In the time of Borrow she was more so, as is shown by the fact that he passed in and out of every nook and cranny of the Peninsula unscathed and unharmed; save for the petty imprisonment which he deliberately invited by his escapades. Though he played the Hot-Gospeller for several years in the Land of the Inquisition, he returned to tell the tale, or rather the thousand and one anecdotes of which his book is composed.

An openly Catholic missionary in England at the same date would have found the London streets more dangerous than the South Seas. At a time when Borrow was complacently pasting Spanish cathedrals and churches with red, blue and yellow advertisements of his wares, English Catholics hardly dared affix their own placards to their own porches.

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Twice during his travels he came across his fellow-countrymen, and his estimate of the old English Catholics before the Oxford Movement ought to be classical. At Lisbon he found the lingering remnant of stern conditions talking with prejudices that "went out with the Nonjurors," and cherishing a loyalty which was almost grotesque. The old Rector said to him:

At present the English — are the most devoted subjects of our gracious sovereign. I should be happy if I could say as much for our Irish brethren; but their conduct has been—oh! detestable. Yet what can you expect? The true—blush for them. A certain person is a disgrace to the church of which he pretends to be the servant. Where does he find in our canons sanction for his proceedings, his undutiful expressions towards one who is his sovereign by divine right, and who can do no wrong?

The genuine High Tory has been extinct long enough to become mythical. It is curious to find that the last true-hearted specimens lingered on and died in foreign seminaries. Borrow showed himself fully alive to matters of such pathetic and antiquarian interest. At Valladolid he pursued his researches and indited a paragraph which has few equals in his writings for vivid conciseness and for the sheer magic of words:

Yes, in this very house were many of those pale, smiling, half-foreign priests educated, who, like stealthy grimalkins, traversed green England in all directions; crept into old halls beneath umbrageous rookeries, fanning the dying embers of Popery, with no other hope nor perhaps wish than to perish disembowelled by the bloody hands of the executioner, amongst the yells of a rabble as bigoted as themselves.

His inconsistencies show that he threw his heart into his mission-field more than into his mission, that he was more interested in acquiring than distributing knowledge, but the reader is not prepared to find him guilty of relic-worship within the first forty pages of his book.

Though he devoted a tirade to the veneration which

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he found offered to the body of St James at Compostella, he was not averse to kissing the cold tomb of the author of *Tom Jones* which by some strange chance confronts every English pilgrim to Lisbon.

The imputation of relic-worship he would probably have resented as deeply as an accusation of narrow-minded mediævalism, when he induced a girl to burn Volney's *Ruin of Empires* on the ground that it was written by an emissary of Satan.

She then took the book from my hand and placed it upon the flaming pile; then sitting down, took her rosary out of her pocket, and told her beads till the volume was consumed. This was an *auto da fe* in the best sense of the word.

It is not difficult to find a certain jovial duplicity in his theory and practice. He was ever ready to abuse Popery, but his praise of the different priests who became his friends and hosts makes a curious commentary within his own book.

At Salamanca he received a series of acts of hospitality from the Irish College which induced him to exclaim:

I am convinced that not all the authority of the Pope or the Cardinals would induce him to close his doors on Luther himself, were that respectable personage at present alive and in need of food and refuge.

He was received by the curate of Pittiegua—Antonio Garcia de Aguilar—a priest who always kept two clean beds for the use of the wayfaring.

He served Borrow with his best, and:

"There, my friends," said he, "where you are now seated, once sat Wellington and Crawford, after they had beat the French at Arapiles, and rescued us from the thralldom of those wicked people. I never respected my house so much as I have done since they honoured it with their presence. They were heroes, and one was a demi-god."

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Borrow did him the justice to observe in his journal:

I soon saw that I was in the presence of one of those remarkable men who so frequently spring up in the bosom of the Romish Church, and who to a child-like simplicity unite immense energy and power of mind,—equally adapted to guide a scanty flock of ignorant rustics in some obscure village in Italy or Spain, as to convert millions of heathens on the shores of Japan, China, and Paraguay.

But the gift of a New Testament seemed a superfluous reward for one of such proven Christianity.

It is to Borrow's credit that he recorded kindness whenever he met it, and his pages often supply an antidote to the bigoted bickerings of Richard Ford, out of whose writings Murray's Guide is entirely built up.

Another who entertained him was an old priest, eighty years of age (whom he discovered to his mingled excitement and horror to have served on the Inquisition itself). The Holy Office had been thirty years abolished, but here was a genuine link with Mediæval Spain. But here was a surprise as well, for the sweet old man, it seemed, had saved the life of his Liberal curate from the Carlists—the extreme Ultramontanes—only to be denounced by his curate to the Liberals, with the result he was then in hiding, solaced only by a little library and a dovecote, which he showed to Borrow with the simplicity of a child. When Borrow talked Latin, he mistook him for an orthodox missionary labouring amongst gipsies. So much for inquisitorial craft. The serpentine cunning Borrow had expected evaporated in the harmlessness of a dovecote.

Borrow wormed out of him that his duties had consisted entirely in suppressing Judaism among the clergy and sorcery among nuns!

Of the latter he described a case

which occurred in a convent at Seville: a certain nun was in the habit of flying through the windows and about the garden over the tops of the orange trees; declarations of various witnesses were

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taken, and the process was arranged with much formality: the fact, I believe, was satisfactorily proved: of one thing I am certain, that the nun was punished.

Judaism apparently could be black or white—the former was the genuine type we know—the latter included Lutherans, Anglicans and Borrow himself!

I remember once searching the house of an ecclesiastic who was accused of the black Judaism, and after much investigation, we discovered beneath the floor a wooden chest, in which was a small shrine of silver, enclosing three books in black hogskin, which, on being opened, were found to be books of Jewish devotion, written in Hebrew characters, and of great antiquity.

The Jewish synagogue is extinct in Spain, but they were once a brilliant and rich community. Tolerated by the Moors and for some time by the Christians, their destruction was achieved by the Inquisition. Thousands went to Turkey, where their descendants still speak Castilian. Thousands remained under the pretence of conversion. Their progeny slowly became Catholic, so that Spain has the unique credit of having swallowed her Jews. How many entered into the aristocracy of Spain was shown by Cardinal Mendoza's famous and terrible pamphlet, which he published on being accused himself of low birth—*Stains and Sanbenitos of the Spanish Noblesse*—wherein he traced tracks of Moorish or Jewish blood through half the most Catholic peerage in Europe.

For many years outward Catholics continued their Jewish rites at home, and practising priests studied the Mosaic Law with deeper reverence than the Canonical.

Borrow seems to have happened upon the last who preserved the Semitic tradition—a Catholic Jew—Abarbenel by name—who recognized him on a dark night as an Englishman—from his reminiscences of the Peninsular War.

There was something uncanny in the tale he told of his grandfather:

I have heard my father say, that one night an archbishop came to his house secretly, merely to have the satisfaction of kissing his hand.

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How can that be; what reverence could an archbishop entertain for one like yourself or your grandsire?

More than you imagine. He was one of us, at least his father was, and he could never forget what he had learned with reverence in his infancy. He said he had tried to forget it, but he could not; that the *ruah* was continually upon him, and that even from his childhood he had borne its terrors with a troubled mind, till at last he could bear himself no longer; so he went to my grandsire, with whom he remained one whole night; he then returned to his diocese, where he shortly afterwards died, in much renown for sanctity.

Borrow made for Madrid in order to translate and print his Basque and gipsy gospels—no mean feats of philology. He put up with a ruffian, Baltasar, called Liberal, who was serving with the National Guard. His duties, as described by Borrow, would seem to throw light on the present regime in Portugal:

No! the duties of a national are by no means onerous, and the privileges are great. I have seen three of my brother nationals walk up and down the Prado of a Sunday, with sticks in their hands, cudgelling all the suspicious characters, and it is our common practice to scour the streets at night; and then if we meet any person who is obnoxious to us, we fall upon him, and with a knife or a bayonet generally leave him wallowing in his blood on the pavement: no one but a national would be permitted to do that.

His new acquaintance took him to a Spanish execution, one of those scenes in which the Church, if she cannot make death beautiful at least makes it picturesque. The description is too good to be missed, and once more we must turn to Goya for an equal illustration:

The first of the culprits appeared; he was mounted on an ass, without saddle or stirrups, his legs being allowed to dangle nearly to the ground. He was dressed in yellow sulphur-coloured robes, with a high-peaked conical red hat on his head, which was shaven. Between his hands he held a parchment, on which was written something, I believe the confession of faith. Two priests led the

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animal by the bridle; two others walked on either side chanting litanies, amongst which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the Church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been promised admission to heaven. He did not exhibit the least symptom of fear, but dismounted from the animal and was led, not supported, up the scaffold, where he was placed on the chair, and the fatal collar put round his neck. One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced saying the Belief, and the culprit repeated the words after him. On a sudden, the executioner, who stood behind, commenced turning the screw, which was of prodigious force, and the wretched man was almost instantly a corpse; but, as the screw went round, the priest began to shout, "*Pax et misericordia et tranquillitas*," and still as he shouted, his voice became louder and louder till the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it: then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still shouting, just as if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited that I involuntarily shouted "*misericordia*."

The reader who compares the ghastly and god-forsaken scene in the *Ballad of Reading Gaol* will appreciate the externals of a Catholic execution.

At this time Governments changed very frequently and though Borrow interviewed more than one Minister with a view to authorizing him to print Scripture, the Minister was invariably out of office before the object of the interview could be consummated. Not only was the country divided between Carlists and Christianists, but Madrid was fiercely agitated between one party of the latter who cried "Long Live the Absolute Queen," and another who cried "Long Live the Constitutional Queen!" These were the famous days when Quesada, with a few riders, rode down the adherents of the Constitutional Queen on behalf of Her Absolute Majesty. It was a marvellous deed to stop the revolution for one whole day, and Borrow shouted "Viva Quesada," from a safe window in the Puerta del Sol with honest enthusiasm. A few days later he helped to stir coffee in a Liberal Club with Quesada's fingers; for there is certainly no better policy

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on a missionary journey than that of being all things to all men, as St Paul has remarked aforetime.

A huge bowl of coffee was then called for, which was placed upon the table, around which gathered the national soldiers; there was silence for a moment, which was interrupted by a voice roaring out, "*El pañuelo!*" A blue kerchief was forthwith produced, which appeared to contain a substance of some kind; it was untied, and a gory hand and three or four dissevered fingers made their appearance, and with these the contents of the bowl were stirred up. "Cup, cups!" cried the nationals. . . .

If Borrow had adventures among the Liberals in Madrid, he had even stranger ones among the wild folk of Finis-terre, who actually arrested him for Don Carlos, the Pretender himself!

Borrow had laid down to rest preparatory to reading a few chapters of Scripture to the people, when he was strangely awakened by a wild and ragged figure, whose rusty musket precluded all pretence of dreaming, and after being hurried through the streets to the Alcade, was told to answer for aspiring to the Spanish Throne as Calros Rey himself. The minutes of the court reveal the following dialogue exchanged between Bench and Dock:

I never heard before of such a king, nor indeed of such a name.

Hark to the fellow: he has the audacity to say that he has never heard of Calros the pretender, who calls himself king.

If you mean by Calros, the pretender Don Carlos, all I can reply is, that you can scarcely be serious. You might as well assert that yonder poor fellow, my guide, whom I see you have made prisoner, is his nephew, the infante Don Sebastian.

See, you have betrayed yourself; that is the very person we suppose him to be.

Borrow was already condemned to be shot when a dramatic voice intervened from the back of the Court:

I have been examining this man and listening whilst he spoke, and it appears to me that after all he may prove an Englishman; he has their very look and voice. Who knows the English

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better than Antonio de la Trava, and who has a better right? Has he not sailed in their ships; has he not eaten their biscuit; and did he not stand by Nelson when he was shot dead?"

The old tar successfully identified Borrow as English, and the trial was over. "I was nine months with them and assisted at Trafalgar. I saw the English Admiral die"—and in confirmation of his experiences in the Navy, he asked—"Shall we refresh?"

Borrow was sent on to Corcuvion, where the Liberal-minded magistrate hailed him with portentous delight, this time as the fellow-countryman of the great Jeremy Bentham. "He who has invented Laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours." At that time Bentham held the place on the Continent since occupied by another panaceamonger and prophet rejected in his own country—Herbert Spencer, to wit. When Borrow offered his usual dole of a New Testament, the Alcade remarked:

"—how very singular. Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of the grand Baintham should set any value upon that old monkish book."

Words which Borrow was unkind enough to retail for the benefit of the Society who had sent him out to make literary war upon monks. He had at least humour, if he had not the sense to learn that arguments against Catholicism apply equally to Christianity in general. When he complained that the only religious literature distributed in the country consisted of "printed incantations against Satan and his host" he forgot that rationalists would apply identical terms to his tracts and Testaments.

His method of propaganda consisted in riding about the country with Antonio, his Greek servant, and when confronted with any difficulty in being announced as the Greek Minister. They penetrated into gipsy encampments

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and robber caves. In these they left the Word, and hastened away.

The people hardly knew what to make of him. They bought his books, not because they were Scripture, but because they were cheap and satisfying to their desire for education. Peasants brought fruit and stores in exchange. One woman purchased copies for the good of all her relatives, including one for the soul of her deceased husband! Another inquired if he were peddling soap. "Yes—soap to wash the soul"—was the facetious answer.

One night as he was bathing, the people gathered on the bank and cried—"Come out of the water, Englishman, and give us books, we have got our money in our hands." They were the poorest of the poor and their hands were full of farthings.

The clergy opposed him in Madrid, but elsewhere seemed to treat him with interested complacency. At Leon, an advertisement affixed to the Cathedral gates brought two friars to purchase his ware. At Lugo, the Bishop bought two copies, and the priest recommended their perusal to the people.

Finally, the Primate-Archbishop of Toledo summoned him to his palace in Madrid. As the appointment of the Liberal Government, he was barely recognized at Rome, and as Borrow shrewdly said, seemed chosen for the same reason as the Anglican Primates in his own country—*for incapacity!*

The two conversed amicably on the subject of amethysts—but at the cry of "Gospel" the Primate assumed a vacant expression and uttered the watchword of despair—*no se* (I do not know).

"That is a fine brilliant on your lordship's hand," said I.

"You are fond of brilliants, Don Jorge," said the Archbishop, his features brightening up; "vaya! so am I; they are pretty things. Do you understand them?"

"I do," said I, "and I never saw a finer brilliant than your own, one excepted; it belonged to an acquaintance of mine, a Tartar Khan."

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Once he rang at a convent door to inquire if there were any copies of the Holy Scripture in the Convent. A soft feminine voice inquired if he was a military man. He answered that he was going to introduce the Gospel of Christ into a country where it was not known, "whereupon there was a stifled titter." He proceeded to inquire their occupation and the same voice answered "making cheesecakes," and Borrow wisely walked away without waiting for the next titter.

His chief handicap was the entire lack of book-shops, not to speak of book-stalls, through the Peninsula. At such an important town as Vigo the inhabitants possessed only the memory of one, and which had been kept by an *insane barber!*

To remedy matters in the capital, he opened his own shop, and to his astonishment found himself merely treated as a mad Englishman—which indeed he was. The Spaniards had had some experience of his type. Mendizabel the Premier told him:

"Yours is not the first application I have had: ever since I have held the reins of government I have been pestered in this manner by English calling themselves Evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. Only last week a hunch-backed fellow found his way into my cabinet whilst I was engaged in important business, and told me that Christ was coming."

One would like to imagine what had been the effect of an accoutred friar breaking into the contemporary Cabinet at St Stephens.

Meantime Borrow printed off Gospels in Gipsy, Basque, and Spanish, the latter being merely a reprint of the translation of Father Felipe Scio, Confessor to Ferdinand VII. He seemed to expect that the Scriptures would magically produce a state of God-fearing and respectable industrialism, that bandits would be induced to prick texts with their daggers, and Castile become as pious as Clapham. From a combined respect for the great "Belington" and the greater Bentham, he was left alone. He failed to provoke enthusiasm and what

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was bitterer still, persecution—as he remarked one day, subsequent to opening a shop in Madrid:

“How strangely times alter, here have I been during the last eight months running about old Popish Spain, distributing Testaments, as agent of what the Papists call an heretical society, and have neither been stoned nor burnt; and here am I now in the capital, doing that which one would think were enough to cause all the dead inquisitors and officials buried within the circuit of the walls to rise from their graves and cry abomination; and yet no one interferes with me.”

Eventually he irritated the Governor of Madrid into serving a prohibition upon him, and sending officials to raid his shop. They carried off his Gipsy Gospel, but subsequently divided the copies among themselves and sold them at a large profit. Apparently it was thought a novelty and a curiosity by Bibliophiles, who offered the most advanced prices for a copy.

Borrow ejected his next visitor in good native style and found himself arrested for assault.

Thereupon began his famous imprisonment for the Gospel's sake, which he put to good account by picking up the dialect used among robbers. He was lodged sumptuously in the suite reserved for gentlemen. As he says he felt like an English Duke attainted of High Treason, being received by the high constable of the Tower, when the Governor of the prison addressed him with these words:

Caballero, you will rather consider yourself here as a guest than a prisoner; you will be permitted to roam over every part of this house whenever you think proper. You will find matters here not altogether below the attention of a philosophic mind. Pray issue whatever commands you may think fit to the turnkeys and officials, even as if they were your own servants.

He remained three weeks in prison and added immensely to his knowledge of human nature. Eventually he was released at the instance of the British Ambassador, with more profuse apologies even than at his admission.

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He notes the religious and good-natured atmosphere of those dungeons which were associated in his native literature with horrors untold:

Yet in this prison of Madrid, and I may say in Spanish prisons in general, for I have been an inmate of more than one, the ears of the visitor are never shocked with horrid blasphemy and obscenity.

Borrow promptly returned to his old life, travelling on mule, horse or donkey amongst every shade of character whose dialect he could detect, for he was capable of using Gitano, Arabic, Basque, and Castilian at will. The gipsies seem to have treated him as one of their own. He spoke their speech and shared their habits, for the book is full of dark references to "The business of Egypt," which is the technical term for camping on other peoples' lawns and stealing their chickens. Once he was saved by the gipsy women from a detective. Two girls flung themselves like furies on the officer of the Law, while the old crone poured snuff in his eyes!

The Portuguese Jews reckoned him "a powerful Rabbi," while in out-of-the-way districts he charmed the populace equally with the memory of "Belington" and a passport signed by Palmerston.

At Fuente la Higuera one of his agents was imprisoned, whereupon Antonio said he was a Turkish subject, and obtained his release by threatening to write to the Sublime Porte.

That night two armed men watched the inn where Antonio lay, and as often as the hour struck shouted—"Ave Maria, Death to the heretics!"

The next day Antonio was released, after hearing High Mass.

It was one of the few occasions when Borrow or his agents suffered any real molestation.

° The charm and wonder of his book lie in the unending types or caricatures described in his travels. The only gallery to which they can be compared are Dickens's

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Early Victorian. But Dickens's types were a crowd of impossibilities who ought to have existed, but who never did. Borrow's were a living and a literal crew who had no right to exist, but who certainly did.

The only real parallel are the wonderful characters drawn in Carleton's traits and sketches of a pre-Famine Ireland. They too were a disappearing race of joyous, quarrelling, poverty-stricken peasants. Curiously enough in both cases the boon of immortality was conferred by a pen in the pay of the proselytizer but both Borrow and Carleton ended in appreciating the race they failed to convert, and in the end even to decry.

It is amusing to compare Theophile Gautier's learned and pompous *voyage en Espagne* with Borrow's *Travels*, especially as both were in the country at the same time. They observed different countries in different languages. Only once did they make a mutual acquaintance—Sevilla the famous bull-fighter—and their varying account gives a good notion as to how a book of travel ought and ought not to be written.

Gautier described Sevilla as he appeared in the arena of Madrid, as "a robust Hercules, with superb eyes and the physiognomy of one of Titian's Cæsars, with an expression of jovial and contemptful serenity that had something truly heroic—in his orange vesture brodered and worked with silver."

Friend Borrow came to closer quarters. He forced his way into a "low tavern in a neighbourhood notorious for robbery and murder," where he was accosted by "a horrible-looking fellow, with a white hat with a rim a yard and a half in circumference, dressed in a buff jerkin, leather breeches and jack boots," who, on hearing he could speak the "crabbed gitano" or prison slang, made much of him and stood him drink and bare public testimony to the English Evangelist:

He is a good ginete, too; next to myself, there is none like him, only he rides with stirrup-leathers too short. Inglesito, if you have need of money, I will lend you my purse. All I have is at your service, and that is not a little; I have just gained four thousand

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chulés by the lottery. Courage, Englishman! Another cup. I will pay all, I, Sevilla!

And he clapped his hand repeatedly on his breast, reiterating, "I, Servilla! I—"

Sevilla was only one of many whom Borrow drew with vigorous slashes. He upset the whole romantic fallacy of Spain. He disposed of the exquisite cavaliers, the love-sick nuns, the tortuous Inquisitors and all the ghostly habitants of the very castles, for which visitors have searched in vain. In their place he provided such characters as Manuel of Andalusia:

I allude to Manuel, the—what shall I call him?—seller of lottery tickets, driver of death carts, or poet laureate in gipsy songs.

or the Manchegan prophetess:

She informed me that she was born blind, and that a Jesuit priest had taken compassion on her when she was a child, and had taught her the holy language, in order that the attention and hearts of Christians might be more easily turned towards her. I soon discovered that he had taught her something more than Latin, for upon telling her that I was an Englishman, she said that she had always loved Britain, which was once the nursery of saints and sages, for example, Bede and Alcuin, Columbus and Thomas of Canterbury.

His picture-gallery included—witches, thieves, a gaoleress, Jews, curates—all the living background of Cervantes.

Without his pen such adventurers as Benedict Mol and Flinter, the Irishman, would be lost to literature and history:

"I am Flinter," replied the individual in the military frock; "a name which is in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in Spain. I am Flinter, the Irishman, just escaped from the Basque provinces and the claws of Don Carlos."

Through the English Ambassador Flinter obtained a command and was injudicious enough to defeat a Carlist army with a small body of troops, in consequence of which he was traduced to the Home Government, who, as Wellington had once discovered, prefer to lose under native command than conquer with foreign aid.

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Flinter committed suicide with a razor:

Ardent spirits of foreign climes, who hope to distinguish yourselves in the service of Spain, and to earn honours and rewards, remember the fate of Columbus, and of another as brave and as ardent—Flinter!

Benedict Mol was a crazy Swiss, son of the hangman at Lucerne, deserter from the armies of the Pope and of Spain, by profession a soap-boiler, but engaged in a search for a treasure revealed to him by a dying soldier thirty years before, a treasure supposed to lie in the Church of St Janus at Compostella. At last he won a hearing—and at the head of a procession set out to uncover the mythical gold. The floor was broken up by masons, but nothing was revealed except “a horrible and fetid odour.”

Benedict was cast into prison as a reward for his life-long search. May it be his consolation to occupy a niche in an English classic.

The modern traveller has facility to glide in corridorred trains through the Peninsula, glancing at much that Borrow never saw, and perhaps failing to shew a tithe of his appreciation, for, alone of all Englishmen who ever went errands of courtship, or diplomacy, or war into Spain, Borrow learnt and loved her Romance.

It is difficult to cross the wilder districts to-day without sometimes glimpsing that strange knight-errant of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as he rode through insuperable difficulties, upon a horse which must have had the blood of Rosinante in its veins, for it was “covered with sores, wall-eyed, and with a kind of halt in its gait.”

He has been called “a fantastic bigot,” but he is better dubbed “a Biblical Don Quixote”—one, indeed, who, for the entertainment of Catholic and Protestant alike, carried out a campaign against a visionary Giant Pope, as fond and futile as the famous cavalry charge, executed by one nobler and madder than he, among the unheeding windmills of La Mancha.

SHANE LESLIE.

ST BRIGID'S LULLABIES

(The Legend tells that Brigid was the Foster-Nurse of Jesus.)

I.

FIRST I kiss the eyelids sweet—
Little eyes that soon shall know
All the dark of human woe—
*Peace that comes when sorrows seize us
Fill the dreams of Baby Jesus.*

Then I kiss the little feet—
Hard your way, and sharp and fierce
Little feet the nails shall pierce.
*Hope that lifts and Faith that frees us
Guide the feet of Baby Jesus.*

Then the kisses I repeat
On the hands in slumber curled—
Little hands that hold the world.
*Love whose circling arms appease us,
Cradle softly Baby Jesus.*

II.

The burning blight of the midday might on meadow and
city falls,
And shadow fails, and a Terror pales the dazzle of eyeless
walls,
Fierce stifling gusts of the desert-dusts up lanes and up
alleys beat—
And all things gasp in the fever grasp of the merciless
hands of Heat.

I chant the tune of a mountain rune to screen my Babe
from the glare,
And spells I weave of the dews of eve and of Ireland's
radiant air,

St Brigid's Lullabies

I loop a twist of her rainbow mist, and a film of her twilit
skies,
And silver strains of her rills and rains through the lilt of
my lullabies.

As low I croon of the pale green noon and the long
Atlantic roll,
It sometimes seems as if Ireland's dreams may slide into
Baby's soul,
That in the prime of a future time, on my hills and my
isles remote
His words of speech all hearts shall reach with a sweet
familiar note.

ETHEL ROLT-WHEELER.

RUDOLF EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY

THE philosophical faculty of the little German University of Jena has presented these last thirty or forty years a strange contrast within its professorial staff. Two men in it have had and still have a worldwide name and fame, the one as the unscrupulous prophet of Materialism and sworn enemy of all religion, the other as a staunch opponent of Naturalism and an untiring teacher and preacher to the modern world of a spiritual life and of the necessity of religion. Their names are respectively Ernst Haeckel and Rudolf Eucken. Prof. Haeckel's fame and influence are, it is true, on a rapid decline, at least as regards the educated and thinking world, though unhappily he still finds an audience in vulgar circles where every fierce attack on faith and religion is sadly welcome. But Eucken's ascendancy seems just to have attained its greatest development. For many years he was little known, but all the time he had been working patiently to develop and spread his philosophic views, upheld in his laborious undertaking by the hope of benefiting in the end the age in which we live. And this hope has not proved an illusion. There is no philosopher in Germany in these days whose works are so much read and whose ideas are so openly admired as those of R. Eucken. Nor is he exciting attention in his native country alone. He is read in France, in Italy, in Denmark, in Sweden, and even in Japan, where there is a special society which devotes itself to the study of his philosophy. Moreover, of late years, his name has attracted great interest and admiration in English-speaking countries, particularly in England itself and in the United States. Books and papers are being published about him everywhere, and the English translations of his works meet with a rapid sale. These statements will, we feel, justify a short essay on Prof. Eucken in this Review.

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I

The development of Dr Eucken's philosophy in his own mind will, if attentively considered, help much towards a just appreciation of his opinions. It is, moreover, interesting in itself, and useful lessons may be learned from it. This is why we devote the first part of this essay to the history of Eucken's life work. As Eucken very early communicated his thoughts and the result of his studies to the world, a rapid review of his publications in their chronological order will give a very good idea in outline of the drift of his philosophic work. In this way we shall avoid, also, a mere dry enumeration of the titles of his numerous works.

Some facts about Eucken's career will be necessary at the outset. Our philosopher was born at Aurich in Ostfriesland on January 5, 1846. His father having died when he was only a young child, the task of his education devolved chiefly on his mother, who was the daughter of a Lutheran pastor. Partly through her influence, partly through that of earnest teachers, the young student, on leaving the gymnasium for the University, was already deeply interested in religious as well as in philosophical problems. At the University of Goettingen he chiefly devoted himself to the study of classical philology under the direction of Hermann Sauppe, and of philosophy under Gustav Teichmüller and Wilhelm Gittermann. At the age of twenty he took his degree of doctor of Philosophy. Then he continued his studies at Berlin, where amongst others, Adolf Trendelenburg became his teacher. In 1871, he was appointed professor of Philosophy at the University of Basle, whence, in 1874, he came to Jena to occupy the chair of Philosophy which he still retains. This was a simple course of life indeed, but it was rich in mental activity and ideal aspirations.

The days of Eucken's youth were days in which a vulgar Materialism had to a great extent superseded ideal tendencies. Eucken was not carried away, as so many were, by this negation of higher pursuits. The very choice of his line of study bears testimony to this. And this

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choice proved of great importance to his whole intellectual development. It strengthened the innate idealism of the young man, and it brought home to him the necessity of historical considerations for a fruitful study of the great problems of the human mind.

His studies were, as we have said, predominantly philological. Thus he was brought under the beneficial influence of the great philological schools of Germany, in which philology meant much more than the mere minutiae of grammatical research, the dominating aim being the reconstruction and understanding of the spiritual culture and life of past centuries and nations. Starting from the letters, words and literature of a people or age, this philology hopes, by means of those manifestations, to enter into the substance and centre of the human mind and its works. Beneath the literary resources and works of a period it seeks a process of life in its historical development. If, therefore, it be studied in its true spirit, it cannot but deepen and strengthen the sense of ideal things and direct the mind of the student from the impressions of the moment to the treasures of wisdom laid up for all times by the great intellects of our race. Such certainly was its effect upon Eucken, and we think it important to draw attention to this fact.

We now come to the progress of Eucken's studies and thoughts in the concrete. From the beginning, his philosophical labours were closely connected with the works of one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, namely, Aristotle. His dissertation for obtaining the doctor's degree in 1864 was a strictly philological inquiry into Aristotle's terminology: *De Aristotelis dicendi ratione*. And Aristotle continued to be his attraction. Several further publications of the young scholar bear testimony to this. And here we must take notice that very soon Eucken's main attention turned from the philological to the properly philosophical side of his subject. Thus we have a study of the method and fundamentals of the Aristotelian Ethics, *Ueber die Methode und die Grundlagen der Aristotelischen Ethik* (1870), and a more

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extended exposition of Aristotle's method generally: *Die Methode der Aristotelischen Forschung in ihrem Zusammenhang mit den philosophischen Grundprinzipien des Aristoteles* (1872), i.e., Aristotle's method in its relation to the fundamental principles of the Aristotelian Philosophy.

However the strongest bent of our philosopher did not seem to find its full satisfaction in the study of the past; he felt himself too much a son of his own age. He had already begun to make the comparison between Aristotle's thought and the problems of modern times. This is clearly seen in the work last mentioned, and, the year before its publication, when appointed professor of Philosophy at Basle, Eucken had already in his inaugural address at the University treated of the value of Aristotle's Philosophy for our own times, and its bearing upon them. Indeed he now began to turn his attention to the study of the Philosophy of later periods, more particularly of the German schools of thought. The determining influence, however, of his philological training remained unmistakable even here. We see it in the next books he published, the first *Geschichte und Kritik der Grundbegriffe der Gegenwart* (1878; History and Criticism of the main Concepts of Modern Thought), the next *Geschichte der philosophischen Terminologie im Umriss* (1879; History of Philosophical Terminology in outline), and in *Bilder und Gleichnisse in der Philosophie* (1880; Images and Similes in Philosophy). Various minor writings and contributions to scientific periodicals belong to this time, partly historical, partly critical in character; among them, a pamphlet on the Philosophy of St Thomas Aquinas—*Die Philosophie des Thomas von Aquino und die Kultur der Neuzeit* (1885)—is particularly worth mentioning.

Eucken's chief work on mainly historical lines is *Die Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker. Eine Entwicklungsgeschichte des Lebensproblems der Menschheit von Plato bis zur Gegenwart*, first published in 1890. This is the greatest literary success of the author; it has, again

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and again, been revised, transformed and enlarged, and has now attained its tenth edition. An English translation by W. S. Hough and W. R. Boyce-Gibson has been published by Fisher Unwin under the title "The Problem of Human Life as viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the present time." There is hardly any book, dealing with the history of Philosophy, which gives so much life to its subject, or which brings it so near, and makes it so familiar, to us, as this brilliant work. It is indeed a brilliant book, not only by reason of the thoughts it presents, but also because of the way it presents them. In this book, more than in any preceding publication, Eucken reached that characteristic excellence of style, which has given him so many readers and admirers.

It remains to mention *Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart* (1904; transl. by M. Booth and published by Fisher Unwin as *Main Currents of Modern Thought, A study of the spiritual and intellectual Movements of the present day*). This book seems at first sight to be a fresh, though largely transformed, edition of a work already mentioned, viz., of the *Grundbegriffe der Gegenwart*. But it is really a new work; for the point of view has almost totally changed: whilst in its original form it was mainly an historical work, in the later editions it has become a presentation of Eucken's own philosophy, backed by the principal problems of the modern world. And this leads us back to a much earlier period in Eucken's life than that of which we have just been speaking: to the time when his own constructive thought became prominent and superseded more or less, or at least absorbed, the purely historical inquiry and exposition.

It was about twenty-five years back that Eucken began to propound the ideas by means of which he hopes efficiently to meet the needs and problems of our modern times. In 1885 he published *Prolegomena zu Forschungen über die Einheit des Geisteslebens in Bewusstsein und Tat der Menschheit* (Prolegomena to researches into the unity of spiritual life in the consciousness and action of mankind). In this book he endeavours to map out a plan, and

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to develop a method, for treating and solving the manifold problems of our own day, and of humanity generally. In particular he presents what he calls his "noological method" (*noologische Methode*) by which he hopes to overcome the difficulties of his task and to attain to objective solutions of the great questions of mankind. This method we find applied in the following great work on the unity of the spiritual life in the consciousness and action of mankind—*Die Einheit des Geisteslebens in Bewusstsein und Tat der Menschheit* (1888).

Here the idea of the Life of the Spirit is put before us for the first time, an idea which has proved, ever since, to be the dominating conception, and the key of Eucken's thought. He tries to show in the history of human thought and activity, as a whole, the manifestation of a great and deep unity, of an irresistible tendency and movement towards a higher and spiritual life, a spiritual life which is independent of mere nature and mere man, which is the deeper essence of all reality, the moving principle in its development, the guarantee of all worth and of all truth. And he hopes to build up, from the basis of this idea, a new system of Metaphysics, a new idealism.

In this endeavour, Eucken finds himself in opposition to the different life-systems of our own times, in opposition to Intellectualism as well as to Naturalism; but more particularly to the last. Hence his strenuous labours to show more especially and in detail the insufficiency of Naturalism, and to establish, against this widespread attitude towards reality and life, the absolute necessity of higher aims and goods than the material world can give. Such is the purpose of the next publication, *Der Kampf um einen geistigen Lebensinhalt: Neue Grundlegung einer Weltanschauung* (1896; the struggle for a spiritual life-content).

However, Eucken felt the insufficiency of the idea of an independent and cosmic life of the spirit for a perfect solution of the great problems of human life. He found he had to look out for more depth, more determination with regard to his main thesis. This led him a step further,

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and in 1901 he gave us his *Philosophy of Religion*, entitled *Der Wahrheitsgehalt der Religion* (3rd edition 1912; transl. from the 2nd edition by Tudor Jones and published by Williams and Norgate as *Truth of Religion*).

This is certainly one of the most remarkable publications on the religious questions in later times. Eucken maintains that a spiritual life is without support and consistency unless it be founded on, and find its completion and perfection in, Religion. No science, no art, no moral philosophy can dispense us from the necessity of religion, all these lack an indispensable element until they are brought into relation with the eternal and absolute Life of the Spirit, which has its reality and fullness in God, and in God alone. This conviction Eucken supports with all the earnestness and vivacity of his deeply ethical nature, and with untiring zeal he puts before the modern world the truth that, without religion, all depth and value and meaning will irretrievably be lost to our existence amid the complications of our life and its problems.

In this conviction, Eucken resembles Wilhelm Wundt, the leader in psychological research, who in the course of a life-long study of philosophy and science came to the conclusion, that we cannot get on without religion. And, what is most remarkable, Eucken, as well as Wundt, set out in his studies with anything but the wish to serve the cause of religion. Wundt was a Materialist, but he found that this system would not work. Eucken, though never inclined to support Naturalism, tried to keep clear of the religious question, to free himself from all religious interest. He tells us so in the preface to one of his latest books (*Können wir noch Christen sein?*), and he adds that the very attempt at a philosophical view of life led back most irresistibly to the religious question. Thus his life and life-work have become, by their progress, an apology for religion and a proof of its necessity.

After the *Truth of Religion* there is a break in Eucken's literary activity—filled up in some sort by the publication of various collections of philosophical and historical papers written in former years. It is as though he had felt that

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with the work on Religion, a certain end had been attained. But, then again, with 1907, a new period of publications begins, intended partly to render more systematic, partly to make more popular, the ideas hitherto gained and defended. The former object is attained in *Grundlinien einer neuen Lebensanschauung* (1907; transl. by A. G. Widgery and published by A. and C. Black as *Life's Basis and Life's Ideal: The Fundamentals of a New Philosophy of Life*), the latter by *Der Sinn und Wert des Lebens* (1908; transl. by Boyce and Gibson, publ. by A. and C. Black as *Meaning and Value of Life*) and by *Einführung in eine Philosophie des Geisteslebens* (1908; transl. by F. L. Pogson, publ. by Williams and Norgate as *The life of the Spirit*). Some years later he attempted to clear up, and to justify as a whole, his attitude towards the Christian Religion in *Können wir noch Christen sein?* (1911; *Can we still be Christians?*), in which he tries to show that we can indeed, nay must be Christians, though in a new and modern sense. Since this, another book has appeared, bearing the title *Erkennen und Leben* (1912; *Cognition and Life*). It takes up, in an introductory sort of way, the problem of cognition, to which Eucken hopes to devote a special greater work, which may be expected to be of great importance for the philosophical discussion of his views as a whole. A work on ethics, also, seems to be in preparation.

Such are the outlines of Eucken's life and work. He is one of the great German authors of our own day: a man of a characteristic world of ideas, a man also of an original and genuine power of expression, which constitutes such an attractive feature in his later works. His writings evince, in a very rare degree, a characteristic, we may say an inseparable unity of thought and language. This unity is rendered the more remarkable from the altogether personal and original use of words, and the formation, in the course of a long life-work, of a partially new terminology. For this reason a more than common knowledge of the German language is required, fully to enter into the sense of his volumes. And still more

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difficult is it to find for Eucken's writings a rendering in another language, which not only conveys the thoughts, but also approaches to some extent the beauty and force of the original. This must be borne in mind in judging of the English translations of Eucken's works. He who wishes to taste the literary beauty of his books, will have to seek for it in the German originals. To obtain an insight into the *ideas* of the author it is sufficient to turn to the English translations. These, however, are not in the same degree successful even in rendering the sense either by translation or by paraphrase. Whilst, for instance, the rendering of the German in *Main Currents of Modern Thought*, when compared with the original, appears satisfactory, it is not unjust to say that the translator of the *Truth of Religion* not infrequently misses the point.

II

From the foregoing bibliographical sketch the reader will have gathered the general trend of Eucken's thought. We must, however, devote some pages to a more coherent exposition of this philosophy in its starting point, method and result.

The starting-point for Eucken in the construction of his world of thought is the modern life in its fullness, vigour and variety, the state of civilized and cultured humanity, the intellectual, moral, spiritual, religious life, as the modern man realizes it in himself, and finds it in others and in the world at large. And the great question for Eucken is, whether this modern life can be considered as satisfactory, as self-sufficient, as fulfilling its own promises and hopes, as making human life a real good, a life worth living; as leading to lasting perfection and true happiness. It is the deep conviction of this earnest man that we cannot, must not, avoid this problem, this examination of conscience, and that our life is not worth living unless a clear and certain solution of the difficulty be given, and the corresponding practical conclusions be drawn and introduced into our daily life. And he is absolutely convinced that our life ought to be of great and

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everlasting value, of a value transcending mere individual pleasure or the momentary benefit to Society; that it must have its value in itself, as a spiritual life, beyond all material things which come, and pass away again, with time.

Eucken does not deny, on the contrary he acknowledges and emphatically affirms, the great progress, the astounding accomplishments which give a special character and stamp to our modern times. He admires and praises the achievements in natural science, in art, in history, in technical work, in social organization. He confesses to the impossibility of ever sacrificing all this progress, of returning to a less developed stage of human life. But he points out many and most serious inconveniences and complications, startling problems, and imminent dangers which manifest themselves to him who seriously watches and examines the progress of affairs and tendencies in all the different departments of our activity and aspiration. We hoped to conquer the world by scientific inquiry into the nature of things and processes, but has not all been reduced to a mere mechanism which destroys all spiritual worth and makes human life a senseless whirlpool of dancing atoms? We were confident of gaining priceless treasures by searching the history of mankind, but, after all, has not this very study of history unsettled our confidence in everlasting truth and objective worth, by showing forth the infinite variety of life, and thought, and ideals in times past? We set out with a desire to better the condition of life by the invention and utilization of unthought of instruments of activity, but has all this technical progress helped to make us happier or more independent? Has it not rather resulted in making men less content, in producing that awful suspense, those endless struggles, which render our age more and more an age of social unrest? Have we not lost all unity in our inner life, has not the severance of mind from mind, and class from class, become more evident and more insupportable?

These and similar questions, with their answers, occupy a large place in Eucken's thoughts and writings, and they

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lead him to the conclusion, that a merely secular civilization, such as our modern civilization professes to be, can never satisfy the needs of man, unless he is to be degraded to a mere mechanism, which is impossible; they make him declare, again and again, that a happy development of the human race will never be found on the lines of a mere humanism, in whatever form, and with whatever splendour it may present itself; they cause him to long for, and demand, a deeper purpose in life, a higher end and aim, a stronger hold and stay than those modern forms of life can give. It is his life-programme, indeed, to struggle and work for such a consolidation and elevation of our modern life, to regain for himself, and if possible for others, a real, a lasting, a spiritual life-content.

But where shall we find it? Can we go back to any particular point of past ages, to find strength and solace in its life and doctrine? This Eucken is afraid we cannot do. Whatever the past brings before us (he argues), however great, powerful, and sufficient it may have been in its own day, it must have been connected in most essential points with the characteristics and limitations of the special stage of human development in which it took shape and reality; it must prove too narrow and insufficient to our highly-developed life with its more independent and richer character. This, Eucken says, applies to the great philosophic systems of the past, whether they come from Plato or Aristotle, St Augustine or St Thomas, Kant or Hegel. They all contain imperishable acquisitions of the human mind; but they are transitory in their systematic presentation, insufficient in their scope and unity, incapable of corresponding to the fullness of newly ascertained facts, and to the impetuosity of our modern life and character. And the same holds good of Religion in its historical forms. Religion has done a great work in the life and development of mankind, nay, all true greatness and heroism, all interior depth and sincerity of life, has had its root and condition in the truth of religion, and of all religions the Christian is manifestly

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the most perfect, and for ever indispensable. But, Eucken maintains, the various departments of life have attained too much independence to be subordinate to religion in the way that past times thought and demanded; the feeling and imagination of the modern world have undergone too deep and substantial changes; natural science has made the idea of the miraculous and supernatural so impossible; and historical criticism has so thoroughly shaken the foundations of dogmatic Christianity, that it is a hopeless undertaking to seek the solution of our modern problems in a simple and absolute return to the faith of past days.

And yet a religious philosophy we must have, without religious truths to guide our life and action we cannot exist. However, if we despair of our modern era in its characteristic humanism, and if we equally despair of any recourse to the past, is there any hope left of finding that prop and stay, without which our life will be worse than destruction? This is the question with which Eucken finds himself, and the whole of our modern age, unavoidably confronted.

But Eucken is convinced that the possibility of finding a content, meaning, and value for our life, is not precluded. The very fact that we stand in need of something beyond mere material wants is proof to him that there is something in us, a kernel and centre of our essence, which enables us to be partakers in something greater and higher. Our realizing the need of truth and goodness shows us to be in some way independent of the immediately surrounding world, shows a beginning, a manifestation in our soul of a new reality. Would it not be possible to get a firmer hold of it? Might we not hope to find in it all that we so sorely need?

What gives us courage and confidence is, according to Eucken, this: the need of something higher, the sure hope of attaining it runs through the whole history of mankind. No difficulty, no pain, no disappointment has been able to dissuade individuals and generations from going in search of it. And the fact that they *did* find, again and again, a life-content worthy of their activity, and one

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which had the power to lift them up to a higher level, to raise them above all merely human culture: this fact is brought home to us by the great philosophies and religions, and by the reality of civilization and culture in general. Is it not evident, then, that some more than human force is at work here, something stronger than the wishes of the individual, something totally different from the material world? But if there is something higher, a spiritual reality which manifests itself in our interior life, should we not trust to find, together with it, that which will satisfy to the full the deeper cravings of our soul?

This leads to the idea which Eucken considers to be, and which really is, the key-note of all his philosophy: the idea of an *independent life of the spirit*. With this idea, as may be seen from the very titles of his numerous books, Eucken's mind is constantly occupied, and it is in order to emphasize, to develop, to defend, and to recommend this idea, that he chiefly works and writes, hoping thereby to contribute to the best of his ability to a happy solution of the perplexing problems of the day.

Eucken, then, holds that the spiritual life of mankind, as it manifests itself in religion, science, art, &c., is not merely the work of human individuals and of their collective efforts. No, he says, we must consider it as an opening-out of a deeper life, of a spiritual reality, which is at work throughout the world, of a great unity and current of spiritual essence and activity, which forms the true and deeper nature of the universe, and which, therefore, is able to raise a particular point to a cosmic life and reality, if only it can communicate itself to this point and bring it thereby from the state of a mere individual to the wideness of a cosmic essence and life, giving it a place, and value, and importance in the universe, of which heretofore it seemed to be only an isolated, unimportant point and element. This spiritual life, indeed, cannot be known by us except in its manifestations in the inner life of man, and in the works springing from it. But it never can be considered as the product and the result of mere

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human endeavours, thoughts, and actions. If it were so, it would be useless to us, it could never raise us beyond the limits of our nature, beyond the relativity of a process going on exclusively in time, it could not give us an absolute, eternal, everlasting life-content, and a stay against all change and transition. Hence we must acknowledge the independency of this spiritual life. It does not depend on human individuals, they, on the contrary, in their true life, depend on it. It is a life which is going on in the depth of reality, or rather which is this reality itself, inasmuch as it finds itself, and remains in itself, in perfect unity and concentration. But it is a life, at the same time, whose tendency it is to draw into its realm, whatsoever can take part in it. The point, now, where it can manifest itself most easily and fully, is given exactly in the interior of the human soul. There, in fact, it is at work, as the power that pushes on and raises up, as the guarantee too of a real and lasting success, as the condition of truth and goodness. Thus Eucken hopes to show a way to a higher world.

But in the mental life of man, which is the only starting-point in Eucken's philosophy of life, nothing seems so obvious as the presence not only of such deeper cosmic life, but also of mere natural and selfish activity; not only of truth and essence, but also of much falsehood and appearance. Must not this amalgamation of nature and spirit, of truth and falsehood, thwart all endeavour to get hold of a pure and true life of the spirit? Or is there a means of finding out which contents of our inner life and activity are derived from man as such, and which are communicated from above?

Again Eucken confidently tries to show the right, the only way to solve the problem. No merely psychological method, which examines the phenomena of our psychical life, can help us, as it cannot separate what is human from what is spiritual; nor will a purely historical proceeding carry us beyond mere succession and its relativity; nor again, can abstract speculation help us in our work, which is to grasp a concrete life and reality. No, we must have a new and special method, which may be

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called the "noological" method, because it is directly concerned with the discerning of truly spiritual contents. This, then, is the method which Eucken tries to apply: to find out the great coherent currents of the spiritual life in history as a whole, and to measure and appreciate every particular thought, course of action, form of life, etc., by determining its position, value and importance within the whole of the spiritual life. Whatever is apt to form a unity with the independent complex of the spiritual life as such, must be of a spiritual nature itself, and therefore it must be true and of value, and cannot be given up again.

From this it seems clear to Eucken, that the only way of becoming certain of a meaning and value of our life, and of eternal truth, for mankind as well as for the individual, is, to find part in that cosmic and absolute life of the spirit, which must be acknowledged as the last cause and condition of our own true essence and nature, and which can be of importance to us only in as much as it is present to us as a whole. This presence, however, of the spiritual life within us implies the most intimate relation between it and our souls, a relation which must gain the character and strength of the relation between person and person, lest it should break down in the midst of all the resistance arising against the spiritual life from all quarters. In other words: the cosmic life of the spirit must be considered as of divine nature, as God, and our relation to it must become the relation of religious life and communion with God. Thus the last word of Eucken's philosophy is: religion—religion founded on the experiences of the spiritual life, in its entirety a religion of the spirit; but a religion without a mediation, as God, the absolute life of the spirit, manifests himself directly in the experiences of the interior life, and gives himself, his own essence and life, to the creature; a religion without miracles, and sacraments, because these imply a sensible element as an essential part, which would not become a religion of the spirit; a religion without a divine authority in the strict sense, for the same reasons;

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a religion also without defined doctrines, as these would be a drawback to the irresistible progress and development of the spiritual life, which must needs go from lower forms to higher ones, making useless and a hindrance later on, what at an earlier stage proved helpful and indispensable. And into a religion of this kind Christianity must be transformed.

Such are, in rough outline, the main ideas in their inner connexion of Eucken's philosophy of the spiritual life.

III

Short and incomplete as our review of Eucken's philosophy, must be our appreciation of it. First of all we are anxious as well as glad to acknowledge, not only that in many points we can heartily agree with Prof. Eucken's views, but also that, in other points where we cannot but differ from him, we find a sincere attempt at a just treatment of important convictions which are ours, and not his. It is true, there occur in his works, down to the last editions, passages of scornful criticism on Christian and Catholic doctrines whose sense and importance he is far from understanding. But he endeavours throughout, and in most cases succeeds, to be fair and to abstain from methods of dispute which are as little scientific, as they are apt to invite to serious controversy. This fairness of his own has deserved on the side of Catholic scholars an appreciation which is, in many cases, not only fair, but even sympathetic, and thoroughly well-wishing, notwithstanding the many things a Catholic has to object to.

Let us begin with the points in which we can agree with Eucken, and welcome him as a valuable ally. Here we may mention his criticism of the modern humanistic culture, the insistent earnestness with which he shows and inculcates the utter insufficiency of the naturalistic and mechanistic view of life. Again we may point out the warm energy and conviction with which he is fighting for a spiritual and imperishable life-content, an eternal truth and goodness beyond all the bias of individuals,

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parties, and times. We also heartily welcome the firmness with which he defends the absolute necessity of religion for a seriously spiritual life, the open confession to the belief in God as the only sufficient support of the cause of truth and perfection in a hostile world. In these, and similar points, then, we know how to appreciate his concurrence in the great intellectual struggles of the present age. And we think that those are not mistaken who attribute to him and his untiring work a great part of the changes in favour of religion which have taken place in late years in many circles of educated people.

But much though we make of the assistance the cause of religion has gained, and may still gain, from him, we cannot conceal for a moment the deep and most important differences which sever us from him in other, and perhaps more numerous, points. And we owe it to our readers to make at least some mention of one or the other of these differences.

We know there are Catholics who hope that Eucken's philosophy may be utilized as a new foundation of the Christian and Catholic faith. That such hopes are thoroughly unfounded, Eucken himself will be the very first earnestly to declare. Without very considerable changes either in Eucken's system, or in the Catholic faith, the two cannot be blended together. The obvious reason is, that Eucken's philosophy leaves no room for the miraculous and supernatural in the strict sense; his speculation is incompatible, moreover, with the very idea of a revelation which is given once for ever, and which admits of a development within certain limits, but not of inner changes, or additions; nor has his system any sympathy with the doctrine of a divine authority entrusted to man; it has also, as we have seen, a manifestly antidogmatic character.

The mainspring of this opposition of Eucken's philosophy to the Catholic Church and dogma lies in his axiom, that truths whether philosophic or religious, can only be derived from, and established through, the one, all-pervading Life of the Spirit, by means of the

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noological method. This method, however, though apparently very large and objective, is almost of necessity turned into a subjective measure in its practical application. For, after all, nothing can, according to the spirit of that method, be approved of as part of the spiritual life, except what is realized as concurring to the development of the spiritual life as a whole. Hence in its application it is reduced to the modernistic maxim that our belief is to be ruled by our needs and feelings, and by nothing else; for whatever does not directly correspond to an interior actual need or feeling, will not be realized as raising and developing the spiritual life; on the contrary, in the long run it will be felt as a burden and drawback. Individuals and ages may be in particular states of spirituality, which are averse to certain truths and aspects of truths. The noological method cannot, therefore, pretend to the value of an absolute and exclusive method. There may be truths which are indispensable for the establishment of a truly religious life, and yet these truths may seem, from a merely noological point of view, to be superseded, because they do not correspond to the so-called intellectual feeling of an age. And there are truths which cannot be sufficiently ascertained except by criteria which are simply beyond the reach of the noological method. Such a criterion is the miracle, which is indispensable to prove a divine revelation in the Catholic sense. Proving by miracles is not proving according to the relation of a truth to the whole of the spiritual life. Accordingly this criterion is outside the noological method. Therefore the noological method cannot establish a supernatural revelation; it must either declare itself insufficient for the task, or else it must begin with the assumption that a supernatural revelation with its characteristic criterion cannot come into consideration at all.

We must go a step further. The noological method is founded in a peculiar conception of the spiritual life itself. This idea of a spiritual life is, as we have seen, the key-note of Eucken's whole philosophy. But it is an idea

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which is much too indefinite and indistinct to form the foundation of a whole philosophy. With all his toil and study Eucken has not been able to bring it into a satisfactory form, and to give it an unequivocal meaning. This spiritual life is said to be independent of the individual mind, to be the depth and interior of the cosmos, and yet it seems to stand in need of the human mind to come to perfect self-possession. This life is considered as founding and warranting eternal truth, it must accordingly be beyond all time process in itself, and nevertheless it appears as a whole which needs further development, and man is called to contribute to it and thus to become of cosmic importance. This life, again, inasmuch as it is absolute and perfectly independent, is called the divine life, is identified with God, but again it forms, in Eucken's theory, the essence of our own spiritual nature, and can be communicated to us immediately, so as to be our own personal life, and not only a life with which we enter into relations by means of our inner activity, nor such a participation in God's life as is taught by the Catholic Church in the doctrine of the supernatural elevation of the soul through grace. At the same time this life of the spirit, then, is to be God and God's life, and the life and deeper essence of the cosmos, and our own life, and yet Eucken, by all means, wishes to exclude all shades and shapes of Pantheism.

We ask: can the fact be overlooked on close examination, that totally different conceptions of the spiritual life are inter-woven and inter-mingled here? that the only unity of this spiritual life is a unity of name? And yet on the unity of this, everything depends for Eucken's views and methods. Or shall we perhaps say, that Eucken attempts to make a manifest unity of the life in our mind, of the so-called cosmic life, and of the divine life? that he tries to transcend the differences of these realities or concepts, or whatever we may call them? If such be the case, we find ourselves in full Pantheism, notwithstanding the repeated protest against Pantheism made by Eucken of late years. Indeed, this seems to us to be the

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most coherent interpretation of Eucken's mind. His aversion to the fundamental dogmas of Christianity as represented in the doctrine of the Incarnation, of the mediatory office of Christ, of the sacramental economy, of the proof by miracles, of the handing down of revealed doctrine through divinely instituted authority—must evidently have one common root, and such a root can hardly be any other but a pantheistic conception of the life of the spirit. Or is it not quite evident that pantheistic ideas are at work, when Eucken says, for instance of the dogma of the Incarnation and the union of man and God in one divine person, that the assertion of a direct communication of divine life to man is right in itself, and thoroughly indispensable, but that we of the present day cannot limit this immediate communication to one particular point of human history, but must needs expect its possibility, and postulate its necessity, at all times?

Another point to be mentioned and considered is this, that the chief attractions of Eucken's works and thoughts have their condition and cause, in the case of many of his readers, in these two peculiarities of his fundamental idea, just shown forth, viz., in the equivocal obscurity of the concept of the spiritual life, and in the pantheistic character of the same. Because Eucken is so large in admitting ideas which never can be reconciled to each other when clearly proposed, and because after all he identifies God, and the spiritual life, and the depth and substance of the cosmos, and what appears of spirituality in our own minds: just for these reasons he may seem to be much wider and much more tolerant than others in his judgment on the various spiritual and religious movements manifested by human history.

Now there is great danger of our overlooking just those drawbacks in Eucken's thought. For there is much which gives to his fundamental theses the appearance of being tenable. The extraordinary literary gifts of the man, his undeniable ethical and religious idealism may make us forget to be on our guard. His deep insight into the psychology of modern times, of our religious, moral, intel-

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lectual, social unrest, enables him to draw pictures of our difficulties and needs, so true that he acquires authority, so sympathetic that he wins our confidence. Whatever he writes, bears the stamp and seal of immediate, personal experience, and as he never seems extravagant in his statements, the reader easily conceives a strong hope of finding vital truth in his philosophy. That such hope is justified, indeed, to a great extent, we have acknowledged clearly enough. But that in many, and most important matters besides, Eucken is far from being satisfactory, is what we hope to have made clear by our critical remarks, short though they have necessarily been. He who is sufficiently prepared for the study of such authors may derive great benefit and stimulation from an attentive perusal of Eucken's works; but he must read with critical and discerning eyes who earnestly desires to take in, and make his own, only what is true and tenable; and it cannot be denied that many of Eucken's readers are greatly lacking in this discrimination.

Our own criticism in the foregoing pages has been limited to some speculative points of view. We must add here a warning concerning the historical assumptions of Prof. Eucken. Of what essential importance historical considerations are in Eucken's eyes, will have appeared from our indications about his method: the manifestations of spiritual life in the history of mankind form the basis of his noological inquiry. His attitude, therefore, in historical matters will be of no slight influence upon many of his doctrines. This is especially the case, wherever he tries to pass a judgment on things connected with Christian faith and life. But here it must be stated, and kept in view, that Eucken is thoroughly dependent on the rationalistic criticism of the German liberal schools of theology in all matters relative to the origin of the Christian Church and doctrine. The assertions of modern critics concerning the new Testament, its origin, its value, their assertions also as to matters of doctrinal development are simply received by Eucken as though they were the unquestionable results of historical research. How

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lamentable, how fatal this must be, it does not need many words to point out. Astonished, however, we cannot be as to the fact that Eucken has taken up the rationalistic standpoint in those momentous matters. His very method, his whole philosophy requires it. For Eucken to accept views opposed to those of the rationalistic school would be to upset his own philosophy. To us, therefore, who hold the impossibility of a rationalistic explanation of the Christian origins, our historical convictions are a new and decisive objection to the philosophic system of Eucken, in so far as it cannot be reconciled with a supernatural conception of Christianity.

The limits imposed upon us for this paper do not permit us to go into further details, interesting and useful though they would be. But we hope that we have enabled our readers to form a fair, though imperfect, idea of Eucken's world of thought, of his aspirations and achievements. We also hope, by our critical remarks, to have thrown some light on the questions: how far is it possible to follow Eucken in his opinions? and where is it necessary to be prudent and discriminating in accepting his views? Prudence and discernment are, indeed, particularly required in the spiritual intercourse with authors who, whilst supporting, or trying to support, the cause of religion and Christianity in a way, are yet far from grasping and acknowledging the thoroughly supernatural character of God's revelation given through Christ, and preserved in the Church. Such most certainly is the case with Eucken, and with other men following similar lines of thought and action: they undoubtedly have done, and do, much for a more friendly appreciation of truth and religion in circles that were formerly opposed, or at least indifferent, to religion; but at the same time it cannot be overlooked that they have unsettled, and still unsettle, others who come into contact with them without the requisite equipment in philosophical and religious judgment and knowledge.

DOM DANIEL FEULING, O.S.B.

PROFESSOR BÉDIER AND THE FRENCH EPIC

Les Légendes Épiques : Recherches sur la formation des Chansons de geste. Par Joseph Bédier. 4 vols. Paris : Champion. 1908-13.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH BÉDIER of the Collège de France, where, in 1903, he succeeded Gaston Paris in the Chair of Mediæval French Literature, has published the result of his researches in the origins of the French epic. As is well known, the old French epic remains consist of some three score narrative poems dating from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries, which purport to relate events chiefly contemporary with Charlemagne, his immediate royal successors, and the great feudal lords of the Carolingian period. The features of this poetry at first sight are its Christian and military character. Although all epic poetry deals with wars and fightings, the French epic is unique in the Christian zeal and enthusiasm chiefly expended in the armed defence of Christendom against the Infidels. The French epic is further remarkable for the quantity of its remains, in which respect it exceeds the so-called epics of Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, German, Anglo-Saxon, or Scandinavian literature. Accordingly the French epic has engaged the attention of all students of epic origins; for the problems connected with an epic are not only of a local and national significance; they are of a broader interest, and involve the origins of all popular poetry. To a study of French epic origins Professor Bédier has given seven years of his scholarly activity. His conclusions form one of the most significant and revolutionary chapters in the recent work of French mediævalists.

To his forerunners, the ground-breakers who opened up the vast body of material during and since the reign of Napoleon the Third, Professor Bédier acknowledges his great debt. To name only a few of those who have

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worked in this field with the methods and the ideals of scientific criticism, one recalls the notable services of G. Paris, L. Gautier, P. Rajna, G. Kurth, P. Meyer, and Ph.-Aug. Becker. Of these scholars the last four are still living. It has been their contribution to publish the texts, to arouse interest in these feudal documents, and to discuss and revise the earlier epic theories held by J. Grimm, Herder, Wolf, Lachmann, Fauriel, and P. Paris. The nineteenth century critics did their best to solve the riddle which confronted them in their study of French epic origins. They tortured themselves and the facts to construct a plausible hypothesis. They constructed an hypothesis, but it was only plausible, and many scholars knew it was faulty. Others, like Professor Bédier, have felt scruples in exposing this hypothesis before students of French literature. Yet, it was sanctioned by the best scholarship available, and respected savants have fought and bled in its defence. There were no new facts at hand before 1900; the alternative was to admit our ignorance, or to accept the proffered solution. So the century closed in dissatisfaction and uncertainty.

When Professor Bédier was elected to the Chair at the Collège de France, he was already an important personage in the world of scholarship for his work on *Les Fabliaux*, *Les Chansons de croisade*, and *La Légende de Tristan*, the last named being published by the *Société des anciens textes français*. It was to be expected that the position of highest honour to which he was called would evoke from Professor Bédier new evidence of his critical acumen. He was not, however, a specialist in epic literature when in 1904 he took up the work of Gaston Paris, and began to lecture on the French epic. In his admirable preface to *Les Légendes épiques* he frankly avows his acceptance in 1904 of the traditional theories as to epic origins, and he began his researches into the cycle of poems dealing with the family of Guillaume d'Orange without a suspicion of the distant goal whither these researches were to carry him. In order to appreciate his method of investigation, and to understand the novelty of his

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results, reference must be made to the pre-existent theories which he still held at the beginning of his lectureship at the Collège de France.

As has been said, the epic poems in their extant form date, with perhaps a single exception, from after 1100. The events they purport to relate, and the personages they put in action, belong for the most part to the eighth and ninth centuries. To account for the long interval between inspiration and final expression is the baffling difficulty. How had the memory of these events and personages been preserved for over two centuries? To explain the fact, recourse was had to the theory of *cantilenæ*, lyric-epic songs of a heroic character composed by the *Volk* and contemporary (or nearly so) with the heroes whose feats they celebrated. It is true that we have none of these popular songs from the eighth, ninth, tenth, or early eleventh centuries. That is a difficulty, to be sure, but they must have existed, say the critics, because the later epic poems, according to the German theory of epic origins, are only a fusion of a number of such ballads. Thus, according to Gautier, the *Chanson de Roland* may be recognized as a fusion of episodic poems regarding Roland and Ganelon. So, according to Langlois, the *Couronnement de Louis* is a fusion of five shorter poems. In like manner, it was once thought that the Spanish ballads represent an earlier stage of the Spanish epic as seen in the *Poema del Cid*. The Spanish ballads about the Cid are, however, now recognized to be subsequent to the *Poema*; the process in Spain, as in all cases where the process can be studied, is confessedly one of disintegration, not of agglomeration. Moreover, the formation of the Homeric epic is not so clear to modern scholars as it was deemed to be a hundred years ago by Lachmann and Wolf. The theory of popular ballad origin for the epic, that is, of *cantilenæ* for the French epic, has been smitten hip and thigh. Yet, what is there to substitute?

Pio Rajna, the veteran Florentine scholar, in his *Origini dell'epopea francese* (1884) saw the shortcomings of a theory for the French epic which could find no sup-

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port in documentary evidence; but he made bold to substitute for it another theory which was open to the same objection. Rajna did away with the *cantilenæ*, and he did well; but accepting the necessity of supposing some popular origins for the twelfth century epic, he created an imaginary epic of the ninth century, full-blown, and contemporary with the events it described, of which the epic poems we have are merely the decadent survivors, modernized in spirit to suit the later generations. To account for stray reminiscences of the pre-Carolingian period, Rajna stretched his theory to include the Merovingian kings, in which he was followed by G. Kurth with his *Histoire poétique des Mérovingiens* (1893). There was, in fact, no reason why the theory should not be thus stretched, for it has never had any satisfactory basis. For convenience we may call Rajna's theory that of the *epic* origins of the French epic, as opposed to the theory of its *lyric* origins. It had one merit: it dragged down the old bogey of the *cantilenæ*; but, though based upon remarkable erudition, it substituted another hypothesis, so flimsy that it did not present any serious resistance. Professor Bédier has summarized the possible choice of hypotheses after the appearance of Rajna's book. The old theories of J. Grimm were in 1884 split into three alternatives: G. Paris held out for Carolingian *cantilenæ* which had been fused in an epic as early as the tenth century; Rajna contended for epic songs contemporary with the events, of which we have the last decadent survivors, but denied the existence of any *cantilenæ* as a preliminary stage in epic evolution; P. Meyer, as also E. Stengel and C. Voretzsch, did away with the *cantilenæ*, and postulated a tenth century epic due to the survival of an oral tradition only.

Divergent as these theories are in specific details, they agree in attributing to the people the unwritten conservation of the memory of heroic deeds and men. To this extent the theories of the romantic school of German criticism still survived till the end of the nineteenth century. Moreover, by putting the roots of the

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French epic down in the time of Charlemagne, these critics maintain its Germanic or Frankish origin. The new explanation of M. Bédier, by setting the period of epic fermentation in the time of the Crusades, incidentally vindicates the French epic as a product of purely French nationality.

It has been said that the defenders of the *cantilene* had no documents upon which to hang their theory. In their own eyes this statement is, of course, not strictly true. The hooks were small, but they had to carry a heavy load. M. Bédier has simply pulled out the hooks, and the theory crashed to the ground under its own weight. The strength of each one of these half dozen hooks required the most scrupulous examination before it was to be pulled out. The scholarship of M. Bédier nowhere shows to better advantage than in his care in corroborating and supporting the bald statements of Becker. For, if a single hook upon examination should prove strong enough to bear the theory of pre-existent lyric-epic songs during the intervening centuries, the new theory is not only unnecessary, but it is invalidated. Among other results M. Bédier's researches made probable that the *fragment de la Haye* had been antedated; that the *Astronome limousin* writing in his *Vita Hludowici Pii* in 840 of the heroes dead at Roncevaux had used the words "*quorum nomina, quia vulgata sunt, dicere supersedi*" as a historical reference to the well-known chronicle of Einhard, just as any other professional historian might refer to an antecedent authority; that the word *cantilena* has no specific significance until the twelfth century, when it is used to designate an epic song; and finally that the much-vaunted Latin song of St Faron is probably an apocryphal text. A lengthy exposition of M. Bédier's telling arguments would be out of place here. To the present reviewer they seem absolutely convincing and in line with the latest criticism of mediæval documents, which tends to postdate our texts, and to reveal the hand of the churchmen in their evolution.

It was not so difficult, however, to show the weak

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points of the popular-origin theory as to set up anything worthy of consideration in its place. Written in exquisite literary style, the preface of the first volume of *Les Légendes épiques* reveals how carefully Professor Bédier scanned the work of his predecessors for any ray of light. Professor Becker of Vienna, alone had any light to give. In his *Grundriss der altfranzösischen Literatur*, published in 1907, in which he summed up several studies published during the preceding decade, the whole of M. Bédier's thesis is foreshadowed. In spite of what the French professor candidly says of his indebtedness to Becker, one is surprised to find all the salient conclusions of the French work already succinctly stated in this German hand-book. The elaboration, the cumulative proof, the application of the suggestions to other legends, most of all the fascinating literary style—these are the contributions of the French scholar. M. Bédier's conclusions, then, are by no means all original, but his literary exposition of the arguments will stamp the new theory with his name.

M. Bédier's first two volumes in 1908 went far to clear the ground and to apply the method to certain groups of poems—those of Guillaume d'Orange, of Ogier le Danois, those whose events transpire in Italy, and the famous story of Raoul de Cambrai. In these two volumes the breach was opened in the theory of popular origins. P. Rajna, pained at the heresy of the successor to his old friend Gaston Paris, uttered his protest in the *Studi Medievali* (Vol. III, fasc. 3). One may sympathize with the refusal of the Italian Dean of Romance studies to be convinced, but his remarks did nothing to shake M. Bédier's position, and his prejudice is apparent when he says that M. Bédier's book "è stato detto, scritto e pubblicato pressochè inutilmente." Auguste Longnon, a skilled historian and the editor of *Raoul de Cambrai* for the *Société des anciens textes français*, came to the defence of the historicity and venerable antiquity of the poem of which he held a sort of critic's copyright. His articles in the *Romania* required an answer, and M. Bédier refuted his arguments, beating him on his own field. The war

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waged in the *Romania* until the untimely death of Longnon: "le combat cessa faute de combattants," and with M. Bédier still undaunted. Meanwhile the little world of scholars looked on and listened. By many, an opinion was reserved until the study of the *Chanson de Roland* should appear. The data at hand for this legend were well known. On this ground all would be able to follow the iconoclast at work. What would he do with this, the best known, the oldest, the most revered specimen of the French mediæval spirit, the fine flower of old French nationality? In this study the innovator must tread softly; every stage of the way must be examined with the most scrupulous care; one weak link in the chain of argumentation would disparage the principle upon which he was constructing his new edifice. We waited almost five years before an essay in the *Revue des deux Mondes* (Jan. 15, 1913) revealed the strength of the case, and now in 1913 the last two volumes of *Les Légendes épiques* have appeared. They contain not only the promised examination of the *Roland*, and penetrating studies of the personage of Richard de Normandie (†996) and of the legend of *Gormond et Isembard*, but also the general conclusions to which fifteen hundred pages of evidence must lead us. It is time now to consider M. Bédier's constructive work. The edifice he has reared is firmly built, and must stand until some new materials can be found upon which to raise a more permanent structure.

Let us state the problem again. A considerable quantity of historical material dating largely from the eighth and ninth centuries suddenly appeared in epic dress between 1100 and 1300; into this undeniably historical material there was woven a tissue of romance, of inaccuracies and anachronisms due, so it was held, to the ignorance and carelessness of the late poets who embodied a purely popular tradition. According to the current explanation, the poems still preserved are only a shadow of past epic glory now irrevocably lost. The problem, stated positively, was not so much how to account for the silence of the ninth, tenth, and early eleventh centuries regarding

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these quasi-historical legends, as it was to account for their sudden appearance in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. What was their *raison d'être*? Our chief authorities for the period before 1100 are Latin documents, charters of religious establishments, chronicles and annals of clerical writers. Why do they give us no credible reference to the popular songs about the nation's heroes, if such songs existed according to the old theories? On the other hand, why do the Latin documents begin with the first crusade to refer frequently to the poems we have in the vulgar tongue? Finally why does the clerical disdain and scorn for the popular entertainer and his secular diversions suddenly change to a respect and esteem for the jongleur which smack of partnership and collaboration?

Professor Bédier's attention was focussed upon two facts: the surprising residuum of historicity to be found in the poems we have, which he explains by clerical connivance and collaboration; and the place-names, sown with apparent carelessness all through this poetry, which had hitherto escaped a rigorous examination. A scientific study of monkish legends about pious foundations might reveal some unidentified historical references; to pore over mediæval maps and pilgrim routes might be to discover some method in the apparent topographical vagaries of the jongleurs. To these two sources of information Professor Bédier addressed himself as no one had ever done before. Some would shrink from the task of reading endless Latin chronicles, so dry and stultifying to any but the most disciplined and patient of scholars. The task was like that of fishing in troubled waters; but there were fish there, and M. Bédier was convinced that it was worth while to keep on fishing through the heat of the day. Briefly stated, his conclusions are based upon the new evidence he discovered in Latin records and in the maps of obscure localities.

He applied his method first to the *geste de Monglane*, a series of twenty-four poems dealing with the central figure of Guillaume d'Orange, and by extension with his

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epic relatives, Aimeri de Narbonne, Girart de Roussillon and Garin de Monglane *inter alios*. As many as sixteen Guillaumes have been resurrected from mediæval history as the originals of the epic Guillaume. After a witty interrogation of this many-faced individual, M. Bédier has identified him as Count Guillaume de Toulouse, the pious founder of the church of Gellone and of its neighbouring rival at Aniane. There is nothing recorded of this Guillaume between the Latin chronicle of the ninth century and the poems of the late eleventh and twelfth centuries. "In history as in legend Guillaume, a powerful lord of Southern France and husband of Guibourc, fought with honour against the Saracens of Spain on this side of the Pyrenees; after a long life he became a monk at Aniane and later at Gellone; he is venerated by the Church as Saint Guillaume. Of these traits several could have been gleaned (by the jongleurs) only from the monks of Aniane and Gellone; there is not one which could not have been gleaned from them" (1, 179). In view of the correspondence between the ninth century clerical testimony and the twelfth century popular poems about Guillaume, the only possible explanation is "that as early as the beginning of the twelfth century at the latest, monks and jongleurs collaborated in exploiting pilgrims who passed through Gellone along the well-known *Via Tolosana*" (on their way to the shrine of St James of Compostello). Hitherto, before Becker expressed his convictions on the subject, it had been assumed that the clerical and popular traditions of such a personage as Guillaume (†812), were originally independent of each other, and that the edifying examples offered by the conversion of a Girart de Roussillon, a Richard de Normandie, an Ogier le Danois, and a Renaut de Montauban represented the pious interpolations of Church scribes, who touched up the existing versions of the primitive epic songs, and thus made saints of popular heroes. M. Bédier, on the other hand, maintains throughout that the hagiographic and poetic traditions are identical, that the latter could not have existed

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without the former for the simple reason that the only historical details to be found in the twelfth century poems referring to Guillaume are, as in every other case, to be found in pre-existent Latin chronicles. A diligent search for fifty years has failed to reveal any historic originals for the scores of characters in the cycle of Guillaume d'Orange except Charlemagne, Louis, Guillaume himself, and his spouse Guibourc. Instructed by the failure of this diligent search, M. Bédier renounces the hopeless task of reconstructing primitive lost poems about contemporary persons and events, and follows Becker in studying the versions we have. His conclusion is in this case, as in all the others studied, that from the local annals of a shrine or a pilgrim route some material was extracted by interested monks and delivered to professional poets for free development in a form which should divert and edify the crowds of pilgrims which began in the eleventh century to throng certain international highways. That is the point of departure, and all historicity must be sought in the clerical sources alone. That the jongleurs should take all manner of liberties with their historic originals, that they should create new characters, invent genealogies for them and engage them in impossible romantic enterprises was to be expected in view of the public for which the poems were composed. With folk-lore and romantic interpolations M. Bédier has no concern. His thesis is the only one which explains the residuum of accurate historicity in our poems and also accounts for their appearance at a time when the spirit of militant Christianity filled Western Europe.

The astonishing results of a careful examination of the mediæval pilgrim guide-books are shown in M. Bédier's typographical study of the *Via Tolosana* to St James and of the *Via Æmiliana* to Rome. Many detailed observations upon this subject had already been made by MM. Becker, Meyer, Suchier, Lot, Baist, and Jeanroy. M. Bédier simply claims that what have been separately regarded as curious coincidences together indicate an

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unmistakable collaboration between monks and jongleurs, and he has found the motive for this collaboration in the exploitation of pilgrims who had already arrived at, or were on their way to, certain famous shrines. What Léon Gautier had disdainfully termed the "digressions filandreuses sur des fondations de moutiers" becomes the very bone and sinew of M. Bédier's theory. For example, he prefers to vague Lombard *cantilenæ* of the eighth century the supposition that the authors of such poems as *Amis et Amiles* and of the *Chevalerie Ogier* learned all they knew of these characters in the *Vita Hadriani Papæ*, a part of the current *Liber Pontificalis*. To this source were added such details as could be secured on the pilgrim routes to Rome and nowhere else. As in the case of the *Via Tolosana*, so along the *Via Æmiliana* the legends "were not only picked up by pilgrims, they were actually composed for pilgrims" (I, 385). Except for the poems *Aspremont* and *Jehan de Lanson*, which still baffle M. Bédier's efforts at synthesis, he says "there is not, so far as I am aware, a single epic poem or even a single episode which is localized anywhere in Italy apart from a pilgrim high-road" (II, 278).

But the legends of Roland and the defeat of the rear-guard at Roncevaux offer the most interesting application of M. Bédier's method. Charlemagne's contemporary chronicler states that the rear-guard of the great Emperor's army was waylaid and cut to pieces, upon returning from an expedition in Spain in 778, by Basque mountaineers at a pass of the Pyrenees; among others who fell was one Roland, Count of the March of Brittany. That is all the comment he vouchsafes. The *Chanson de Roland* (1100 *circ.*) makes of this defeat the great tragedy of mediæval poetry; it assigns Ganelon's jealousy and treachery as the cause of this defeat; it involves in a martyr's death not only the nephew of the Emperor, but all the twelve peers; it invents the punishment of Ganelon and it wraps all these artistically related episodes and characters in a touching expression of patriotism and of feudal devotion to the defender of Christendom. We

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cannot believe that the Oxford MS. of the *Roland* is the first popular form in which these events were narrated; the inferred familiarity of the audience with the characters of the poem precludes such a belief; another lost epic poem may well have antedated it by a few years. But M. Bédier contends for the artistic unity and the individual authorship of our *Roland* as an expression of ideals current in 1100; he does away with the supposition of pre-existent *cantilenæ* as a required hypothesis; and in pages as eloquent as any written on the poem by Gautier or G. Paris, he hails the poet of our *Roland* as the first voice raised in the expression of French nationality. and his poem as a symbol of the literary alliance between the clerks and the popular craftsmen (III, 385).

How is this belief to be substantiated? By the method already outlined. But why should this petty event in the history of Charlemagne's wars have been selected for treatment? Why should the obscure Count of Brittany, as he is seen in Einhard's chronicle, have been raised into the most striking hero of the French epic? The chief factors in the development of this legend are St James of Compostello, Charlemagne, and the relations of Burgundy with Castille, Navarre, and Catalonia in the eleventh century. The other elements which distinguish the *Roland* are due to popular traditions localized at certain points, and to the personal literary skill of the author. In the poem of Turolde (if he be the author), there is no trace of any previous *cantilenæ*, and the poem itself cannot be used to reconstruct any hypothetical lost models, because it is a complete and artistic unit (III, 446). "C'est aussi le cas de l'*Iphigénie* de Racine, et, quand on l'a reconnu, il n'en reste pas moins que d'autres *Iphigénie* ont précédé celle de Racine, et que Racine les a exploitées; . . . mais pour des critiques littéraires ou pour des philologues qui . . . ne connaîtraient que son *Iphigénie* et ne conserveraient nul espoir de se procurer des versions plus anciennes, qui n'auraient même nul témoignage de leur existence, ce serait temps et peine perdus, que d'essayer de les reconstruire; ce qu'ils reconstruiraient n'aurait

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nulle chance de ressembler à l'*Iphigénie* de Rotrou ou à celle d'Euripide" (III, 446-447). Throughout his work the common sense of Professor Bédier impresses one in his literary comparisons.

To the three chief factors in the legend above-mentioned M. Bédier devotes a long examination, of which the bare conclusions can be presented here. With the eleventh century began the heyday of St James of Campostello as the chief shrine of Western Europe. Readers of Dante (*Vita Nuova* 41) will recall the high place it still held in 1300. The pilgrim guide-books still extant trace every stage of the roads that converge toward the passes to be traversed in the Pyrenees; the movement from the north and east toward Campostello accounts for the localization of the Roland legends at the strategic point of Roncevaux. To Charlemagne's prestige we are indebted for the historical moment chosen and for the conception of his expedition and his feudal entourage. The contemporary accounts of his military expeditions suggested him to the generation of the Crusades as the great example to be emulated. His memory was the most glorious in the nation's history. The monks had vied with each other in attributing to him the exaltation of Christ's earthly kingdom and a relentless opposition to the onslaughts of the Infidels. The Saracens were believed to have wrought great havoc in Southern Europe, and to have sown the land with great monuments and tombs. That these prehistoric remains were in reality Roman circuses, baths, or sarcophagi naturally escaped the mediæval man. If they were sanctified, they were believed to have been built by Charlemagne; if not, they were traces of his hated enemies—"œuvre sarrasine" (III, 373). There they stood all along the highways and in the towns, challenging the curiosity of the wayfarer. Centuries ago, so say the monks and poets in chorus, the saintly Charlemagne and the Infidel hosts strove in the very localities now safely traversed by the Christian pilgrims and merchants; it all happened in the time of the great Emperor; these churches you see were founded by him; these other strange

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looking monuments were built by the Saracens; the routes you tread were the scene of the bloody conflicts between the hosts of God and His enemies; here at Blaye we have entombed the bones of Roland who, as narrated by Einhard, died in those days of godly zeal; here is his sword, etc. Evidently such stories, as later incorporated in the epic poems, were at once a diversion, an edifying recital, and a call to the holy war. What holy war in 1100? Let us recall that the period of bloom of our Christian epic poems was precisely coincident with the Crusades in the East, that for two hundred years the laity of Western Europe responded to the call of the Church, and that at the end of this period interest flagged alike in the Crusades and in the epic poetry. But let us recall too what is less well-known, that in the second half of the eleventh century there were still Saracens in Spain, and that the French crossed the mountains to fight them; that Burgundy, where the Cluniac order was most strongly entrenched, was especially zealous in this enterprise, helping Alphonso VI in the days of the Cid. By the fruits of these expeditions Cluny was greatly advanced in wealth and prestige; its interests and holdings in Spain were multiplied, and the Cluniacs later were to become the chief ecclesiastical agents in advertising the shrine of St James. Their best known advertising medium to the learned world was the Latin chronicle called *Pseudo-Turpin*, a pious fabrication whose importance, after various vicissitudes at the hands of critics, now becomes intelligible. Achille Luchaire had already pointed out in 1901 in the *Histoire de France* (edited by Lavissee, vol. II, p. 392), that it would be natural to recall these relations of France and Spain during the eleventh century as the historic fact which had determined and inspired the author of the *Roland*. Enough has been said upon this subject to make clear what hints M. Bédier had for his thesis, and the ingenious but intelligible combination of factors which contribute to make it satisfactory. Due to the genius of a single man working upon ecclesiastical authority and local traditions, the *Roland* is the most

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perfect of these epic poems, to be regarded as pious advertisements wrapped in a coating of popular poetry. The coating has been hard to penetrate for us at this distance; but it has yielded at last, and we find the church as usual in the middle ages at the kernel of the literary fruit. "The passage of Einhard's *Vita Caroli* already referred to contains all the history there is in the *Roland*: the name of the hero, a successful expedition of Charlemagne into Spain, the return from Saragossa, and the battle in the Pyrenees. It also furnished the theme which is always a favourite with heroic poets, the theme of a defeat: some man of genius has done the rest" (III, 377), by a happy combination of favouring circumstances.

The theory of M. Bédier is under examination. The old guard will be hard to convince, and will be slow to confess their conviction. As Rajna says, this is no longer a mere insurrection, it is a revolution. But the revolutionary critic has already had in the course of his work the inspiration and the counsel of men like MM. Becker, Luchaire, F. Lot, and Jeanroy—no mean quartette of modern students of literary history. His own attitude from beginning to end inspires confidence and respect. His assertions do not preclude the existence of popular heroic poetry before the eleventh century, and indeed, it would be impossible to prove that there was none; but he does maintain that none is in evidence, and that none is necessary to explain the extant epic poems. Written in the most fascinating style in which such material as this has yet been treated, Professor Bédier's whole exposition is a confession of growing faith. He follows his illustrious predecessor at the Collège de France in his openness to the appeal of truth and reason, asserting that nothing in this world is motionless except death; that evolution is the soul of criticism; and that he is ready to lower his flag, if his contention be shaken in one essential jot or tittle; that for the present he stands by his conclusions touching the modern composition of

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the French epic and its removal from the romantic domain of *Volks poesie*.

The significance of this theory cannot be mistaken. It is in line with other criticism of our day, which is doing away with the communal origins of poetry and establishing the predominance of the individual in authorship. Moreover, if it be true of the French epic, a similar explanation may be found for the *Blüteperiode* of other epics in other lands. M. Camille Jullian in 1896 wrote a phrase which may as yet seem fanciful when he said: "The *Æneid* strung together in the voyage of Æneas as upon a chain the different temples where travellers by sea used to stop to adore his mother Aphrodite" (*Histoire de Bordeaux*, p. 118). If a *raison d'être* can be suggested for a personal artistic creation like the *Æneid* which will give us a new hint of its significance, evidently any theory that may throw light on the anonymous remains of the Greek, German, Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon, and Spanish narrative poetry will be welcome. As M. Bédier says, his cardinal principle is that "the poems of the twelfth century are poems of the twelfth century, and that we must explain them by what we know of the twelfth century, or of the eleventh at the earliest, and not by our ignorance of the century of Charlemagne or of Clovis" (iv, 431). That is common sense, but it is novel. Criticism of poetic origins has in the past been ingenious rather than reasonable. We suspect that Professor Bédier's principles applied to the epic poetry of other nations would clear up many an obscurity. But the greatest of all unsolved mysteries in mediæval literature is, of course, the origin of the Arthurian epic. Was there anywhere an Arthurian epic in embryo during the centuries preceding the twelfth, or did the French poets with the help of a few proper names culled from Latin chronicles invent an Arthurian society in an obscure period of history and in a distant locality as the setting for the twelfth century ideals of French chivalry? So-called Celtic theories, Continental theories, and Anglo-Norman theories fill

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our journals. Where is the truth? It is sincerely to be hoped that Professor Bédier will next address himself to this problem, for which his previous studies in the legend of Tristram admirably qualify him. If he does so, it is likely that another sabbatical year will not pass without his having illumined this mystery.

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CATHOLIC SOCIALIST

THE purpose of this article is to submit certain considerations bearing upon the question of the relations of Catholicism to Socialism; and the writer has ventured to express himself in the form of a personal narrative because he believes that in this way he can convey to the reader, not only a discussion of Socialist arguments, but what is equally important, a description of a Socialist state of mind. In the columns of the *Tablet* a distinguished priest, Fr Vincent McNabb, O.P., has recently stated categorically that a Catholic can be a Socialist. About the same time the announcement was made in the Press that a great anti-Socialist campaign was being inaugurated by the Catholic organizations of America. These two circumstances, Fr McNabb's defence of Socialism and the inauguration of a Catholic campaign against Socialism, has prompted the writing of this article by one who was for a period a Catholic Socialist but who subsequently came to the conclusion that such a combination was logically impossible. This history will tell how the writer became a Socialist and why he ceased to be one.

The child of working class parents, I attended a Catholic elementary school until the age of thirteen years when I commenced to work in a factory. My education was therefore most meagre but I read omnivorously and my favourite reading was discussions of the points at issue between Catholics and non-Catholics. My first study was Protestant controversy but I soon tired of that for I could meet no Protestants who would argue against a Catholic. I lived in a large manufacturing town in the North of England where the vast majority of working-class people are simply pagan, knowing little and caring nothing about religion. At the time of which I am speaking I was fourteen years of age and an active propaganda of Atheism was being conducted in the town.

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On several evenings every week I would attend the open-air Atheist meetings, and notwithstanding my extreme youth and ignorance—or rather because of these characteristics—I used earnestly to contend in argument with the Atheist lecturer or with some of his supporters in the audience. I spent nearly all my spare time and pocket money upon Catholic and Atheistic literature to prepare myself for these debates and, though (as I know now) my answers were as superficial and crude as were the Atheist objections, I believe I held my own pretty well. I never for an instant was troubled by any doubts against the Faith and though I lost love for the pious practices of my childhood as I grew more controversial and militant in temper I grew in enthusiasm for the Church as an institution. I would not have enjoyed becoming a contemplative monk but I would cheerfully have gone to martyrdom.

This went on for two or three years and then the Atheistic propaganda declined. The meeting places that I used to haunt were given over to discussions of Socialism instead of religion. The Socialists were themselves unbelievers but they saw no use in attacking religion and they used to scoff at the Atheistic lecturers as “professional Bible smashers.” To me, social questions had little interest in themselves although I was myself employed at a sweating wage. I wanted, however, to be able to discuss Socialism for I knew that Catholic preachers and writers were constantly condemning Socialism as something contrary to the Faith. I wanted to find out the grounds of the Catholic opposition to Socialism, and the first thing I read for this purpose was a pamphlet entitled *Socialism*, written by Fr Joseph Rickaby, S.J. I was sixteen years old at the time and I remember that the chief impression made on my mind by that pamphlet was an admiring wonder at the Socialists who had been able to think out such an ingenious scheme as that which Fr Rickaby explained and criticized. I felt that the arguments advanced by Fr Rickaby against the practicability of Socialism were

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convincing enough but that they were not reasons why the Church should oppose Socialism. I wanted to learn wherein Socialism conflicted with Catholic doctrine, not why it was an impossible scheme. A few months later I read Robert Blatchford's brilliant book *Britain for the British*. This book gave me the idea that Socialism was a very different thing from the scheme that Fr Rickaby had written about. Robert Blatchford's book, as I can see now, derives its power from the lucidity with which it exposes the evils of capitalism and the seeming simplicity of its exposition of the Socialist remedy. This book gave me the idea that Socialists had a very strong case; but it did not make me a Socialist for I cared almost nothing about social schemes; all my interest was absorbed in religious questions. I read every Catholic pamphlet and newspaper article that I could lay hands on in order to find out why Socialism was contrary to Catholic doctrine, but none of the reasons given appeared to me convincing.

When I was seventeen years old a debating society was formed at the men's club in my parish and a debate was arranged on the question "Can a Catholic be a Socialist?" I was asked to speak for the affirmative which I consented to do as a mere form. I had not then arrived at any conclusions of my own on the question. But the reading and thinking in preparation for the debate forced me to a conclusion. I began to believe in real earnest that there was no incompatibility between Catholic doctrine and Socialist principle. I think that the chief arguments against a Catholic being a Socialist were three; first: that Socialism was condemned by the Pope; second: that the leaders of Socialism expressed disbelief in Christianity; third: that Socialism denied the right of private property as taught by the Church. With regard to the first objection I had read the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* and it seemed to me that the kind of Socialism that the Pope had in mind was different from the kind of Socialism advocated in England. Therefore I argued that the Papal condemnation did not apply to present-

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day English Socialism. With regard to the second objection I held that the views of Socialist leaders on religion had no logical connexion with their views on Socialism. With regard to the third objection I held that Socialism did not deny the natural right to property but that it merely wished to abolish private ownership of one particular kind of property, viz., private ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange.

I had not yet come to believe that Socialism was possible or desirable as an economic scheme; my only conviction was that there was no necessary antagonism between Catholic and Socialist principles. I saw the whole Catholic press and Catholic pulpit unanimous in denouncing Socialism, yet I was convinced that all these denunciations arose from a misunderstanding of Socialism. I saw at the same time that Socialists were increasing in numbers and power and that even some Catholics were becoming Socialists and when these Catholics got into the Socialist movement they almost always lost the Faith. Catholic opponents of Socialism had often pointed out this latter phenomenon as a proof that Catholics could not be Socialists. I believed, or rather I knew by personal acquaintance, that these apostasies were in a sense accidental, though almost invariable. The Catholic who became a Socialist did not at once abandon his Faith; he commenced with the belief that Socialism and Catholicism were compatible but once inside the Socialist movement he became embittered against the Church by the continual Catholic attacks on Socialism; and at the same time he was exposed continually to the materialistic arguments of his fellow Socialists. Thus almost every Catholic who became a Socialist ultimately lost the Faith, but the reason would never be a conviction of the theoretical incompatibility of Socialism with Catholicism. These apostates might allege that physical science or the records of history discredited religion but they would not say that belief in Socialism was inconsistent with belief in religion.

What I had come to consider as the mistaken Catholic

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opposition to Socialism now began to oppress me as a great mischief. As I say, I saw Socialists advancing daily and I came to believe that they would inevitably become a majority of the people and establish their system. And I thought that if this did happen the Socialists in the days of their triumph would always hate the Church for opposing them now. I thought that the present opposition of the Church to Socialism would in the future be counted as another of the instances of the Church's opposition to progress. I thought that the Church was in danger of committing an error like that in the case of Galileo which had been so often brought up against the Church in my disputations with Atheists. Therefore I conceived the idea of forming a Catholic Socialist Society for the purpose of propagating Socialism amongst Catholics. Such a society would, I thought, show Socialists that not all Catholics were opposed to them, it would permeate the general body of Socialists with Catholic ideas and it would provide a Catholic atmosphere for Catholic recruits to Socialism so that their Faith would not be in danger.

The "Catholic Socialist Society" that I formed was not the first of its kind, but it was the first in England. In forming this society I was actuated purely by zeal for the Church, not for Socialism. The remedy of economic evils inspired me with little enthusiasm. I had no real conviction that Socialism was either possible or desirable as an economic scheme, and indeed I paid little attention to this question. But I had come to believe, somewhat unreasonably, that Socialism whether good or bad was inevitable, and in case Socialism did come and prove to be good I wanted to provide against it being hostile to the Church. I felt sure that Catholic opposition to Socialism on religious grounds was a mistake, and was not necessitated by a real difference of principle. If I could have seen any incompatibility between a dogma of the Church and a principle of Socialism I would, of course, have acknowledged that the Church was obliged to oppose Socialism at all costs.

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Well, I got the "Catholic Socialist Society" formed with about fifteen members. All of these were practical Catholics and they called themselves Socialists, but I think that only about three of the whole number had any intelligent grasp of Socialist principle. We decided to commence a public propaganda of Socialism amongst Catholics. By some fortunate circumstances we secured wide publicity at the very outset of our career. Then we decided to hold a great demonstration in one of the largest halls in the town and to have on the platform speakers of national reputation. I think that there were only two Catholic Socialists of national reputation in existence, and both of them promised to attend our demonstration. We printed and distributed handbills advertising our demonstration and giving a statement of our principles. The local daily newspaper got hold of one of the handbills and thereupon published a sensational article about a "revolt against the clergy," "a great new movement amongst Catholics." In consequence of this article our little society became invested with formidable importance in the eyes of the public. For weeks and months the Catholic and non-Catholic Press devoted columns to the discussion of our principles. All this time the society consisted of no more than fifteen working men, all of us uneducated and some of us illiterate. I was the secretary of the Catholic Socialist Society and I was also a member of the Independent Labour Party, the chief secular Socialist organization in England. I had started my Socialist career almost indifferent to Socialism, thinking only of the Church; but gradually I became more and more attached to Socialism for its own sake, and I think that my constant friction with the clergy was giving me a tendency to anti-clericalism. But I yet remained a Catholic above all things and in our public controversies none of us ever spoke of the Church or the clergy except with the greatest devotion and respect.

After about a year's existence the society was publicly condemned by name in a pastoral letter by the Bishop

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of the diocese. The condemnation came upon us as unexpectedly as a thunderbolt from a summer sky. We had not thought ourselves important enough for the Bishop's notice, for though we had gained notoriety we had had little propagandist success. After some hard thinking I came to the conclusion that I could not remain in a society that had been publicly condemned by the Bishop. I therefore resigned my secretaryship and membership, and the society itself dwindled away soon after. However my severance from the society did not signify any change in my views about Socialism. I still believed that there was no necessary incompatibility between Catholicism and Socialist principles. I thought that the Bishop's condemnation was unfortunate and mistaken, though it was my duty to submit to it as a matter of discipline.

Having cut myself off from active participation in the Socialist movement I resolved to devote myself to a thorough study of the question of Socialism, and when I had equipped myself with full knowledge I would by private propaganda amongst the clergy convince them of their errors about Socialism! I was only nineteen years old at the time so my quixotic ideas may be pardoned.

All along, my conception of Socialism was that it merely meant State ownership, instead of private ownership of land and capital. I wanted to learn how belief in such a system was inconsistent with Catholic doctrine. I was aware that the majority of the people who believed in Socialism did not believe in religion, but I did not see why it was therefore necessary for every Socialist to be an Atheist. Yet this argument that Socialism means Atheism because some Socialists are Atheists, was the chief argument against Socialism used by Catholics. I never felt anything but anger and contempt for this argument; and when I heard my opponents so often using this argument, so evidently fallacious, I became more convinced that they had no case. I still think that this Socialists-are-Atheists

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argument is unsound, and I am sure that it is mischievous in its effect, for it will never appeal to the man who is really attracted towards Socialism; on the contrary it will bias him in favour of Socialism, for he will think, as I thought, that such an argument would never be used if there were any better ones. I speak here with great confidence, for I have had a unique experience of the socialistically-minded amongst Catholics, both in my own Socialist days and since. For this reason I read with a shiver of dismay certain Catholic attacks on Socialism as being more likely to drive men out of the Church than to keep them from Socialism.

To resume my mental history. I rejected with scorn the Socialists-are-Atheists argument and I thought that if there was a real antagonism between Catholic and Socialist principles it would be on the question of property. I was sorely handicapped in my examination of this point by my ignorance of theology. What was meant precisely by a natural right? and was there a natural right to land and capital as well as to consumptive property? And if every man had a natural right to own capital how could it be just that so few men did own capital? These were the problems that puzzled me; but before I had resolved them a fresh and very important idea came to me. The idea first came when I was reading an article in the *Month* by Fr Garrold, S.J. The article was called "My Catholic Socialist" and was an imaginary dialogue between a priest and a young Catholic Socialist layman. The priest chaffs Socialism rather wittily without making any real point against it. The point that the priest does make is that the Church, with her two thousand years' experience, is a wise old mother who knows everything so much better than Socialists can do. Here I realized for the first time this tremendously significant fact: that the Catholic Church *is* opposed to Socialism. My opponents had often pointed out that the Socialist movement is anti-Catholic and anti-religious. But as I have said, this argument did not appeal to me in the least. I thought that the irreligion of the

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Socialist movement was accidental and could be explained away. My opponents had also told me that the Pope had condemned Socialism and I accordingly consulted the documents containing the condemnation and I asked whether the condemnation applied to all forms of Socialism, and, in any case, were the condemnations to be regarded as infallible decisions? Put in this way the papal condemnations could be explained away. But how was this other fact to be explained? the Catholic Church as an organized movement was at all times and in all places the enemy of Socialism as an organized movement. The Church showed herself everywhere and at all times anti-Socialist! It was no use discriminating between different forms of Socialism, for the Church had not discriminated. The Church showed herself unfriendly to all schools of Socialists, even the moderate schools. Neither was it any use questioning whether the Church had made any dogmatic pronouncement against Socialism. Here was the fact that the living, world-wide movement of Catholicism was hostile to the living, world-wide movement of Socialism. Now, I reasoned, this hostility of the Catholic Church to Socialism is either right or wrong—If it is right, then Socialism is wrong. If the Church's hostility were wrong—but could the Church be wrong? I knew that there was no question of definition by Ecumenical Council or by Pope *ex cathedra*. Yet the Church as a movement, as a living body, was certainly anti-Socialist. This was as evident amongst the radical elements in the Church, as represented for instance by Cardinal Manning and Mr Hilaire Belloc, as among the conservative sections. If the Church as a movement was guided by God and governed by God could she be wrong in her attitude to Socialism? I could not believe it possible for the Church to be wrong. I felt that Socialism must be wrong somewhere though I could not see where. There must be some real incompatibility between Catholicism and Socialism not yet apparent to me. Thus my faith in the Church destroyed my faith in Socialism even before I could see how Socialism offended.

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I pursued my inquiries into the Catholic doctrine of property. I repeat that I always conceived Socialism to mean essentially the substitution of public for private property in the means of production. In my Socialist days I pointed out that the State already owned many of the means of production, gasworks, waterworks, tramways, railways, the post office, etc., etc. Why could not the State extend its ownership to the land, the mines, cotton mills and bakeries? It would be but the extended application of a principle already admitted. My opponents replied that the offence of Socialism lay in its demand for the nationalization of *all* capital. I rejoined that we need not nationalize all capital. We could leave in private ownership such things as sewing needles and even sewing machines so long as these things were not used by some men to make profit out of the labour of other men. Would this satisfy my opponents' views about the rights of private owners? It did not satisfy them, but I was unable to elicit from them any principle that would enable us to determine the limits of State ownership.

I was struggling to make clear to myself the meaning of theological terms and the application of theological principles. "The Church teaches the natural right to property. But Socialism denies this right. Therefore Socialism denies the Church's teaching." So ran the syllogism that I set myself to examine. A crowd of questions were contained therein. It was plainly necessary first to determine whether the right to property included the right to capital. If it did not all difficulty vanished for Socialism would allow private property other than capital. So the syllogism was amended and the term "property" replaced by "capital." Did the Church teach the natural right to capital? But first, what was meant by a "natural right"? For a long time I could not ascertain that the term did not mean merely that property was not wrong. I knew how Catholics quoted and attacked Proudhon's dictum: "Property is theft." Proudhon, as generally represented, makes out property to be an essentially unjust relation between a person and a thing. Now I

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could see that the Proudhon doctrine was inconsistent with Catholic teaching, for the Church had acquiesced in property and therefore property could not be unjust. Was this all that was meant by the right to property? Did the right to property mean merely that property was not wrong? If this was the meaning, Socialism was compatible with the right to property, for the State would not abolish property on the ground that it was unjust, but on the ground that it was socially inexpedient. Compensation would be paid to the dispossessed owners. For instance, I would argue, a man has a natural right to open a wine shop in the sense that opening a wine shop is not intrinsically unjust; nevertheless the State can justly forbid the exercise of such a right. Similarly man might have a right to own capital but the State had a right to abolish such ownership for reasons of the common good. In short, I conceived the natural right to capital to be something which the Natural Law of Justice permitted but did not command. Thus interpreted, the natural right to capital was compatible with Socialism. The contrary interpretation seemed to present grave difficulties. If the right to capital was something not merely permitted but actually commanded by Natural Law how could the existence of a class of men not owning capital be just? I myself possessed no capital and was practically excluded from the possibility of obtaining any. If I had a natural right to own capital then I was a victim of injustice!

Gradually, by further reading and thinking, I came to have a more accurate conception of the meaning of the term "natural right," as something positive, not merely negative. My readers will know, so I need not stop to demonstrate, that an individual good to which there is a natural right is something demanded, not merely permitted, by the Natural Law. To say that a man has a natural right to a good is to say that that good is something necessary to the attainment of his natural end. Thus I could see that the right to life, and the right to marriage, were rights that the State not only

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might permit but must permit. I could see also that the right to life implied the right to at least so much property as was necessary to maintain life. I therefore perceived by reason, apart from the statements of theologians, that there was a natural right to private property in consumptive goods. Was there also a natural right to private property in productive goods?

The teaching of Pope Leo XIII in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* and of Pius X in the *Motu Proprio* on Christian Social Action seemed clearly to be that the right to property is not limited to consumptive goods, but extends to productive goods. Also it seemed to me rather farcical if the right to property did not include productive goods. For the idea of property means something more than mere use: it means a wide freedom in the disposal of an object; but in the case of consumptive goods there is practically nothing to be done with them except using them. In short, as an individual does not want to do anything with consumptive goods except to consume them, Communism, in admitting the right of consumption, admits all that really matters if the right to property is a right only in reference to consumptive goods.

Two difficulties still remained before I could settle up the question of the natural right to capital. First, how could the existence of a proletariat be just if the ownership of capital was a natural right? Second, on what grounds was property in capital regarded as a natural right, as something necessary to the nature of man? With regard to the first difficulty I soon realized that the right to capital did not mean a right to be endowed with a particular portion of capital. It means only the right to be allowed the opportunity of acquiring capital. The right to marriage does not mean that the State must provide any man with a woman for wife; but it means that the State must not stand in a man's way to getting married. Similarly, the State had no duty to ensure to every man so much capital; but the State must allow for all men *opportunities* of acquiring capital.

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The next question was: On what grounds do we say that the ownership of capital is necessary to man's nature? Many men seemed to get along tolerably well without this alleged necessity! After much thinking I came to the conclusion that the ground of the natural right to capital was the natural right to freedom. As property in consumptive goods was necessary to life, property in productive goods was necessary to free life. The man who does not own productive property is dependent for his life upon the man who does. The Socialists had themselves taught me this. But if all productive property were concentrated in the hands of the State every individual would be absolutely dependent upon the State for all the means of life. Individual liberty would be at an end. This seemed to me to be incontrovertible. Unless one denied the right to free life one must admit the right to individual ownership of capital. The natural right to capital thus became as clearly demanded by reason as it was plainly taught by Pope Leo and Pius X.

Further, it was clear that belief in Socialism was incompatible with belief in the natural right to capital. For though some schools of Socialists would not abolish private capital altogether they would yet aim at making private capital the exception and State capital the rule. A moderate Socialist State might not abolish absolutely the right to private capital but it would make the exercise of that right difficult. It would make difficult the exercise of a natural right. If private ownership of capital is a natural right the State ought to promote private capital and endeavour to give the widest possible facilities for the exercise of this natural right. But no Socialist State, not even the most moderate, would ever do this. The Socialist regards private ownership of capital as being, at best, a mischievous and dangerous thing which must be limited to the lowest extent. The Catholic who believes that private ownership of capital is a natural right is forced to believe such ownership to be in itself a good thing, and the Catholic

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will want to extend such ownership as much as possible, to give as many men as possible the opportunity of exercising their natural right to own capital. Thus there is a great difference both in principle and policy between the Catholic and the Socialist. In this view of property, I therefore concluded and still believe, that I have found the one essential point of difference between Catholic and Socialist principles. If I am wrong on this point I can see no reason for saying that a Catholic cannot be a Socialist.

About two years after my severance from the Catholic Socialist Society I obtained a scholarship which enabled me to go into residence at an Oxford college for the study of political and economic science. The subject of my special study was Socialism. As a result of my studies I am myself convinced that Socialism would be bad on economic and political as well as religious grounds. I am also convinced that Socialism is a declining force throughout the world generally; though it is still advancing in those countries where it has not yet become powerful. Since leaving Oxford I have spent a good deal of my time lecturing on social questions to Catholic working-class audiences; and I have confirmed my early impressions that the "Socialism-means-Atheism-and-Free-Love" type of argument is most mischievous. Catholic and other working men are now educated enough to know that Socialism means the State ownership of the means of production; and working men are clear headed enough to know that State ownership of the means of production, though it may mean many unpleasant things, does not mean necessarily promiscuous sexual relations or the abolition of religious worship. I do think that there is still some need in England, and even more in the United States, for propaganda against Socialism. But if we are to oppose Socialism *as Catholics* our main ground of opposition should be the danger of Socialism to liberty. I say confidently, after much experience of public discussion, that this is in itself an

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all-sufficient argument, though it can be supplemented by many others.

Whether the views expressed in this paper are sound or unsound I leave the reader to judge. Perhaps a trained theologian will detect in what I have written many great errors; I do not know. But I have written what I have written with the hope that this account of the mental experiences of a "Catholic Socialist" will indicate to detached students how men may become Socialists and how they may come to abandon Socialism.

H.

A POET *of* THE STREETS

SONG birds do not love the city and poets do not sing of the streets. Here and there one breaks the rule. Francis Thompson sees "Jacob's ladder pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross." William Yeats hears the lapping of the lake water on the shores of Inisfree while he walks the grey pavements of the city. James Stephens drags a bitter poem from the darkness of the "Street behind yours." But the merry-hearted poet of the pavement has been long to seek, and now that he is found he belongs to America and not to Britain. He is the poet of a dialect we scarcely know, of a people represented to us by the few organ-grinders that make unwelcome music at our doors, showing us their charming smiles and their importunate caps.

The Dagoman is not a character in our towns as he is in American streets, but a poet has found him, and has made him live between the covers of a book, so that all may share his sorrows and his joys.

There is a little slim green book that in April, 1912, reached its ninth thousand. It is published in Philadelphia, and the name is *Canzoni*. On the title page is the author's name, T. A. Daly.

Mr Daly has published two other books of poems, *Madrigali* and *Carmina*. He is a writer of Irish dialect verse, the Irish dialect of America which is a thing apart from the dialect of Ireland. He himself is an Irish-American. But his Italian-American dialect is something that we do not know, a dialect so musical, so tripping, so gay that one must read the poems aloud for very joy in the sound of them.

Open the covers of these books and you are at once in a little theatre. It is the Dagoman's theatre. The caste is made up of Giuseppe, da barber, Pasquale, Padre Angelo, Rosa, Angela, Tony Maratt, Giovanni, and an enchanting rabble of organ-grinders, pea-nut sellers, and the like. Behind the scenes the poet stands as manager.

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He lets his people speak for themselves and how glibly they do it!

Here is a love scene, the "Romeo and Juliet" of an American street—with differences. It is related by the successful rival.

Com' Giuseppe, da barber, last nighta too late
To da house of da Rosa an' stan' by da gate,
An he seeng like Il Gatto dat cry for hees mate,
Soocha playnta love music, sooch cooin', sooch sighs,
Soocha sounds from da heart—an' scooch looka su'prise
W'en he leeft hees face up an' stare cento my eyes
 Lookin' down from da wall!
 Ah! Giuseppe, your call
 Should be starta more earla
 For catcha my girila,
 For w'en da spreeng's here I no workin' at all!"

This same Giuseppe, da barber, is the most charming of all the gay and inconsequent Dramatis Personæ. He is the born lover, the swaggerer. He is doomed to disappointment but his spirit is indomitable, for he is the child of sunshine. Grey skies and cold American winds have never made him less vehement, less passionate. He has the south in his heart. See how he swaggers in:

Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,
Good cloes an' good styła an' playnta good cash.

We'nevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street
Da people dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

Carlotta she walks weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

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Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da cloes an' da bigga mustache,
He gotta da seely young girls for da "mash."

But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta:
I gotta!

We are not told if the successful lover of Carlotta is he who sings "Between Two Loves."

I gotta lov' for Angela,
I lov' Carlotta too,
I no can marry both o' dem
So w'at I gona do?

But a spirit of cheerful philosophy consoles the Dagoman. If he has wept one moment, he laughs the next.

W'at sa use for gattin' mad
Just baycause you feela bad?
You gon' feela worse an' worse
Eef you gona stop and curse
Evra time ees som'theeng wrong,
You no gotta leeve so long,
Wan, two, t'ree, four year, bimeby,
Mebbe so you gona die,
So ees best from day to day
Maka sunshine weether hay,
Don't be gattin' mada while
You can hava time to smile,
W'at'sa use?

Tragedy is not possible on this little stage. But sometimes the comedy turns suddenly to pathos. You are about to laugh and you find that tears are nearer than laughter. The sorrow of Punchinella or of Harlequin is piteous as a child's sorrow. When one who is made for laughter weeps we have more tears for him than for "the

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death of kings." There is the story of "Da Leetla Boy" who could not bear the long American winter and died before the warm days came.

Da spreeng ees com'; but O! da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy:
He no could wait.

I no can count how many a week,
How many day, dat he ees seeck;
How many night I seet an' hold
Da leetla hand dat was so cold.
He was so patient, O! so sweet!
Eet hurts my throat for theenk of eet;
An' all he evra ask ees w'en
Ees gona com' da spreeng agen.

Da spreeng ees com'; but O! da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait."

More pathetic than comic is the story of "Da Besta Frand," the little yellow stray dog that comforts the loneliness of the Italian emigrant. The two forlorn creatures are instinctively akin. The Dagoman has just landed in America, his money has been stolen, "the poleecaman" has only laughed at him, and he sits down in the street and gives way to a passion of grief, anger and despair.

But while I seet ees som'thing sof'
Dat touch my cheek an' w'en
I tak' my hand for brush eet off
Eet touch my cheek agen.
I look. Ees justa leetla cur
Day wag hees yellow tail!
An' blood ees on hees yellow fur,
An' dere ees old teen pail

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Tied on bayhind. Poor leetla pup!
But steell he leeck my hand,
As eef he say to me: "Cheer up!
I gona be your frand."
I hug heem up! I am ashame'
For let heem sa dat he
Ees justa dog, but alla same
Ees better man dan me.

Mr Daly in these poems shows us the American world, the world of streets and daily business from three points of view, his own, which is the rarest, the Irish and the Italian. His art is at once reflective and creative. The world of every day, a commonplace world to the un-discerning, is reflected in his poems. But he creates the characters that see the world. It is the temperament that enlightens these things of every day, the temperament of Tommasso who suffered from the "Arteestica temperament." However, poor Tommasso could not see beauty in a shovel and pick but felt his soul yearn for higher things.

But all of a sudden wan day
He throw down hees shovel an' say:
"I gona be music-arteest!
Too moocha good time I have meesed
An' so I gon' start righta way.
I jus' can'to halp eet, I must.
Or som'theeng censide me weell bust."

This temperamental point of view comes out in the Dagoman's description of baseball. Here is the Italian striving to understand young America, for a national game is the spirit of a people made manifest.

Oh! greata game ees basaball
For yo'nga 'Merican.
But, O! my frand, ees not at all
Da theeng for Dagoman.

Then follows a description of the game, the fierce

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battle for "da champasheep for Leetla Eetaly." The rival captains were Spolatro and Spagatti. All might have gone well had not the "laftafiel" been one Joe, who kept a "peanutta-stan'" and as a consequence had developed a taste for "seettin' steel." Joe remains unmoved by Spagatti's flying ball. He will not go in pursuit. The "centra fielda man" is so much irritated by this callousness that he challenges Joe to fight. The Umpire,

I don'ta know hees name,
Or how you call dees man, but he
Ees big-man een da game,

becomes indignant, and tries to settle the dispute.

He push da centra-fielda 'way—
An' soocha names he call!—
An' den he grabba Joe an' say,
"Come, 'run an' gat da ball."
But Joe he growl an' tal heem: "No,
Ees not for me at all.
Spagatti heet da ball an' so
Spagatti gat da ball!"

O! greata game ees basaball
For yo'nga 'Merican,
But, O! my frand, ees not at all
Da theeng for Dagoman.

The most charming of these people that laugh and storm and weep and soliloquize on this Dago stage is certainly Padre Angelo. He has the sunshine of his land without its thunderstorms. He is benign and fatherly. His character conforms to that old advice which bid God's children be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. One sees him going about the streets among "peanutta-stan's" and hurdy-gurdys, arranging his little schemes, pulling his wires, managing his excitable puppets with a face so bland that even in the accomplishment of his craft they never suspect him.

It is Padre Angelo who arranges a marriage between

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Joe the keeper of the "peanutta-stan'" and Rosa;
this in spite of the fact that Joe has told him:

I no gatta time for play
Fooleeshness weeth girls, I say.
My! you don'ta tal me so?
Ees say Padre Angelo.

Padre Angelo is seemingly discomfited. But presently to the misogynist of the "peanutta-stan'" there comes one Rosa who is seeking for the Padre. She finds him at the stand and he affects the introduction.

"Com," say Padre Angelo,
"Deesa younga man ees Joe;
Shaka han's bayfore we go."

After a few days Rosa returns again seeking for Padre Angelo who is wanted by some sick parishioner. She has been told to wait for him at the stand if he is not too late. Joe has the manners of his countrymen. He offers her a seat and some of his fruit, and there she waits till Padre Angelo appears. So many sick calls are required during the next few days, that Rosa has to seek the priest time after time at the "peanutta-stan'" Padre Angelo is quite surprised by this epidemic.

"My!" he say, "dese seecka-call!
I am gat no peace at all!"

The end is inevitable, for Padre Angelo is an angelic matchmaker and Heaven, where marriages are sometimes made, abets him in his designs. Can any Dagoman resist?

Lasta night my Rosa she
Go to Padre weetha me,
An' I tal heem: "Pretta soon—
Mebbe so da firsta June—
Rosa gona be my wife!"
He ees s'prise', you bat my life!

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"W'at?" he say, an' rub hees eyes,
"Dees ees soocha glada s'prise!
My! you don'ta tal me so?"
Ees say Padre Angelo.

We meet Padre Angelo again in "Pasquale Passes."
Here his case is more difficult. It concerns another Rosa
whose surname is Beppi. This Rosa is child of the thunder-
clouds.

W'en she's start for have her way
She's gon' have eet, you can bat
Evra cent you got on dat!
Theenk she gona mind her Pop?
She ain't even 'fraid of cop!

This daring Rosa is seen walking out with Pasquale
of the south. Now "Pop Beppi" comes from the north,
and he has a natural horror of the south. It is intolerable
to him that his daughter should walk with this Pasquale.
At the same time he has a suitable fear of her temper,
and so he goes, like a wise man, to Padre Angelo. The
priest offers to speak to Rosa, but Beppi doubts the
result of any conflict with Rosa, even when Holy Church
is against her. Nevertheless after Padre Angelo has
spoken to Rosa she walks no more with Pasquale. She
is thunderous but she remains at home.

Beppi's gladdest man I know
W'en he sees how theengsa go.
"My!" he say "I am su'prise'
Church can be so strong an' wise."
"Yes," say Padre Angelo,
"Church ees always wisa so.
All I say to her ees dees:
'Rosa, I am moocha please'
Dat at las' you gotta beau.
He ain't verra good wan, no;
But you need no minda dat
Seence he's best dat you can gat,
So I'm glad for see you out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'."

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Was there ever a better diplomatist than this bland old priest? He is typical of his literary creator, for it is with Padre Angelo's eyes that this poet sees the strange shifting world of the streets. Mr Daly is a true Franciscan. Like his great master he finds his brothers and sisters everywhere. The poor emigrant, the labourer, the old Irish gossip, the lame boy, the stray dog, they are all kin to the poet. He laughs with them, weeps with them, and because you too are his brother you must laugh and weep with him.

These three volumes *Madrigali*,* *Canzoni* and *Carmina* belong to the Comic Muse. But Comedy suffers so badly at the hands of the crowd that one often thinks of her as a tawdry creature, and looks askance at her followers.

But the Comedy of Thomas Augustine Daly is subtle, delicate and variable. It is the Comedy of human nature, very ancient, perpetually modern. It is the life of the streets, Man's passing pageant against the background of eternity. Did not Shorthouse find the highest and the deepest humour to be "an enthusiasm for humanity as it is, not as it might be"?

Such is the humour of this Irish-American poet.

W. M. LETTS

* *Madrigali* is published in England by Messrs Chambers.

CARDINAL GASQUET

IT was with a remarkably widespread delight that the news was received in England that Abbot Gasquet had been selected to receive the honour of a Cardinal's hat. Not one critical or dissentient voice made itself heard. Even the Protestant and secular newspapers joined in the chorus of welcome and congratulation that arose so clearly from Catholics of every class and kind. It may be worth while, therefore, to analyse the elements of this satisfaction—beyond that natural pleasure, felt by the Abbot's personal friends to whom he has endeared himself so greatly, and who have for so long looked forward to a public recognition of the qualities which they have known and loved in private.

(1) The Catholic body in England during the last generation or two has, with a few obvious exceptions, been somewhat lacking in representatives who at once appealed both to scholars and the public. There have been profound scholars; there have been popular heroes; but, with the exception of such men as Cardinal Wiseman, Dr Lingard, Lord Acton and a few others, there have not been many Catholics, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, whose learning has been of the kind that the world generally has recognized. Yet the value of such men is incalculable. Canon Liddon, in the Established Church; Dr Dale, of Birmingham, among the Nonconformists; Huxley and Tyndall and Darwin among the scientists—these are men who somehow have managed to bring deep thought within the attention if not within the reach of people generally; and it is partly through the lack of such men that Catholicism, perhaps, has not won the position to which, from any point of view, she certainly has a right. And it is exactly this kind of influence that the new Cardinal possesses. While other great ecclesiastics, both in our own generation and in the last, have excelled either in scholarship or in the power of administration, or at least of expression, there have not been many who have possessed both qualities alike: and it is here precisely that

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Cardinal Gasquet is distinguished. On the one side there is not a scholar in England who is not aware of the splendid work that this Benedictine student has accomplished in the field of history: he, as much as any man, has helped to render intelligible those bewildering incidents and apparent anomalies in the troubled period of the Reformation, and has reduced to coherence those tendencies and forces that found England Catholic and left her Protestant: more recently, under the direction of the Holy Father himself, he has begun to show that the same qualities of mingled caution and enterprise that have characterized his historical work in the past will presently manifest themselves in the more sacred field of Biblical revision. And, on the other side, he has succeeded not only in making his influence felt amongst those to whom real learning will always appeal, but—a far more difficult task—in modifying public opinion and helping to remove from the minds of the conventional those venerable prejudices which for so long have barred the English people in general from doing justice to that Church which, after all, gave them their civilization. His work on the Reformation period, even more, perhaps, than his earlier and more technical historical studies, has done more in our generation than the work of any other single man to bring the Catholic tradition of history, and, therefore the appeal of the Church in every age, before the attention of the public. No doubt his unique position and circumstances have helped him in this great work: he has enjoyed personal freedom from that kind of responsibility which so often exhausts the energies of many men that might otherwise have accomplished great things; and at the same time he has had behind him the tradition, the spaciousness and the dignity, not only of a great monastic house, but of that ancient Order in general which has been, as much as any single institution can be, the protector and patron of learning. He has preserved the character of a true son of St Benedict—that air of fundamental aloofness from the feverish interests of the world, that spirit of guarded Peace, that solidity and sanity which is

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the reward only of those who, personally as well as officially, are built upon a Rock: yet he has been a cosmopolitan, too, in all senses in which a Religious is capable of it: he is emphatically English, with a French name and an Italian home: he is a familiar figure in that very shrine of cultivated leisure—the Athenæum Club: is a successful lecturer in the United States, and an admirable and lucid writer both in the pages of this REVIEW and elsewhere. He is at home everywhere as only he can be whose "conversation is in Heaven." And all this needs a man of character as well as of good intentions.

(2) A second reason for the enthusiasm with which Catholics have received the news of his elevation lies in a direction equally significant.

A Catholic Church with a local and centralized Government, such as that which Divine Providence has instituted in Rome, is open always to the charge, occasionally endorsed even by her own children, that national forces and tendencies are not properly represented at the seat of Government. Cardinal Gasquet himself has implied, in common with other historians, that this charge has not been wholly without foundation in the stormy and broken periods of the Church's history. (The rise of the Gallican movement, for example, is an instance in point.) At the present day, perhaps less than in any other century, is this charge justified: there are in Rome, in fact, in the very highest places in the Hierarchy, men who know England far better than England knows them—men whose chief ambition it is that not one nation should be under-represented or misunderstood in that College which, under the Holy Father himself, controls them all. The elevation of this Englishman then, together with that of others from English-speaking and Teutonic countries, is one more proof of this anxiety that absolute justice should be done to all, and it is simply impossible to name any other Catholic who is more worthy of selection in the English interests. This lies most certainly—as well as the sense that the College of Cardinals has received a real accession of learning by this selection—at the root of the satisfaction

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with which his elevation has been hailed. Here is a man who knows England to the very heart, and in the widest sense has had, and will now have even more, opportunities not only of knowing but of representing also her needs and desires in a manner naturally impossible on the one side to those who see her only from a distance, and, on the other, to those whose energies are bound to be almost wholly occupied in administering her affairs—as they, indeed, would be first to allow. No diocesan, however clear-sighted and prudent, immersed as he must be in the duties of his office, can do more in the short periods which he is able to spend in Rome than touch on the outmost fringe of those problems and difficulties in which he is necessarily involved.

Here, then, in the new Cardinal, we have a man who has enjoyed as many opportunities as any other prelate—and far more than most—of observing England as a whole; he is as much the friend of the secular as of the Religious clergy: he has moved in every phase of Catholic life, and he has had the training, which historical study alone can give, of judging movements as well as men, of tracing effects to causes, and of interpreting symptoms as a detached observer alone can do. Now in nine cases out of ten there is simply no post available for such a man: by force of circumstances he is needed usually in some administrative or judicial position where half his talents will be thrown away: there is but one ideal niche which he can occupy in the Temple of God—that of a Cardinal *in curia*—and it is precisely to that that Abbot Gasquet has been called. Amid all the gratitude and appreciation which Catholics feel to their own bishops in England for their untiring zeal and their prudence and their anxiety that English interests should not be overlooked; amid all the gratitude, again, which they feel to Rome itself, and their consciousness that there, as much as anywhere in the world, is the home of justice and generosity, there has been sometimes a sense, usually, no doubt, quite unjustified, that England and Rome lack a kind of mutual understanding which nothing but an English Cardinal

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in curia can supply; and now, in Cardinal Gasquet there is found an ideal occupant for that fine and delicate position.

(3) A third reason for English satisfaction is far harder to express, since it concerns the personal character of one whom all Catholics of this country who have ever been brought into contact with him look upon as a friend; but perhaps its most striking features are those of accessibility, a natural dignity wholly without self-consciousness, a transparent honesty of thought, a very real sympathy, a keen sense of humour (a very great endowment for an ecclesiastic) and what Englishmen delight to describe as an "English" spirit. Such qualities as these it is impossible to discuss in detail without a kind of indecency; and yet something must be said on the point, if the cordiality of our congratulations is to be understood.

To the caricaturist of Catholicism there are two principal types of ecclesiastic; first, the cold, correct and icy hierarch, fanatically absorbed in the Church's cause, weighed down, so to speak, by his absorption, and crushed into narrowness and unreality by his orthodoxy: and, second, the genial unscrupulous man of the world, not troubled greatly by his creed, vindicating his humanity at the expense of his sincerity. Now a caricature is, of course, a kind of witness to distorted truth, and it is, of course, a fact that all men, and ecclesiastics among them, tend either to the theoretical or to the practical side of life, either to rigour of thought or to easiness of action. It is the rarest thing in the world to find a character which embraces them both—which can be perfectly loyal to the claims of thought, and yet perfectly natural in life; a mind which can be learned without the vice of academicity; and a personality which can be effective without a certain looseness of fibre. And it is precisely this kind of character and personality which the friends of Cardinal Gasquet have learned to appreciate.

It has been pointed out that he is a scholar and an historian, recognized as such by students and historians; and yet there never was a scholar less weighed down or

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solemnized by his learning. He is an excellent companion and conversationalist—interested, alert and humorous—in short, thoroughly accessible. He is dignified, yet without a shadow of pompousness; he is charming without suspicion of lightness; and it is in virtue of these qualities that he has made himself—as has been said—so wonderfully effective, and has endeared himself so deeply to those who would make no pretence of meeting him in the deeper levels of learning in which he is so proficient. All the learning in the world in itself is not enough, if there are no channels of humanity by which it can escape; all the approachableness conceivable is not enough, if there is nothing within to be approached.

To sum up, then, as a scholar, as a personality, and as the occupant of a peculiarly delicate position, Cardinal Gasquet is emphatically satisfactory to the desires of his fellow countrymen. It seems, of course, at first sight, the grossest impertinence so to appraise a man who has been called to one of the very highest dignities that this world can offer, and yet the very greatness of that dignity, no less than the simplicity of the man who has been called to it, makes such an appraisal possible. For a Cardinal's throne—in this case it may almost be called the throne of Baronius—entitles him who sits upon it to that primary prerogative of being openly appreciated as well as of being criticized; with the putting on of that little scarlet cap, his private character is lifted to publicity, and his personal qualities rendered almost impersonal. Yet to those who have known this particular Prince of the Church in the past, there is the certainty that he will remain what he has always been, a genial Englishman, a real friend, and a great priest.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

FOREIGN POLITICS OF THE DAY

NO Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs within living memory has been subjected to less destructive criticism than is the case with Sir Edward Grey. To him has fallen in moments of supreme crisis the rare distinction of giving satisfaction in his general policy alike to diplomatic friends and opponents. It is in his remarkable capacity for seeing an opposite point of view that the secret of his success lies. That he has been taken severely to task for his attitude on certain important questions of the day cannot be denied; but his opponents on such occasions have invariably been men particularly interested in the region to which attention was directed, and, therefore, lacking the qualities of comprehensive vision so essential to the development of true statesmanship. The Foreign Secretary, however, is primarily concerned with the problem of international relations as a whole, and all his actions are dominated by the paramount necessity for preserving the peace of the world in which is bound up the welfare of the British Empire. To attain this great purpose, frequently he is called upon to make sacrifices in one direction that he may profit in another. His success can alone be estimated in a sum total, not in separate accounts. It often happens also that the impossibility of pursuing a course of pure idealism in the face of the urgent needs of the moment gives to his conduct the character of a surrender of those principles which, in the more convenient sphere of home politics, he clings to tenaciously. The truth is that diplomacy is merely another term for compromise, and compromise itself is necessarily the outcome of expediency. Recent history affords many examples. The hapless people of Korea were handed over to the none too tender mercies of the Japanese, not that we freely accepted the claim of the Japanese to a fitness for the task of civilizing them, but rather because we wished to perpetuate our alliance in

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the Far East. From similar motives the Japanese are now pursuing a fairly moderate policy in China. Their aim is to continue to gain access to the London money market. Manchuria is another case in point. With complete indifference we have stood on one side while Russia and Japan divided the rich spoils to be found in that vast territory. This indifference was certainly not due, as some critics asserted, to our inability to detect such flagrant violation of the policy of the Open Door, a policy to which both Powers, together with ourselves, had subscribed. Rather were we desirous, though the cost might be great, of seeing Japan and Russia forget their old disagreements in the Far East, thus adding another bulwark to the world-wide strength of British diplomacy. A further illustration might be cited in Mongolia. In the outer region of this enormous territory Russia, within the last few months, has made herself completely the master. Her Consuls, Cossacks, and traders are everywhere to be seen, and the geographical trend of her new forward movement is such that it may without exaggeration be said that her colossal shadow is cast against the very walls of Peking itself. Yet it must not be imagined that this aggression on the part of Russia has taken us unawares. Doubtless it is merely the fulfilment of an understanding which on the other side gives us the right to insist upon a certain measure of autonomy for Tibet. In a larger sense it forms part of the comprehensive bargain which we have struck with Russia in order that we may have the Triple Entente as a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance.

The march of events in the Near East affords yet another example of how in practice international friendship is called upon to adjust itself to the exigencies of the moment. An influential school of thought in this country, failing to attach sufficient significance to the rise of German Sea Power, profess to be alarmed at what they picturesquely term the Slav Peril. It is bad enough to have Teutonic influence paramount in the Middle East; but the peril presented before the Balkan War by the prospect that it would gain complete ascendancy at the

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Porte, taken in conjunction with the known aspirations of Austria in the direction of Salonika and the assertiveness generally of the Triple Alliance throughout the world, made it apparent that it was Germanic designs that in the immediate future were to be feared. As the situation is to-day, racial discord in the Balkans, allowing as it does for the nice adjustment of power among the little States, constitutes the most effective guarantee against the domination of either Slav or Teuton. For the rest, we cannot forget that Germany, no matter how peaceful her protestations may be, is always so armed and prepared as to be in a position to impart to her diplomacy an aggressive tone. Russia, too, as we know, is in a state of military efficiency. But the capacity of Russia to mobilize is not, as yet, so well advanced as that of Germany. Moreover, her attention is largely occupied with her own domestic embarrassments, and before she can attain to perfect freedom in diplomacy some drastic change in the form of her Government must inevitably be accomplished. Finally, she is an Empire of vast proportions, one facing both East and West, and encountering all the difficulties that are presented by Asiatic as well as European problems. The belief that circumstances might arise in which Germany could determine the destiny of the world to-morrow is not ill founded. In the far future Russia, with the unrivalled material at her disposal, will no doubt constitute a mighty element no less disturbing to the peace of nations. When that time comes, we may reasonably anticipate that other forces will have been called into being to hold her in check, just in the same manner as to-day the grouping of the Powers is so arranged as to prevent Germany succeeding to the hegemony of Europe.

Sir Edward Grey, adhering faithfully to the traditional policy of Great Britain, is striving to maintain the balance of power by preserving cordial relations with Russia and her Ally, France, while at the same time making the most of all opportunities that present themselves for guarding against the dangers of the future.

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The argument is often urged that he could best achieve this purpose by seeking alliance with Germany, rather than with Russia. To some extent this contention has already been met. It only remains to be added that few points exist where it is possible to satisfy Germany's territorial ambition without hazarding the safety of the Empire. On the other hand, on account of the geographical situation of India the British and Russian Empires are already brought into close touch at one extremely important point. Antagonism here would place in jeopardy the whole structure of our world diplomacy. The pressure that Germany has been able to exert with her fleet, Russia would be able to employ with even greater effect by building strategical railways in the direction of the Indian frontier, and massing troops in neighbouring territories. That she ever had ambitions to take India from us may have been, as the Russians now declare, a nightmare of British statesmanship. But surely it is worth some sacrifice to be rid of such nocturnal disturbance. We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion that amity with Russia is desirable, not only for the promotion of the world's peace, but also because of particular conditions as these exist in respective spheres of political influence. From its very nature the understanding thus developed must bear the character of a makeshift compromise. It is a platitude of diplomacy to talk about friendship between nations arising out of mutual interests. As a matter of fact when we come to examine mutual interests minutely we realize that in a world where all the nations are rivals no such thing exists. It is the ultimate aim that dominates the policy of Allies, and this aim means not so much that they are determined to maintain the world's peace in any altruistic sense, but rather that they recognize a common enemy when they see one, as a consequence of which they agree to maintain the world's peace on their own terms. It follows that as unity means strength they must in the face of a greater danger compose as best they can the difficulties that exist among themselves. That complete satisfaction can result from arrangements of this kind, due

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as they are solely to expediency, is not conceivable. Thus it is hardly surprising that Sir Edward Grey should be made the subject of attacks in this country because he does not vigorously protest against Japanese machinations in Manchuria and elsewhere, and against Russian aggression in Mongolia and Persia. Nor, on the other hand, can it be wondered at that the Japanese are excited because Great Britain is pressing China to give renewed emphasis to her privileged position in the Yangtze, and because the British Colonies refuse to open wide their portals to Asiatic emigrants. Likewise it is scarcely amazing that both in Parliament and the Press Russian critics, resembling their counterparts in this country, should find that Great Britain is hampering the Russian forward movement in Persia, and, forgetful of the irreconcilability of Russia's relations with Austria, should advocate an Alliance with Germany. The Tsar's Cossacks having established themselves in Northern Persia the chauvinists, with the narrow vision of their class, have made up their minds that the thin end of the wedge has been driven home and that England alone opposes a barrier to an advance on the Persian Gulf, where blue-water ports await Russia's exploitation. In their irritability over this question they fail to glance in a different direction where to a much larger extent Russian interests, as we have already implied, are held in check by another Power, Germany. Thus no account is taken of Teutonic influence at the Porte in whose keeping rests the key of the Dardanelles; nor, again, is the growth of German power in the region of the Middle East dwelt upon. Even the commercial invasion of Russia by the Germans is overlooked, as also the circumstance that the Russian Empire with its illimitable resources stands in need of the capital which Great Britain possesses in super-abundance. But all these things are not forgotten by M. Sasonoff; while, as we have seen, Sir Edward Grey on his side is fully mindful of the value of Russia's armed millions in maintaining the balance of power in Europe. Both statesmen, if they were hard put to it, might confess that in the interests of High

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Policy local sacrifices are called for in Persia and elsewhere. In all agreements, international as well as commercial, human frailty manifests itself, either side proclaiming that it has got the worst of the bargain. However much we may pride ourselves upon the happy sentiment that prevails between England and Russia, we ought not to be deluded into the belief that this relationship offers an exception to the natural laws of mankind. For the sake of convenience the two parties have come to an understanding to give and take, but it must ever remain a tug-of-war as to who shall give the least and take the most.

The conduct of international politics, then, may fairly be described as the arrangement in the first place of compromise between friendly groups of Powers who in turn arrange compromise between opposing groups of Powers. Thus no one nation derives complete satisfaction from its foreign relations. Indeed the conviction is widespread among all nations that they have sacrificed much in what is grandiloquently called the cause of the world's peace. The patched-up settlement of the Balkan problem provided an illustration of the truth of this assertion. Nowhere was it pretended that the creation of Albania within the territorial limits decided upon was an ideal solution. Nevertheless, it was the best, and indeed the only, way out of a European war that offered itself, and represented a policy dear to the hearts of diplomatists inasmuch as recourse was had to the line of least resistance. Even the Ambassadors in London who were the sponsors of the little State can hardly be surprised by the dramatic turn which events have taken. For it would be ingenuous to suppose that the welfare of the new kingdom was their one and only consideration. To compose the jealousies existing among the Powers became their first and primary duty. That Albania suffered in the process could not well be helped. The fear of the Armageddon overshadowed all else. That formidable difficulties would arise in the early future was not doubted, and swiftly events are proving how transitory was the settle-

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ment arrived at. But Europe, anxious to restrain the terrible power which it has created in the millions of armed men at its disposal, sought then, as it will seek now, to gain time. Never indeed, so it seems, will any group of Powers consider itself prepared to precipitate the dreaded conflagration. No sooner does one nation expand its arrangements for war than another not only follows the evil example but improves upon it. It is this constant overhauling in the mad career of armaments that gives to the world peace among the nations. But what a strange peace! Not the peace of tranquillity, but the stillness of suspense. So long as this strain lasts statesmen, surveying the international horizon, will naturally take the large view of what is wisest in the interests of the peoples whose care is committed to them. Hence the avoidance of a European war, the contemplated horrors of which appal the imagination, must dominate all their actions. For the time being justice in the strict sense is submerged, and as a consequence isolated questions affecting little States cannot be dealt with according to the dictates of conscience. No accusation of cynicism lies here. In the face of the larger evil the lesser must go uncorrected. The utter helplessness thus revealed is deeply to be deplored; but until that higher thought to which Lord Haldane alluded as existing between England and America becomes more widespread, the mission of diplomacy must remain severely restricted in character. Dismal though the picture we have painted may appear we do not wish to convey counsels of despair. The mere fact that although the Powers are divided into groups, they are yet able to negotiate with each other separately, again and again affords a hopeful ray of light amid the general gloom that has settled over Europe. What can be done in this direction if plenipotentiaries are free from the intrusion of a sensational Press, is evidenced by the progress recently made in bringing about a comprehensive understanding between England and Germany.

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THE SITUATION IN PERSIA.

THE first part of this article has a bearing especially appropriate to the situation in Persia. Here we find, though both Russia and Great Britain have engaged in a solemn compact to preserve the integrity of the kingdom, the former Power has entered upon military occupation of the large province of Azerbaijan, the latter, for reasons connected with High Policy, not being at all disposed to enter protest. As far as this extensive territory is concerned little if any vestige is left of the sovereignty of the Shah. That circumstance, together with the impending bankruptcy of the Treasury and other evidences of chaos hardly less disquieting, renders the prospect for Persian independence as ominous as it can well be. The agreement between England and Russia dividing the country into spheres of political influence with a large neutral zone intervening, was, it will be recalled, part of the general understanding between these Powers which led ultimately to the creation of the *Triple Entente*. Motives, therefore, of high political consequence arising from the situation in Europe determined this rapprochement. Frequently critics of the arrangement have declared that English diplomacy was caught napping, and that we took for ourselves merely a small area while deserting British interests in the neutral region and surrendering to Russia not a little territory in which also we had the larger stake. Sir Mortimer Durand, who reported for the Government on the subject, discovered that the legitimate sphere of British influence extended as far north as such important centres as Kermanshah, Hamadan, Ispahan and Yezd. Even beyond those limits British trade was stated to be by no means a negligible quantity. The fact that the oil-fields in which the Government recently acquired a substantial holding are largely situated in the neutral region, is, moreover, quoted as showing how our interests were neglected in the Convention, and is now employed as an argument in favour of the adoption of a stronger attitude than has hitherto characterized our policy.

Already we have dwelt at length upon the exigencies of

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the international situation as these were likely to dictate our conduct in regard to Persia. There was, however, in this instance another, and an extremely important, side to the problem. That side bore relation to strategy. It seems that Lord Kitchener, who was Commander-in-Chief in India at the time, advised the Home Government that the army of India could not undertake the responsibility of defending any more extensive area in Persia than that eventually decided upon as the British sphere of influence. To enlarge the Indian Army would have been to incur an expense which neither India nor England was prepared to meet. On the whole it was deemed the wiser course to have a very large neutral, or buffer, territory between the British and Russian Spheres, and this in spite of the fact that in the area so decided upon England was commercially strong. As far as the terms of the Convention itself are concerned, therefore, little criticism is admissible. But when we come to discuss the manner in which these terms have been carried out, we find that many important considerations arise. Let us first describe the position to which Russia has attained in the north. Here she has an army of occupation numbering no fewer than fourteen thousand men. From time to time it is true there are reports of detachments of troops being withdrawn, but when these reports are examined it is invariably discovered that they relate to ordinary military transfers and in no wise afford proof of Russia's intention to take serious measures towards evacuation. Furthermore, the St Petersburg Government has given its sanction to the erection of barracks for the accommodation of the Russian forces in Azerbaijan. Russian officers occupy the higher commands in the Persian Cossack brigade that operates in the north. It must be frankly admitted that as a consequence of all these military measures law and order prevails in the Russian sphere, a state of affairs in striking contrast with the anarchy prevalent in the southern regions. Under these favourable conditions, and with the stimulus afforded by the masterful policy pursued by the Tsar's Minister in Teheran, development of the territory

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is proceeding apace. An elaborate organization specially for the purpose of encouraging emigration has been established. Already a large number of Russian subjects from Turkestan and European Russia have flocked to the country; and it is estimated that during the present year an additional hundred thousand settlers, largely assisted by the Government of Tashkent, will have become rooted to the soil. As far as the trade of Persia is concerned, Russia within recent years has made enormous strides. In the decade that has elapsed since 1901-2 her proportion has increased threefold, while if we compare it with England's progress we obtain the following figures, not at all flattering to our own activities:

	TRADE PERCENTAGE.		
	Russia.	England.	Other Countries.
1901-2	44	33	23
1905-6	57	22	21
1910-11	56	25	19
1912-13	70	20	10

As is only to be expected Russian enterprise defies all competition in the northern region; and here the energy of Russian merchants is in striking contrast with the inertia of their countrymen in outlying parts of the Tsar's Empire, as, for example, Siberia and Manchuria. Not only is the Russification of the zone being carried on in the ways already described, but whenever possible acquisition is made of the very soil of Persia itself. Vast tracts of fertile land are purchased from the natives at low prices, and with the Julfa-Tabriz Railway concession, granted to Russia, is carried the right to own a strip of territory adjacent to the line. In this last respect Russia is closely adhering to the policy she pursued in Manchuria, which ultimately led to the alienation of vast areas of Chinese lands. Mention must also be made of the pressure that, with England's support, has been exerted at Teheran with a view to securing for Russia the valuable rights of navigation over Lake Urmia. Nor does the

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record of Russia's enterprise cease here. Everywhere within her sphere she is building roads, exploiting mines, establishing post offices, and founding commercial concerns. Evidence also is available to show that in some instances she has gone beyond her sphere. But with regard to her own zone let it be emphasized that the tremendous energy she has exhibited has alone been rendered possible because of the law maintained by her military forces. The presence of an army of occupation enables her to overcome any local difficulties with comparative ease. Not content with that power, sufficiently effective in itself, she has succeeded in making her authority felt and respected in all branches of the Provincial Administration. The self-constituted Governor-General of Azerbaijan, Shuja-ed-Dowleh, is a mere tool in the hands of the invaders. When the Russian Consul-General, M. Orloff, arrived in Tabriz recently he was, at the instigation of Persian officials, accorded a regal reception. Twenty thousand people awaited his arrival; all the bazaars, shops, and public institutions were closed; and honours were accorded him such as in former days were only given to the person of the Shah. Shuja-ed-Dowleh himself stage-managed the whole proceedings. Not long after the Russian Consul had been installed in his new office, the announcement was forthcoming that "he proposes to have the streets of Tabriz paved and widened at a cost of sixty thousand *tomans* collected from the citizens," and later, together with the Khan, he was seen driving through the streets making arrangements for the work to begin. The Belgian officials charged with the collection of the revenue are at their wits' ends. With the approval of M. Orloff the Governor-General has arrogated to himself the collection of taxes; while the Russian Consuls are making levies upon persons under Russian protection, and upon Persians leasing land from Russian subjects, the proceeds not being, as was intended should be the case, accounted for in the form of a separate fund wherewith to liquidate Russian claims against the Treasury. Enough has been written to show that Russia is having matters

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very much her own way in Northern Persia. It is indeed clear that systematically she is paving the way for permanent occupation. No one acquainted with the methods which she has pursued with like results in other parts of the world will allow themselves to be persuaded that her intention is otherwise than here described. But already she is gathering the rich fruits of her enterprise in having established order, that is the point of immediate importance.

When we turn to the neutral and south-western regions, where British interests are predominant, we see an altogether different state of affairs existing. Anarchy is widely prevalent. The Persian gendarmerie, officered by Swedes and paid out of funds supplied by Great Britain, has not proved the success that was hoped for. On one occasion its forces were out-manœuvred and, for some days, until strong reinforcements arrived, found themselves beleaguered. Apart altogether from considerations of military efficiency frequent complaints have been forthcoming as to the high-handed methods of the gendarmerie. Conscientious and hardworking though the Swedish officers have shown themselves to be, they do not appear to have displayed that tact which the situation demanded. Trade remains as before completely disorganized, and travellers along the well-known routes take their lives in their hands. As a consequence of the general disorder, the railway survey in connexion with the Mohammerah-Khorremabad concession, granted to a British syndicate, could not be undertaken, and it has been necessary to obtain at Teheran an extension of time. The suggestion has been made that the problem might be solved were the gendarmerie to be commanded by British officers from the Indian Army who are accustomed to dealing in a tactful manner with Oriental peoples. Whatever may be thought on this score, it is only too evident that in the question of maintaining order in the south is wrapped up the whole of British policy. Our prestige has already suffered because of the failure of a force which, though native and under Swedish officers,

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owes its origin to British diplomacy and its maintenance to British money. It may be objected that the quickest and most effective way of rehabilitating that prestige lies in resort to strong measures such as would definitely establish British authority. Before, however, we make up our mind that here is to be found the solution of the difficulty, let us first pause to consider what means would be necessary to attain the purpose in view and the practical consequences that must inevitably attend any stiffening of the British attitude. To reduce Southern Persia to a state of permanent tranquillity an army of occupation sooner or later would be required. To officer the gendarmerie from the Indian Army could at best only prove a half-hearted remedy; and were a force so constituted to be subject to a single reverse of serious dimensions then the whole issue of British prestige would be raised in an acute form. The stupendous nature of the task with which we should be confronted were we to subdue Southern Persia may well be estimated from the fact that in a limited area of the north fourteen thousand Russian troops, as well as a large force of Persian Cossacks officered by Russians, are employed in maintaining order. In all the circumstances, therefore, no really satisfactory alternative to the present methods of policing than the dispatch of a large army of occupation presents itself. Can it be pretended that a measure so drastic could be undertaken without the partition of Persia? It may be accepted as an axiom, in such dilemmas as here implied, that it is certainly easier to invade than it is to evacuate. To guide us in this respect we have all the lessons of past experience within our own Empire, to say nothing of the local example of Russia in Northern Persia. We are then brought abruptly face to face with the contingency that military occupation of Southern Persia would advance the frontiers of India right up to territory under the domination of Russian armies. To defend these frontiers would make a call upon financial resources such as neither England nor India could well bear; and at the same time if the whole structure of our world diplomacy

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did not topple to the ground, at least, as is only too often the case with near neighbours, a state of endless friction would arise between the two great Powers. The critics of Sir Edward Grey fail to attach sufficient weight to arguments like those which we have advanced; nor do they appear to reflect upon what is still more destructive of their reasoning, and that is that unless Germany were given very substantial compensation over and above the position she has already won for herself in Asiatic Turkey, then nothing could avert a European conflagration.

No considerations such as determine the moderate attitude of Great Britain hold Russia in check in the north. While maintaining her friendship with ourselves the farther she can advance into Persia, thus seeming to menace India, the more will her diplomacy generally be strengthened, even though in truth she harbour no concrete design against India. As things are, however, the policy of Sir Edward Grey is not by any means bereft of leverage. It suits his purpose blandly to accept the assurances of Russia that her occupation of the northern zone is merely temporary, and that she is desirous of keeping to the Convention in which are expressed pious intentions as to the maintenance of Persia's integrity. The evil, therefore, is one for which, alas! there is no other palliative save diplomacy—diplomacy without end. To bolster up Persia as a strong country is in the circumstances a task impossible of accomplishment. Before such a task could be attempted with any hope of success it would be necessary to persuade the Russian Bureaucracy completely to change the fundamental principles upon which it governs, so as to bring these methods into something like accord with the political ideals of Great Britain. Once again we must deplore the failure of civilization, laying the blame not upon one nation alone but upon all nations engaged in the demented competition for armaments. In the meantime Persia, bankrupt as she is, torn with anarchy from within and aggression from without, is *in extremis*. In thus describing her melancholy plight, and emphasizing the overbearing conduct of Russia, the writer does

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not wish to convey that England has failed to get her share of the plunder. Indeed, Russian criticism as to our commercial activities has not a little foundation. Oil-fields which are to supply the British Navy and situated principally in the neutral zone have fallen to our lot. Also we have secured railway concessions in the south. No longer can Persia be left without communications. Russian enterprise in the north required that we on our side should bestir ourselves. Much has been heard of the Trans-Persian Railway project destined, so it is said, to link Europe with India. That project as yet is merely at the stage of being talked about, and if it be realized at all will accord strictly with the principles which govern the strategical relations of India with Persia. In all probability a route following the coast will be chosen, thus investing the Navy with the duty of protecting the line and relieving the Indian Army from any additional responsibility on a considerable scale. But apart from this great undertaking it is a foregone conclusion that railway development must proceed in Persia. Not a few complaints are heard because Great Britain has not retained for herself more extensive rights over this and other forms of commercial enterprise. But let us not forget that however small may have been Russia's trade in the country a decade ago, her geographical proximity and historical relations conferred upon her unquestionable authority to share with England whatever is to be gained in Persia.

CHINA UNDER A DICTATORSHIP.

WITHIN three years of the establishment of a Republic all semblance of democratic institution has been banished from China, anarchy is widespread throughout the land, and absolutism, as real as that which prevailed in the days of the Empress Dowager of inflexible purpose, is the power that rules. Only in name, not in nature, has the Government changed. Whereas, formerly, despotism found its centre amid a regal Court, now it is exercised by a single individual. Yuan Shih-kai, if

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anything, is more autocratic than his royal predecessors, differing from them in that while he may listen to advice, he is strong enough to reject all influence which he regards as injurious to his stern policy. As to what the ultimate outcome of this policy will be it is impossible to foretell. Knowledge of China, her traditions, and the character of her people, leads us to the conclusion that the study of precedents which the history of other countries suggests, affords but little guide to the problem of her destiny. It is not that she is Oriental, and therefore apart. It is simply that she is China, saturated with the influences that have survived over thousands of years. As she stands to-day she presents a strange mass of complexities and contradictions in which are to be found mingled much that is bad and certainly not a little that is good. Centuries of oppression, of established custom, of strange usages have given her teeming millions an outlook on life which is peculiarly their own. It is the outlook of resignation, a stage in human feeling beyond that of despair. In the sphere of the home, peace loving and industrious, it is not surprising that on the comparatively rare occasions when they are stirred to action outside this sphere, they should exhibit as individuals those barbaric qualities of which, as a community, they themselves have been the victims at the hands of a corrupt and cruel government. Was it little wonder that, in a land where all sense of justice was found wanting in its leaders, the mass below should at times find the human conscience, neglected as it was, insufficient as a force to restrain human passion? Denied education, and isolated in vast provinces, where no railway communication existed, they knew nothing of the outer world with its strivings towards idealism. They knew only of the China that was immediately around them, a locality governed by petty officials who extorted money from them and who not unfrequently submitted them to the torment of unspeakable torture. From father to son, from generation to generation, no other life, no other fate was known to them. Ground into docility, gratified as the beasts of the field would be with the

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attainments of simple wants, feeling certain of nothing in existence save its end, their lives in a negative sense were not altogether unhappy. Fairly honest in their dealings with each other and steeped in family reverence their ethics began and ended here. In the wider sphere of human relations, that associated with the community of State, submissiveness characterized their conduct.

It was into this China with the swiftness of a hurricane that there came revolution and counter-revolution. Nothing save a Republican form of Government would satisfy the men who led the movement; and so zealous were they in their cause that they were determined that the Republic of China should represent the last word in administrative democracy. To-day all of them have fled their country and are in hiding in Japan. It is true that China is still a Republic, recognized as such by the Powers. But it is the strangest Republic that this world has ever seen, or is likely to see, for not a single representative institution is left standing. Parliament has now for some time been dissolved, nor is it suggested that it shall again be summoned at an early date; the Provincial Assemblies have been broken up and their members peremptorily sent about their business. The country to all intents and purposes is under military dictatorship. Everywhere suspects are being thrown into gaol and prisoners executed in wholesale batches. Pillage and piracy prevail amid the general atmosphere of lawlessness. The bandit known as White Wolf continues to defy the large armies sent against him by the Central Government. At his command is a mobile and bloodthirsty rabble, for the most part composed of young men between the ages of twenty and thirty, and containing youths as young as fourteen, all of whom are out for sheer lust of rapine. Not a few towns of consequence have fallen to his arms, and as a leader, gifted in the strategy of elusion, he is comparable only to De Wet of South African fame. No more revolting catalogue of infamy can be conceived than that which is credited to this amazing brigand. Massacre upon massacre has accompanied his fiery advance. Even terror-stricken

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women and children have been dragged from their hiding places to be outraged and then brutally hacked to pieces. Cases occurred where young girls, having been drenched with kerosene, were tied to horses, set on fire, and then driven into the lines of the opposing forces. Having embarked as a robber, pure and simple, White Wolf has at last raised the standard of political revolt, and Sun Yat-sen is accused by the President of being in league with him.

Between the tyranny of repression from constituted authority above, and the insensate cruelty and wickedness of the instruments of reform from below, the long-suffering masses of the Chinese people are being ground down into something less than they have been. Wearily they sigh for the struggle to cease. To them it matters not what form of Government survives. Let oppression continue, for even the old state of permanent thralldom is better than the new order of violent upheaval! Aroused from their lethargy to a limited extent at the time of the Revolution, they have never really understood the proper distinction between reform and reaction; and now that they see that the ways of the Manchu can flourish under the designation of a Republic they care little whether Yuan Shih-kai calls himself a monarch or a President, autocrat of all the Chinese, or the Head of a State responsible to a Parliament. Yet it must not be imagined that the ardent spirits of democracy have ceased their activity, for much explosive material remains out of which may be manufactured anew the engine of revolt. Armies are maintained on a vast scale, but the soldiery, ill-paid and discontented, cannot be disbanded for the fear that they might become either brigands or rebels. The Treasury is in a precarious state, and the very means which the Government must take to preserve the country's solvency, recourse to foreign loans, offers convenient argument to agitators who allege that such policy is unpatriotic.

Surveying this scene of disorder, Western observers find themselves bewildered. Nowhere, so it seems, does an

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avenue of clear vision open out to them. Few there are who can see the way that lies to a true appreciation of the situation. Vainly they imagined that the slumbering mammoth, China, had bestirred itself. A shrug and a shake they mistook for a swift movement towards the light of progress. Certainly during the last few years China has made appreciable advancement. Material evidences of this advancement are visible everywhere in the land, and, coming as they do abruptly into contrast with the venerable past and its manifestations of decay, they convey a general impression that China is heavy in the travail of transition. But the character of her people remains, as described in the beginning of this article, possessed of all the virtues of simplicity, all the faults of unenlightenment, and all the narrow limitations of an environment musty with the influence of ages. These things Yuan Shih-kai has known and realized. Here we have at once the secret of his policy and the source of his strength. Sincere in his patriotism, he believes that he is leading China as a child would lead a blind man. His methods are peculiarly Chinese; that is the only comment we can make upon them. Many are the qualities which his countrymen have inherited from the remote past, foremost among which are those derived from the influence of the sage teachings of Confucius. Such virtues Yuan Shih-kai aims at preserving, and as the Republican doctrines of Young China entered into conflict with them, the people at the same time exhibiting but little talent for self-government, he has himself decided, alone and single-handed, to lay the foundations of a new China. The responsibility he has thus assumed is great, and his methods are not always merciful. But let us not forget that whereas his opponents are Chinese, steeped in Western influences, Yuan Shih-kai may fairly be described as a Chinaman of Chinamen, a man of the multitude. His outlook is not exclusively detached; it is also from within. When to that unrivalled mental equipment is added profound knowledge and long experience in statecraft, it must be conceded that Yuan Shih-kai is at least likely to

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have what his critics lack, a coherent idea as to the measures needful for guiding the course of China's destiny. In former days he was no friend of reaction; and if he has now resorted to a policy that bears a retrograde aspect, it does not necessarily follow that he seeks permanently to re-establish the regime of autocracy. To a large extent the Republic was shattered because of circumstances outside his control, and afterwards, rightly or wrongly, he fell back upon Chinese methods of government in order both to gain and to save time for constructive work. History will not so much criticize him in that he grasped at power; but should he misuse this power then no condemnation will be too severe for him.

JAPAN IN TRAVAIL

TO-DAY Japan is suffering all the torments to which national humiliation can give rise. The grand plan, conceived by statesmen of the Meiji Era, to construct a new and almost perfect civilization, selecting all that was best from the culture of the West that it might be blended with much that was worthy of retention from the culture of the East, has been thwarted in its purpose. More than was within the reach of human attainment had been attempted, and sooner or later failure was inevitable. No nationality has been to a greater extent admired in England than the Japanese. Their gallantry, honesty, and efficiency were extolled to the skies, and frequently were comparisons made such as went to show that beside them the races of the West had become decadent. In London their flatterers formed an influential cult, and the little Japanese, as they were tenderly called, became the darlings of the gods and goddesses both of society and suburbia. The Japanese themselves, with dignified mien, accepted the position betraying a truly naïve appreciation of the fitness of things. They had, so they said with charming candour, a mission to teach to the West. Forthwith their Financial Commissioner established himself in commodious offices in London, and their emissaries flocked to this country to lecture the worn-out survivors of the

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ruins of Western Civilization upon the wonderful art and morals of Japan. The originality and urbanity of these smiling little missionaries, fresh from the fragrant East, captivated a city jaded with the monotony of life in the West; and the stories they told with all the picturesque conviction of broken English spread wide the yearning for emulation. Thus the Samurai became almost as familiar to us as the knights in our own history. The mystic ritual of *bara-kiri* formed the theme of many eloquent perorations, though, to be quite truthful, it was never lucidly explained how this dramatic act differed from common suicide. Then for the first time the world heard of Bushido. No Japanese could be found to tell exactly what Bushido really meant. Yet we were led to suppose that it was something peculiarly Japanese to which the Western mind, with its regard for crude realities, could never aspire. This Bushido was spoken of as the soul of Japan. Because of it her educational system in its moral aspect was perfect; her people were Spartans, tumbling over each other in their anxiety to pay taxes; her soldiers and sailors were the bravest in the world; her Administration was efficient and free from corruption; her political system had none of the defects to be found in the West; and altogether the land was a paradise on earth peopled with a race, happy, virtuous, and industrious.

Were it not for the arrogance exhibited by the Japanese after the war with Russia, to write about them in this strain would hardly be kind. Swiftly has come upon them retribution. In striving to dominate the Pacific they aimed at creating a Navy and an Army of overwhelming strength, altogether out of proportion to the needs of the situation. This lust for armaments, coming as it did upon a long period of bureaucratic mismanagement, has at last brought about a veritable subsidence of the foundations of the nation. Not a single institution has escaped damage in the moral earthquake. The clans, whose influence had survived feudal days, were driven from office with ignominy. The Navy, ever the pride of the country, was found to be corrupt to the core and many high officers were involved

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in unsavoury scandals. Corruption also manifested itself in other spheres of the national life. The Treasury was brought almost to the verge of bankruptcy, and the people, besieging the Diet, clamoured for the relief of taxation. Bushido had proved altogether unequal to the strain of modern conditions, and the worthy practice of *hara-kiri* seemed to have departed with the spirit of the great Nogi. The nation held a grand inquest upon itself. Everywhere beneath the lacquer rottenness was exposed. The operation of the judicial system was proved to be barbarous, and the conditions that governed the labour world were such as had parallel only in lands where slavery exists. The progressive elements with Count Okuma at their head have now succeeded to power; but as the political parties and the electorate are themselves corrupt, the future of Japan remains almost as dark as before. That ultimately she will emerge into the light of true progress is certain. She is merely pursuing the way that all nations have traversed. If she is suffering more than should fall to her lot it is because the tribulations inevitable from transition have been embittered by chagrin at seeing a reputation shattered.

LANCELOT LAWTON.

JANE AUSTEN

Jane Austen: Her Life and Letters: A Family Record. By William Austen-Leigh and Robert Arthur Austen-Leigh. London. Smith, Elder & Co. 1913.

English Men of Letters: Jane Austen. By Francis Warre Cornish, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London. Macmillan & Co. 1913.

"THE time has surely come when there is no need to bring witnesses to prove Jane Austen's fame. Arrange the great English writers as one will, it does not seem possible to bring them out in any order where she is not first or second or third, whoever her companions may be!"* This is eulogy indeed! Of course, it would not command universal assent, but there is nothing particularly startling in its utterance to-day. But how it would have astonished Jane Austen herself and her own circle! Six months after her death, her brother Henry, in the Introduction to the first edition of *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, hazards with fraternal partiality the boast, that her works have "by many been placed on the same shelf as the works of a D'Arblay and an Edgeworth." And her nephew, the writer of the original *Memoir*, looking back at the last years of her life, after the lapse of half a century, is even more explicit. "Sometimes," he says, "a friend or neighbour who chanced to know of our connexion with the author, would condescend to speak with moderate approbation of *Sense and Sensibility* or *Pride and Prejudice*; but if they had known that we, in our secret hearts, classed her with Madame D'Arblay or Miss Edgeworth, or even with some other novel writers of the day whose names are now scarcely remembered, they would have considered it an amusing instance of family conceit."† It is true that, eighteen months before her death, the *Quarterly Review* had an article dealing mainly with *Emma* which had just appeared, but containing also copious references to *Sense*

* *The Times Literary Supplement* April 24, 1913.

† *Memoir*, p. 167.

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and Sensibility and *Pride and Prejudice*. The writer of this article we now know to have been no less a person than Scott himself. Yet its appearance was probably due to the fact that Miss Austen had just changed her publisher, and that *Emma*, unlike her earlier books, was published by Murray himself. And though the contents are not wholly indiscriminating, many of the criticisms are very unintelligent, and the praise awarded to the author appears to-day absurdly niggardly. Yet Miss Austen herself was so little accustomed to recognition that she wrote to Murray that she had nothing to complain of in the review, except the total omission of all reference to *Mansfield Park*.

The slowness of the growth of her reputation is, no doubt, even more than the sequestered and uneventful character of her life, the reason why, for at least fifty years after her death, so little was known to the world of the personality of Jane Austen. Macaulay's saying, that if only he could have got materials, he would himself have written a memoir of "that wonderful woman," and have put up a memorial to her in Winchester Cathedral with the proceeds, has often been quoted. The publication of the *Memoir* in 1870 by her nephew and correspondent, James Edward Austen-Leigh, was the first real source of information. It gives an artless but very successful and convincing picture, and it is never likely to be superseded or indeed equalled. As the authors of the new *Life and Letters* say, "it must always remain the one first-hand account of her," for it is based on the direct personal knowledge of the author and his two sisters. But, since 1870, the popularity of Jane Austen, and the demand for further knowledge of her, has steadily increased. And of late, as the authors of the *Life and Letters* observe and as their bibliography proves, new editions, biographies, and criticisms have been "almost too numerous to count."

But, though the detail of our information has been greatly added to since the original *Memoir*, nothing has been added in essentials to the portrait drawn by the nephew who knew her. And not all the new information

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is of any value. I am very sorry to see that both Mr Cornish and the authors of the *Life and Letters*, like most recent writers, treat the story of the supposed "romance" very seriously. It is high time that a protest was made against this. The actual evidence is of the flimsiest; and, this being so, it is little less than an outrage that the story should be so generally accepted.

The supposed "romance" rests entirely on the evidence of Miss Caroline Austen, the sister of the author of the *Memoir*. She only committed the story to writing at a date subsequent to the publication of the *Memoir*, and, even if her accuracy is unimpeachable, her statement comes to very little. I give it in full as it is quoted in the *Life and Letters*:

"All that I know is this. At Newtown, Aunt Cassandra was staying with us when we made acquaintance with a certain Mr H. E., of the Engineers. He was very pleasing and very good looking. My aunt was very much struck with him, and I was struck by her commendation; she so rarely admired strangers. Afterwards, at another time—I do not remember exactly when—she spoke of him as of one so unusually gifted with all that was agreeable, and said that he reminded her strongly of a gentleman whom they had met one summer when they were by the sea—I think she said in Devonshire; I don't think she named the place, and I am sure she did not say Lyme, for that I should have remembered—that he seemed greatly attracted by my Aunt Jane—I suppose it was an intercourse of some weeks—and that when they had to part (I imagine he was a visitor also, but his family might have lived near) he was urgent to know where they would be the next summer, implying or perhaps saying that he should be there also, wherever it might be. I can only say that the impression left on Aunt Cassandra was that he had fallen in love with her sister, and was quite in earnest. Soon afterwards they heard of his death. Mr H. E. also died of a sudden illness soon after we had seen him at Newtown, and I suppose it was that coincidence of early death that led my aunt to speak of him—the

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unknown—at all. I am sure she thought he was worthy of her sister, from the way in which she recalled his memory, and also that she did not doubt, either, that he would have been a successful suitor.”

All that we have then is Miss Caroline Austen's recollection of Cassandra's recollection; and the story of each is separated by very many years from the events to which it refers. It is not at all clear how much of the above statement is a reproduction of what Cassandra actually said, and how much is merely Miss Caroline Austen's inference. And, on the face of it, it does not appear that Cassandra said more than that the gentleman in question was an admirer of Jane, and that he was attractive. That Jane returned the admiration, still more that she fell seriously in love, there appears to be no evidence whatever other than Miss Caroline Austen's surmise more than seventy years after the event.

That the total insufficiency of this evidence has not been more noticed is due, I believe, partly to the fact that most persons like sentiment and are disposed to be credulous rather than critical in their attitude to any supposed love-affair. (Indeed, they have a subconscious feeling that a life without such an experience is lacking in interest.) And it is partly due to the delicacy and truthfulness of the representation in *Persuasion* of Anne Elliot's exercise of the "privilege" which she claims for her sex—the privilege "of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone." It is suggested that Jane Austen could not have depicted Anne so convincingly unless she had shared her sad experience. But surely this is a most dangerous line of argument, when we are dealing with a writer of acknowledged genius.

Of course, it is impossible in this matter to prove a negative. But when we think of the reticence about all her deeper feelings, which is one of Jane Austen's most strongly marked characteristics, and which caused Cassandra deliberately to destroy the more serious part of Jane's letters to herself, it seems little less than shocking for the literary critic to intrude uninvited, and on such

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scanty evidence to put forward a "secret history" of her heart. "In this case," say the writers of the *Life and Letters*, "the author of the *Memoir* was rather reticent." I could wish that his example had been more generally followed.

There is one other small matter on which Mr Cornish does not satisfy at least one reader. He occasionally adopts too apologetic a tone in dealing with some of the expressions in Jane's letters to Cassandra. He is, for the most part, as I thankfully admit, engaged in rebutting the accusation, against the writer of the letters, of heartlessness or impropriety. But in part he seems to admit it. Is not this to take the letters too seriously? Poor Cassandra! We certainly owe her a grudge for her holocaust. But she acted out of respect for her sister's memory, in destroying all the letters which seemed to her of interest. And she did indeed overreach herself, if serious moral charges are to be founded on the apparent triviality or hastiness of the letters that remain! But is not any serious comment on the writer's character or taste out of place? We all constantly say things in conversation which we only half mean. And in conversation with our intimates we say things which, taken by themselves, or taken too seriously, would wholly misrepresent us. We are off our guard because we can trust those who love and understand us not to misinterpret what we say, but to make the necessary qualifications. But Jane's letters to Cassandra are really only conversation, and conversation precisely of this unguarded kind. For the literary critic, who was never meant to overhear it—and who only does overhear it through an accident which either Jane or Cassandra would certainly have prevented could they have foreseen its possibility—to step in and to find in these intimate trivialities the basis for a solemn moral indictment, is surely to misunderstand his own business.

An estimate of Jane Austen's literary aims and powers falls more properly within the province of the critic. In spite of the long interval between the composition of her

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earlier and later books, her work is very much of one piece. But it is not entirely impossible to trace development; and the authors of the *Life and Letters* are surely right in holding that *Northanger Abbey* is the true type of her earliest work. Though it was actually written after *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice*, it was finally prepared for the press in 1803, while they were carefully revised nearly ten years later. In *Northanger Abbey*, as in some of the early unpublished burlesques of which we are allowed glimpses in the *Life and Letters*, we see Jane Austen influenced chiefly by reaction from the crude sentiment and melodrama of such writers as Mrs Radcliffe. And *Northanger Abbey* is, in tone, the most youthful of all the novels. In none of the others is there so much sheer riotous high spirits; the fun is at times almost boisterous. "Now I may dismiss my heroine to the sleepless couch which is the true heroine's portion—to a pillow strewn with thorns and wet with tears. And lucky may she think herself if she gets another good night's rest in the course of the next three months." We get the same refrain in *Sense and Sensibility*. "Marianne would have thought herself very inexcusable had she been able to sleep at all the first night after parting with Willoughby. She would have been ashamed to look her family in the face next morning, had she not risen from her bed in more need of repose than when she lay down in it. But the feelings which made such composure a disgrace left her in no danger of incurring it. She was awake the whole night, and she wept the greatest part of it. She got up with a headache, was unable to talk, and unwilling to take any nourishment, giving pain at every moment to her mother and sisters and forbidding all attempt at consolation from either. Her sensibility was potent enough."

It is in the interests of sincerity and realism that the conventions of the romantic novel are thus ruthlessly satirized. Catherine Morland, it is true, is allowed to marry her first love, Henry Tilney; but the romantic element is kept severely in check. "I must confess that

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his affection originated in nothing better than gratitude; or, in other words, that a persuasion of her partiality for him had been the only cause of his giving her a serious thought. It is a new circumstance in romance, I acknowledge, and dreadfully derogatory of a heroine's dignity; but if it be as new in common life, the credit of a wild imagination will at least be all my own." Marianne Dashwood in *Sense and Sensibility* is even worse treated. "Marianne Dashwood was born to an extraordinary fate. She was born to discover the falsehood of her own opinions, and to counteract by her conduct her most favourite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship voluntarily to give her hand to another, and that other a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment, whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married, and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat."

The violence of this reaction from sentimentalism was too much for many readers. Scott himself was moved to remonstrance; and the whole of the last paragraph of his *Quarterly* article is devoted to a spirited protest. "The youth of this realm need not at present be taught the doctrine of selfishness. It is by no means their error to give the world or the good things of the world all for love; and before the authors of moral fiction couple Cupid indivisibly with calculating prudence, we would have them reflect, that they may sometimes lend their aid to substitute more mean, more sordid, and more selfish motives of conduct, for the romantic feelings which their predecessors fanned into too powerful a flame." This is not entirely just. And, in any case, the value of Scott's protest is considerably discounted by the fact that he is guilty of the egregious mistake of supposing that Elizabeth's change of feeling towards Darcy is produced by the sight of his house and grounds. It is sufficient reply to this insinuation to point out that this is the very reason which Elizabeth herself gives, in her ironical self-justifica-

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tion to Jane; though Professor Bradley remarks with some severity that "anyone capable of seriously making the remark will take this for a confession of its truth." But in *Pride and Prejudice* prudence is always regulated by good feeling. Elizabeth's views are very different from those of Charlotte Lucas, and her condemnation of her friend's "prudent" match is even stern. "You shall not, Jane, for the sake of one individual, change the meaning of principle and integrity, nor endeavour to persuade yourself or me that selfishness is prudence, and insensibility of danger security for happiness."

Nevertheless there is a real, though slight, change of tone in the later novels, a change noticed by Whately in the 1821 *Quarterly* article. This appears even in *Mansfield Park*, where Sir Thomas Bertram's disapproval of Fanny's refusal of Henry Crawford is evidently represented as arising from the same false scheme of values which spoiled the education of his own daughters and which was responsible for the final catastrophe. But it is, of course, in *Persuasion* that the change is most marked. It is instructive to compare the mistakes of Mrs Dashwood in *Sense and Sensibility* with those of Lady Russell in *Persuasion*. Each is a good woman: each is thoroughly well-meaning: yet each seriously endangers the happiness of a dearly-loved daughter or friend. But Mrs Dashwood's mistake arises from excess of sentiment and lack of common worldly prudence; while it is from too much of this worldly prudence that Lady Russell prevents the marriage which would have brought happiness to Anne Elliot. "How eloquent could Anne Elliot have been! how eloquent at least were her wishes on the side of early warm attachment, and a cheerful confidence in futurity, against that over-anxious caution which seems to insult exertion and distrust Providence! She had been forced into prudence in her youth; she learned romance as she grew older—the natural sequel of an unnatural beginning."

This passage is so startlingly apposite a rejoinder to the reproaches of the *Quarterly*—especially if each is read in

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its immediate context—that it is natural to suspect some direct connexion between the two. The dates seem to make this just, but only just, possible. Scott's article is in the *Quarterly* which is dated October, 1815, but which did not actually appear till March, 1816. Had it not been so late, it could not have contained an article on *Emma*, for *Emma* was not published till late in December, 1815. We know that Jane Austen read the article, for an extract from her letter to Murray about it is given in the *Life and Letters*, but the date of this letter is not given. Now *Persuasion* had been begun before Jane Austen's visit to London in October, 1815. It was, presumably, suspended during her two months in London, when her time must have been filled with nursing her brother, Henry, in his dangerous illness and with seeing *Emma* through the press. The first draft was finished on July 18, and the end was re-written in August. There is, therefore, just time for Jane Austen's reading of the *Quarterly* article to have influenced her in the writing of the passages of *Persuasion* which condemn excessive prudence so explicitly. If there is no direct connexion, it is at least a remarkable coincidence.

But it is not only in the view taken of marriage that there is development in the later novels. The high spirits become less boisterous and perhaps even less buoyant; the delicacy and refinement which characterize all Jane Austen's work become more prominent. Fun, and even broad fun, there still is. Witness the account of Edmund Bertram's unburdening of his sorrows to Fanny Price after Miss Crawford's defection; or—in one of the passages over which the critics of taste have most shaken their heads—of Mrs Musgrove's "large and fat sighings over the destiny of a son whom alive nobody had much cared for. Personal size and mental sorrow have certainly no necessary proportions. A large bulky figure has as good a right to be in deep affliction as the most graceful set of limbs in the world. But, fair or not fair, there are unbecoming conjunctions, which reason will patronize in vain, which taste cannot tolerate, which ridicule will seize." But even here, where the remorseless sincerity of

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the writer causes her to say out candidly what most people feel, it is clear that she sees not only humour but pathos, and that she shares Captain Wentworth's sympathy and "consideration for all that was real and unabsurd in the parent's feelings." And characters such as Mr Woodhouse and Miss Bates are throughout handled with a tenderness which never allows us to forget the lovable in the ridiculous side of their characters.

In this connexion, it is interesting to compare the foils provided to Elizabeth Bennet and to Anne Elliot respectively. Elizabeth is contrasted with the fine-ladyish Miss Bingley, who thinks her a hoyden, Anne Elliot with the noisy Miss Musgroves. It is not merely that Anne's submissiveness is preferred to Louisa's self-will. When a crisis comes, it is the gentle Anne who keeps her head and whose force of character makes her useful. Both Anne Elliot and Fanny Price have naturally yielding temperaments, yet both are strong on occasion with the strength of sheer goodness and good sense. Fanny Price indeed is the most unpopular of all Jane Austen's heroines. *The Times* reviewer dismisses her as "a mere doormat." Even Professor Bradley admits that he makes "but a moderate success of the business" (of feeling for Fanny what the author meant him to feel). While Miss Gladstone, in the course of a vigorous reply in the *Nineteenth Century* ten years ago to the criticisms of Mr Lord on Jane Austen, makes the critic a present of Fanny Price. "Fanny," she writes, "would make an admirable clergywoman when she was Edmund's wife. The slight tincture of censoriousness, which never scolded but only manifested itself in disapproving mildness, was the exact thing for Edmund's rectory. It suited it to perfection. I can fancy Fanny a few years later, attired in dove-coloured silk, a Paisley shawl and a coal-scuttle bonnet, demurely sitting in the rectory pew, gazing with eyes of meek reverence at Edmund in gown and bands, as he preached the driest of sermons. I can fancy Fanny's affectionate clasp of her little girl who has dropped off to sleep, and her glance of mild disapprobation at the smock-

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frocked Hodge who is audibly snoring. Yes, Fanny was cut out for her fate. But, I confess it with regret, she bores me exceedingly."

There is enough truth in this to give it edge, but it is essentially unjust. Fanny's frequent floods of tears may jar on the nerves of a generation accustomed to different manners: they are especially irritating, I fancy, to critics of her own sex. But Fanny is capable on occasion of maintaining her own good judgment, even against Edmund or Sir Thomas himself.

What are the principal literary criticisms which are brought against the novels? They appear to be two in number. First, it is said that they are dull. Jane Austen's merits are those only of the photographer. She reproduces faithfully the sayings and doings of a rather tedious society; and the reproduction necessarily shares the tedium of the original. There is, in her, none of the creative imagination that marks writers of the first rank. This is an old criticism. The writer of the *Memoir* tells us that to the majority of readers in her lifetime, her works appeared "tame and commonplace, poor in colouring and sadly deficient in incident and interest." And Scott, in his *Quarterly* article, makes the same criticism. "Characters of folly or simplicity, such as those of old Woodhouse and Miss Bates, are ridiculous when first presented, but if too often brought forward or too long dwelt upon, their prosing is apt to become as tiresome in fiction as in real society."

Curiously enough this criticism meets with what must surely have been an intentional reply in the later *Quarterly* article by Whately. "It is no fool who can describe fools well," he says. "Some have complained indeed of finding her fools too much like nature, and consequently tiresome; there is no disputing about tastes; all we can say is, that such critics must (whatever deference they may outwardly pay to received opinions) find the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Twelfth Night* very tiresome." Whately is obviously right. But we do not need to quote authority here. It is a great mistake to think of Jane

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Austen's art as being merely photographic and not at all creative. To think this would be to equate Jane Austen with a writer like Trollope against whom such an accusation might conceivably lie. But we have only to put the comparison into words for its ridiculous nature to become apparent. The superiority of the earlier writer does not depend only on the brilliance of her style and phrasing,* it rests even more on the nature of her characters. She is indeed the keenest of observers; but her art is so far from being *merely* reproductive that, in it, selection is carried to the point of genius. Thus her most successful creations are at once extraordinarily universal and extraordinarily individual. And that is why Elizabeth Bennet, Mr Collins, Mrs Norris, Miss Bates, and a whole host of others *live* in our memory, as do none of Trollope's characters, with the doubtful exceptions of Mr Harding and Mrs Proudie.

The second charge that is brought against Jane Austen is that her range is extremely narrow; that she merely described the world of our grandmothers, and that this world was almost infinitely small. We could never have guessed from her quiet chronicle of the humours and elegancies of polite society in the English countryside that, in these very years, Europe was full of wars and the rumours of wars and of the explosion of volcanic forces. Sailors, and still more soldiers, only figure in her pages as they affect the amenities of young ladies' lives at garden-parties or their equivalent. This, no doubt, is true, but it is unimportant. Jane Austen wrote about human nature. And human nature is essentially the same whatever its setting, whether in full dress or not, whether on a large stage or on a small. Indeed, Elizabeth Bennet's statement of the matter is final.

"I did not know before," said Bingley, "that you were a studier of character. It must be an amusing study."

* When Mr Cornish in his summing up (p. 235) begins a list of Jane Austen's "obvious faults" by saying "She has no remarkable distinction of style," I find myself wholly at a loss. I simply cannot guess what he means.

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"Yes; but intricate characters are the *most* amusing. They have at least that advantage."

"The country," said Darcy, "can in general supply but few subjects for such a study. In a country neighbourhood you move in a very confined and unvarying society."

"But people themselves alter so much that there is something new to be observed in them for ever."

A great deal of the criticism made upon Jane Austen rests upon a thoroughly vicious principle, the principle that it is a profitable mode of comment on any great writer to point out that he is lacking in the special excellence which characterizes someone else. Mr Chesterton has uttered a much-needed protest against this sort of thing in his monograph on Browning. Authors, he says, "are blamed for not doing, not only what they have failed to do to reach their own ideal, but what they have never tried to do to reach every other writer's ideal. If we can show that Browning had a definite ideal of beauty and loyally pursued it, it is not necessary to prove that he could have written *In Memoriam* if he had tried." So here, it is gravely alleged that Jane Austen has not the passion of Charlotte Brontë or the philosophic depth of George Eliot. This is undeniable: she could not have written *Jane Eyre* or *Romola* if she had tried. Neither could Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot have written *Pride and Prejudice*. And so this path leads us back to our starting-point, and we are advanced no whit on our proper business—the determining the nature and value of Jane Austen's peculiar talent.

But if we ask ourselves why it is that we can continue to read and re-read these books with so much delight, I suppose we must answer that it is first and foremost because of the wonderful gallery of portraits to which we are introduced, and secondly because the dialogue is so sparkling and the workmanship with which the portraits even of the minor characters are sketched is so exquisite, that the most familiar reader can be sure of detecting some new touches, which had hitherto escaped

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him, at every fresh perusal. I subjoin one or two examples of these vignettes, taken almost at random: the number might be multiplied indefinitely. There are the Miss Bertrams, whose "vanity was in such good order that they seemed to be quite free from it, and gave themselves no airs; while the praises attending such behaviour, secured and brought round by their aunt, served to strengthen them in believing that they had no faults." Then there is Mrs Allen, "whose vacancy of mind and incapacity for thinking were such that, as she never talked a great deal, so she could never be entirely silent; and therefore, while she sat at work, if she lost her needle or broke her thread, if she heard a carriage in the street or saw a speck upon her gown, she must observe it aloud, whether there was anyone to answer her or not." And, lastly, there is Mrs Ferrars, "a little thin woman, upright even to formality in her figure, and serious even to sourness in her aspect. Her complexion was sallow and her features small, without beauty, and naturally without expression; but a lucky contraction of the brow had rescued her countenance from the disgrace of insipidity, by giving it the strong characters of pride and ill-nature. She was not a woman of many words, for, unlike most people, she proportioned them to the number of her ideas."

Of the heroines, Anne Elliot needs no praise. Neither does Elizabeth Bennet, the supreme among Jane Austen's creations; though I am surprised that even Professor Bradley should think it necessary to defend her seriously from the charge of "impertinence": a charge, it will be remembered, which was first made by Miss Bingley, when she expressed the hope to Darcy that "if I may mention so delicate a subject" you will "endeavour to check that little something, bordering on conceit and impertinence, which your lady possesses." Even Catherine Morland, through all her silliness, has been found generally engaging and attractive. Of Fanny Price I have spoken already. But I should like to put in one word for Emma. Jane Austen, as is well known, spoke of her as "a heroine

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whom no one but myself will much like"; and in this she showed herself a true prophet. Even Miss Brinton, the author of *Old Friends and New Fancies: an Imaginary Sequel to the Novels of Jane Austen*, shows clearly that she has small liking for Emma. And indeed Emma's faults are obvious. But her saving grace is a most winning magnanimity. We must inevitably start by disliking her, but there is perhaps hardly any other character in fiction who so steadily grows upon us, until, in the end, our justifiable prejudice is vanquished by her charm.

With her men, I fear it must be admitted, Jane Austen is less successful. They never so live that we can enter into them and see the scene in which they are taking part through their own eyes, as we perpetually see it through the eyes of her heroines. The grotesques indeed are splendid, such as Mr Collins, Mr Woodhouse, and, in a more commonplace way, John Thorpe—"the Bang-up Oxonian" as Whately calls him. Mr Bennet again, and some of the minor characters such as Sir John Middleton, are quite successful. Moreover Jane Austen is exceptionally skilful in the presentation of several specimens of the same type, who remain entirely distinct and individual. Thus Wickham, Willoughby, Henry Crawford, and Frank Churchill—to take them in an ascending order—are all specimens of one type: the attractive, but fundamentally shallow and selfish, young man. But no one of them could be mistaken for any of the others.

But it is when we come to the heroes themselves that it is difficult to avoid some disappointment. Of these only Darcy—and, in a very much lesser degree, Captain Wentworth—has any life in him. The insipidity of Edward Ferrars is such as to reflect discredit backwards on to Elinor Dashwood, and to go near to killing the interest we are meant to take in her. The woman who can love so feeble a creature cannot, we feel, be very interesting herself. When she seems to have lost him, we cannot drop a single tear; and when she regains him, we can feel no sympathetic thrill.

I know that many readers have an affection for Knight-

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ley; "perhaps the most attractive of Jane Austen's heroes," as Mr Cornish thinks him. But I must confess that to myself he seems, perhaps, a little superior to Edmund Bertram, yet, like Edmund, both a little of a stick and a little of a prig. But each worshipper, I suppose, has a point at which his own faith falters. And this confession will very properly be met by the same righteous scorn which I myself have expressed for the backslidings of others.

To describe Jane Austen as a realist, is, no doubt, to state a truism. Within the field of her own observation, she describes people as they are, with almost uncanny accuracy. It is in some respects a small field, but it is a field with which most of us are familiar. When we pass from the world of everyday life into the world of Jane Austen, there is little shock of change. A few of the externals of manners are different, but we meet living and breathing men and women, much as we have always known them. We are led to look on at the comedy of life, benevolently indeed, yet with a keen appetite for the ridiculous. Without illusions yet without unkindness, without impatience yet without indifference, we are shown real life as we know it ourselves, neither darkened by passion, nor interpreted by philosophy, nor transfigured by "the light that never was on sea or land." The work of few writers is so entirely free from "subjectivity." Jane Austen has more than once been compared in certain respects with Shakespeare himself; and the comparison has been made the object of ridicule. But she certainly shares more than a little of the quality which hides the man behind the work, and which makes it difficult to guess, for all his great creations, what manner of man was the poet himself.

All this is plain. It is perhaps less plain that, as Professor Bradley points out in the best essay that has been written on her,* Jane Austen is not only a humorist but a moralist; not, I think, exactly a *didactic* moralist, in spite of the titles of the first two published works, yet still a

* In vol. II of *Essays and Studies: By Members of the English Association*.

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moralist. Her moral teaching is indirect rather than direct. But what breathes through all her work is an instinctive shrinking—almost morbid in its hatred of morbidity—from all that is pretentious, or insincere, or cheaply sentimental. She will do anything; she will take refuge in frivolity, and even in the appearance of cynicism; rather than desecrate her deepest feelings by laying them bare to the public view. This is Jane Austen as we meet her in the *Memoir* and in the *Life and Letters*; and this is Jane Austen as, in spite of her studious self-concealment, we might have surmised her to be from the novels themselves.

WALTER MOBERLY.

THE BUDGET

IT is likely that men of the next generation may come to look back upon the Budget of 1914-15 as marking an epoch. From their vantage ground of posterity they will recognize it as in some sort the beginning of a Revolution. For what other word will describe the change? In the past the Chancellor of the Exchequer was regarded as the natural guardian of the public purse, the man whose watchful and jealous scrutiny the representatives of the great spending departments of the State had always to reckon with, and sometimes to fear. All that is over and done with. The sheep-dog of the flock has become the leader of the wolves. It is Mr George who conducts the boldest raids on the Treasury, and initiates the most costly schemes for experimental legislation. Taxation which formerly was thought of as a necessary evil is now regarded as a sort of fertilizing dew which drops from Heaven at the bidding of an accomplished Chancellor. The new view of his functions pictures him with a beneficent watering pot, and the larger the area he can wet the more conspicuous his merits as a financier. What was formerly viewed as a curse is now seen to be a blessing, and the electors are rejoicing in the delightful discovery that the bigger the Budget the better for the people.

For the Budget is now hailed as the most important legislative measure of the year, and the most potent weapon not only for effecting a redistribution of the national wealth, but also for the prevention of those inequalities of fortune which have accompanied the growth of our own and every other civilization. When opinions of this sort are current among the masses of the electors why should a Chancellor hesitate, or be afraid of new taxation? And to do him justice Mr George has not been afraid. In a time of profound peace, in a year of record trade, when the statistics of unemployment are lower than ever they were before, the Chancellor, appointed by the party of retrenchment and reform, is committing the

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nation to new obligations which will amount this year to nearly ten millions, and next year to nearly nineteen.

A deficit on the year was inevitable owing to the unforeseen expenditure on the navy, but if the Chancellor had been so minded it need not have exceeded five millions. Allowing for a further expansion of £2,412,000 in the yield from the existing sources of revenue Mr George found himself with an estimated income of £200,655,000 to meet an estimated outgo of £205,985,000. The resultant problem how to make ends meet would have satisfied most men; but Mr George, accepting the new theories as to the purposes of taxation, has thought this a suitable moment to add millions to the grants now given to the local authorities to assist them to bear the burdens imposed on them by Parliament. An extra four millions is to be provided this year, and something over another nine millions next year. So that the national expenditure which twenty years ago stood at £100,900,000 will this year come to £210,203,000, and in 1915-16 will rise to £219,280,000. The official analysis of the Budget shows the following additional items of expenditure for the coming year:—

Insurance	£1,000,000
Education	586,000
Public Health and Local Taxation	2,432,000
Valuation	80,000
Collection of proposed additional duties	45,000
Proposed increase to low-wage employees	75,000
<hr/>	
Total expenditure on new items	£4,218,000

In the past no Chancellor faced with a deficit of five millions would have thought of committing the country to further expenditure. Mr George is more happily situated. The spending of the extra millions will mean benefits for many and the Chancellor will see to it that

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the new taxation shall inconvenience only a few. There we have the explanation and the danger of the new Finance. With the exception of one million which is to be taken from the sinking fund, the whole burden of the new taxes is to be laid on the back of a single class in the community—the class that pays the income tax. This is a bolder departure than anything attempted in the famous Budget of five years ago. Then Mr George increased the Death duties and the income tax, and at the same time invented the super tax and the new taxes on land values; but while adding heavily to the direct taxes he at the same time increased the indirect taxes by raising the duties on tobacco and whisky, and imposing a duty on petrol. In the Chancellor's new proposals the dual system is abandoned and the whole of the new taxation is raised by a direct toll upon property. What that means may be stated in terms of politics, thus: the electors of the United Kingdom number about eight millions; of these about 1,200,000 pay income tax; a sum which two years hence will amount to £15,000,000 is to be transferred annually from the pockets of a small minority and distributed among the wage-earners who constitute the great majority of the electors. That represents a policy which may or may not be wise, but at any rate it is not likely to be unpopular.

The *Spectator*, repeating an argument which was good in the days of our fathers, urges that direct taxes have this advantage over indirect taxes that the taxpayer understands what he is paying, and there is always the possibility of his being made to recognize the extent to which he is being pillaged. Quite so. The odd million of people who pay income tax recognize the extent of their new burden quite well—but how does that help them? The seven million electors among whom the benefit is distributed have the same knowledge, and are well pleased, and their pleasure is the strength of the Chancellor. For the first time it is pleasant for a Chancellor to announce taxation. New expenditure has become positively popular—that is the Revolution. The sheet

ON June 22—since this article was in print—Mr Samuel announced on behalf of the Government that the temporary grants for this year in relief of rates would be postponed. In consequence, as less money will be required, persons who would have been liable to pay at the rate of 1s. 4d. in the pound will be allowed to escape, for this year only, with payments at the rate of 1s. 3d. This reduction of a penny is not given all round, but is limited to “unearned” incomes above £500 a year, and to “earned” incomes which are above £2,500 a year.

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anchor of the national thrift, and the greatest of all the checks upon the extravagance of a Government, the fear of the displeasure of the people, has disappeared.

This fact, that all the new taxes are piled on the shoulders of a single class, so governs the political situation that details of the incidence of the taxes seem dwarfed into insignificance. From the point of view of the individual, however, the subject is apt to be of painful interest. The following statement, drawn up by Mr Chiozza Money, shows at a glance what our modern income tax system now amounts to:

Incomes not exceeding £160 a year pay no tax.

Small and moderate incomes are relieved from taxation by being only taxed in part—i.e., abatements are allowed according to the size of the income. Over £700 a year there are no abatements.

Earned incomes up to £1,000 a year are taxed ninepence in the pound. If earned incomes exceed £1,000 a year they are taxed at the following rates:

	s.	d.
£1,000 to £1,500	0	10½
£1,500 to £2,000	1	0
£2,000 to £2,500	1	2
£2,500 and upwards	1	4

Unearned incomes up to £300 are taxed at one shilling; up to £500, one shilling and twopence; and over £500 at one shilling and fourpence, with no graduation above the abatement line of £700.

Finally comes the Super Tax, which is really a second Income Tax. This is payable on all incomes exceeding £3,000, but the first £2,500 is exempt. The scale of the Super Tax is as follows:

On incomes over £3,000:

On the first £2,500	Nil
On the next £500	5d. in the £
Up to the next £1,000	7d. in the £
Up to the next £1,000	9d. in the £
Up to the next £1,000	11d. in the £
Up to the next £1,000	1s. 1d. in the £
Up to the next £1,000	1s. 3d. in the £
On the remainder	1s. 4d. in the £

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It will be noted that the graduation of the super-tax ends at £8,000 a year. This seems a little surprising. It might reasonably be supposed that a man with £50,000 a year would have more superfluous cash to play with than a neighbour with an annual income of only £10,000, but in proportion to his income the former pays only at the same rate as the latter. The Chancellor's moderation in this connexion is only partially explained by a reference to the new taxes on the dead. When Sir William Harcourt invented the death duties he justified the new burden on the ground that it was a convenient substitute for a graduated income tax, since then we have had a graduated tax in addition to the death duties, and now Mr George levels up both together. The duty on estates between £60,000 and £200,000 is increased by one per cent, and from that point further additions are made until on an estate of a million 20 per cent is charged instead of 15 as hitherto. So that when a millionaire dies one-fifth of his property will be appropriated by the State. But here again we are left wondering why graduation should stop abruptly at fortunes of a million.

Mr Asquith's speech last December led many to believe that it was part of the Government policy to broaden the base of the income tax by lowering the limit of exemption. Nothing of the sort has happened. On the contrary, further relief has been allowed in the cases of persons having an unearned income of £300 or under. These will pay 2d. in the pound less than before. This was not intended by Mr George. When the Budget, after full consultation with the official advisers of the Treasury, was introduced, the new basic rate of 1s. 4d. per pound, subject to abatements for incomes under £700, was made applicable to all unearned incomes over £160. At the first whisper of opposition Mr George threw over his advisers and his own considered resolution, and announced that persons having an unearned income between £300 and £500 would be left to pay at the old rate of 1s. 2d., while on unearned incomes below £300 the rate would be reduced from the old scale to one shilling. The sum thus

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lost to the revenue is officially estimated at £370,000. In view of the large number of people from whom this sum had to be collected it may be thought it was hardly worth the trouble of getting it in. Mr George has no illusion on that point. It is the remission of the tax and not its collection which is expensive. Companies paying dividends deduct at the full rate of 1s. 4d. They cannot be expected to know the total amount of the private incomes of their shareholders, and so people whose unearned income is below £500 have to claim repayment from the income tax authorities. These claims will involve the creation of a new set of officials, and this work will be the more arduous because a multitude of people who would not take the trouble to claim a return of 2d. in the pound, will be induced to apply when they can claim a return of 4d.

In other ways Mr George has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. In hard cases where death has been busy in a family, causing quick successions, substantial relief from the oppressive burden of death duties is allowed. When the second death occurs within one year an allowance of 50 per cent will be made, within two years the allowance is to be 40 per cent, within three years 30 per cent, within four years 20 per cent, and within five years 10 per cent. This relief extends not only to landed property but to plant, machinery and stock-in-trade. Another welcome concession abolishes the limit of 25 per cent to the amount of repayment which can be claimed for the cost of maintenance and repairs in connexion with landed property. In future a landlord may deduct the whole cost of all legitimate repairs when making out his income tax return.

The enormous importance given by the new Budget to the income tax makes its essential inequalities under our present system of collection more than ever apparent. A bachelor with £1,000 a year is a rich man; while his neighbour, who, with the same income, has a wife and children to support, is poor. Mr George is quite aware of the injustice, and in the case of people with only £500 a

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year offers an allowance of 15s. per child. The thing is derisory. If the burden is to be fitted to the back, and taxation apportioned to the ability to pay, then the bachelor should pay at least twice as much as the married man who has to support a family.

Then take the case of husband and wife, whose incomes are lumped together for the purposes of the tax. All their lives they are told their incomes are one, and they have to pay accordingly, but when either dies, the survivor has to pay the death duties because their incomes were always separate. But if a man and woman, ignoring matrimony, prefer to live together in an irregular union, they are at once immensely favoured by the law. If such a couple have each an unearned income of £400 a year they are each entitled to deduct £150 before paying the tax, so that only £500 out of the £800, which forms the fund which goes to their common housekeeping, is liable to the income tax. But if they should desire to regularize their union, and to get married, then they are at once informed that their incomes are one, that no deductions can be allowed, and that the tax must be paid, at the rate of 1s. 4d. in the pound, on the whole £800.

The graduation of the tax presents absurdities which can hardly be endured for long. There is none at all for unearned incomes between £700 a year and £3,000! If a man one year has an earned income of £1,000 and the next year one pound more he will find that the extra pound has cost him precisely £6 5s. 10d. While his income was only £1,000 he paid at the rate of 9d. but when it became £1,001 he became liable at the rate of 10½d. Again, if a man with an earned income of £2,500 should increase it by £20 he will find himself poorer than before, for his tax would at once go up from £145 to £166. Nor until the legitimate claims upon revenues are taken into account is it possible to approve the indiscriminate favour which is now shown to earned as opposed to unearned incomes. A bachelor who as a barrister, or publisher, or stockbroker, earns £1,450 a year, pays at the rate of 10½d. in the pound. A widow, with an income,

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from investments, of £750, and a young family to provide for has to pay at the rate of 1s. 4d.

On the other hand the income tax net is to be thrown further afield than ever before. Up till now income derived from foreign countries was taxed only when it was brought into the country. If a man, resident in London, had house property in New York, he was not liable to the British tax, unless and until he brought his American rents to England. When money which had accrued abroad was brought to this country it was assumed to come under the protection of English law, and therefore to be liable to British taxation. Under this system it was a common practice for wealthy men who had property abroad to reinvest the income on the spot, and so to add to their capital without paying income tax in this country. If later they liked to bring this accumulated capital home they could do so without charge. Mr George now makes the tax applicable to all incomes belonging to persons resident in this country, whether the money is brought here or not. The change will result in many hard cases. Take the case of an Australian who, for reasons of business or health, lives in London, while his family and his property are in New South Wales. That man will pay all the Australian taxes and then pay the British tax on the whole of his income as well. As income which is not brought to England owes nothing to the protection of British law, or police, the equity of the new arrangement is less apparent than its convenience to the Chancellor. That it will invite reprisals from foreign countries may be confidently anticipated.

We now come to what is really the most remarkable part of the new Budget. We have seen already that the additional sum to be paid over to the local authorities in relief of the rates amounts to over thirteen millions—which is roughly equivalent to a reduction of ninepence in the pound all round. It may be asked why Mr George, who is so lavish with the taxes, is so careful of the rates. He is not careful of the rates, and the money now given to the local authorities is intended to encourage and pro-

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mote a still greater expenditure at the expense of the ratepayers. If this seems a hard saying consider these words set down for *The New Statesman* by a writer who knows his subject well and is in full sympathy with the Chancellor. "We are, to put it shortly, to revert to the old system of definite grants in aid of specific services, not because those services are peculiarly 'national' in character, but because they are those in which we deliberately want to encourage the local authorities to spend money." That is frank, at any rate. The same writer, after noting that the total subventions from the Exchequer to local funds will be roughly equivalent to the product of a local rate of ninepence in the pound, goes on jubilantly to make it clear that a reduction of local expenditure is the last thing that is desired or intended.

But let not the ratepayer too quickly rejoice. It is true that all sorts of new and expensive services, at the cost of which he is groaning, are to be generously aided. There will be Grants for feeding hungry school children and for the cost of medical inspection and treatment. There will be increased Grants for police and criminal prosecutions. There will be a whacking big Grant for everything included in the Public Health Service. There will be new Grants for main roads, and even for secondary roads. There will be a carefully guarded Grant for Poor Relief. The vigilant administration of the Shops Act and of the Employment of Children Act will be encouraged by specific Grants. There will be more money for Tuberculosis, for Mental Deficiency, for Pathological Laboratories, for the provision for Maternity and the Nursing of the Sick, and what not. We are almost led to believe that, of all the local expenditure, only the building of new Town Halls and the voting of salaries to Mayors are to remain unstimulated by this fertilizing assistance. But the new Grants, unlike most of the old, are in no case to be fixed payments, on which the local authorities can count whether they do their duty or not. Nor are they to be computed, as lazy officials are always suggesting, upon any automatic basis of population or rateable value. The new Grants are to be in all cases dependent on the performance by the local authority of its definite statutory duties, up to a reasonable level of efficiency. If Little Pedlington neglects its cesspools, refuses to provide a pure water supply,

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fails to get its population decently housed, or ignores its obligation to bring its children, physically and mentally, up to the prescribed "National Minimum," it will, after fair warning, find its Grants docked, and its inhabitants subjected, accordingly, to an increased rate. Local neglect will, in fact, involve, not as now lower rates, but actually higher rates than local efficiency.

Surely the writer is well justified when he hails the new Finance as a Revolution. It represents the logical outcome of the view that taxation is not a burden but a blessing, and that the first object of a wise statesmanship should be to promote the flow of the fertilizing stream.

When the Prime Minister was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1906 he said: "In regard to the income tax, I do not hesitate to associate myself with the declaration of more than one of my predecessors that an income tax at a uniform rate of 1s. in the pound at a time of peace is impossible to justify. It is a burden on the trade of the country, which in the long run affects not only profits but wages." In his Budget speech in 1907 the Prime Minister said: "The income tax is really a twofold tax. It is a tax on property and a tax on earning." These warnings are disregarded by the Chancellor, but Mr Asquith is silent, and remains the figure-head of the Cabinet. Not the less the truth which underlay the Prime Minister's words still stands and we may well ask ourselves whither we are drifting. How will this orgy of expenditure affect the prosperity of the several classes of the community? Lord Esher, in a letter to *The Times* which has attracted some attention, contends that the burden of the new taxation in the long run falls upon the wage-earning classes, that if the rich are inconvenienced it is the poor who suffer. Lord Esher takes his own case as an example:

I am too old to have many vices, in the ordinary sense of the term. Such as I had I have regretfully abandoned. So that I possess no source from which to find the additional taxes I have to pay that will not entail parting from either servants, gardeners, keepers, chauffeurs, or people for whom I now provide wages and food, and who are again classed under the complimentary term of parasites.

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Does anyone suppose that my happiness will be much affected by the dismissal, say, of two or three gardeners or servants? A few more weeds or a less easy life for those left behind. That is all.

This illustration is unfortunate and misleading, and tends to obscure the truth it is meant to explain. The argument which underlies it will not bear examination. Consider what it comes to. If Lord Esher, instead of employing men to weed unwanted walks were to engage, say, twenty men to sit all day on his garden wall sucking their thumbs the sight might be impressive, and even suggest a pleasing sense of the powers and resources of an opulent Peer. But economically the result is the same whether a gang of men spend their lives pulling weeds that do not matter or in sitting on a wall and sucking their thumbs. If these men instead of ministering to an individual employer with a fruitless service were to be engaged in planting potatoes, or making boots, would not the whole community be the gainer? The money taken from Lord Esher will be used to supply meals to poor children, in sanitation, and in the provision of better houses of working men. Even if the money were to go in doles, as in pensions to the aged, it would mean a new demand for the products of the labour of men in the field and the mine and the factory. If the dismissal of old servants presents itself to Lord Esher and others similarly situated as the only, or at least most obvious, way of effecting a small economy, no doubt there will be a time of inconvenience and even distress for the men sent adrift. In the long run, however, there can be no doubt that the community as a whole would be the gainers.

But Lord Esher's unfortunate presentment of his case must not obscure from us the fact that in his main contention—that in the long run the poor suffer most from excessive taxation—he is absolutely right. If we get his reasoning out of the way, this will be apparent. The differentiation between earned and unearned income for the purposes of taxation means that the investor has to carry a heavier burden than his neighbours. His income from existing investments is now to be further reduced, because the

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tax at the higher rate of 1s. 4d. will now be deducted from his dividends. But capital will require, and in the long run certainly get, such an increase in the nominal rate of interest as will provide the former net return. In other words, unearned income will soon get compensated for the new tax. We may see that process at work every day. Why have Consols fallen? No doubt there are several contributing causes, but the main one is the fact that ever-growing taxation has made investors dissatisfied with the small return to be obtained in the public funds. During the worst days of the South African War Consols never fell below $93\frac{3}{4}$, and at its close the Government were able to borrow £32,000,000 of Consols at $93\frac{1}{2}$. To-day Consols stand at 74; and if in the face of a war in Europe we had to borrow again they would probably fall to 64. But the failure of the national credit is not the evil which most immediately affects the wage earners. Under the pressure of taxation the general rate of interest has gone up fully one per cent during the last twenty years. That means a heavy addition to the fixed charges of every business in the country. The additional cost is very quickly transferred to the consumer, and then astonished politicians complain that the price of living and indeed of all commodities has gone up. And it need hardly be pointed out that in a time of slack trade a high rate of interest is a check to production, and therefore to employment.

Finally, there is no use scolding capital because it seeks to protect itself against a profligate system of public finance. It is always easier, and much pleasanter, whether for a man or a community, to spend than to save. There must be a margin of inducement to lead anyone to accumulate rather than to scatter, and a high rate of taxation in life and after death weakens at once the will and the power to save. If the reward for saving becomes less, then the effort to save will also become less, and when capital becomes scarce, and is therefore competed for, the reward of labour necessarily falls. If wages will not buy what they used to do it is the tax gatherer who is largely to blame.

J. G. SNEAD-COX.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

THE opening chapters of Mother Pollen's *Biography of Mother Mabel Digby* (John Murray, 12s.) have in them something of the fragrance of the *Récit d'une Sœur* and that other story, so much akin, of the conversion of Natalie Narishkin and her family. We have a charming picture of a united English family of children in their country home, riding with their father, reading with their mother. Mrs Digby, a woman of intellect, became convinced, through her wide reading, of the truth of the Catholic faith and was received into the Church during a stay in the south of France. Mr Digby, on hearing of his wife's conversion, summoned his family together into the big dining-room of their *château*. He stood at one end of the room, his wife at the other, and the six children were told to choose which parent they would follow. Sixteen-year-old Mabel followed her father back to England, staunchly Protestant and scandalized at her mother's views. But a year after, her health breaking down, she rejoined her mother and sisters and their new circle of Catholic friends. Several of these girl friends began a campaign of prayers for Mabel's conversion. One of them made a pilgrimage to the Curé d'Ars to ask for his prayers: "God will soon have complete mastery over her heart," he predicted. No sign of any softening encouraged their hopes till suddenly a wonderful *coup de grâce* was manifested. Mabel was unwillingly present at Benediction in a mountain chapel after an excursion. She sat defiant and protesting till at the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament she sank to her knees and remained in deep contemplation long after the congregation had dispersed. "I am a Catholic. Jesus Christ has looked at me," were her only words and never throughout her life did she speak more explicitly of her experience during those moments. This

Mother Mabel Digby

was so typical of her, it seems to sum up her whole attitude towards God. Henceforward she was His, heart and soul. She had had the revelation which made her independent of human sympathy and understanding. Her reserve was complete, and through much physical suffering and much mental anxiety she preserved the unflinching courage and reticence of the soldier at his post. Mother Pollen impresses this characteristic over and over again upon her readers till the effect almost is to chill. But turn to the portrait on the frontispiece and study that warm, comely, smiling countenance, and the winning personality of this "Mother of eight thousand daughters" is fully explained.

The line which divides the Saint from one who merely fulfils perfectly his vocation is very subtle and difficult to define. But if, as Mother Pollen claims in one or two passages, Mother Digby can be called a Saint the "note" of her saintliness undoubtedly lies in that power and love of suffering in silence.

Apart from the personality of the Mother General, the chief interest of Mother Pollen's book is her detailed account of the gathering and breaking of the storm caused by the law of 1904, and the dispersal of the many houses of the Sacred Heart in France. The law itself in all its intricacies and iniquities is dealt with in a masterly manner, and the author's promise in a footnote of a further volume on the Separation Law is very acceptable. Mother Pollen gives some illuminating extracts from Ferdinand Buisson's *résumé* of the Commission of Enquiry into Congregational Teaching, which contain much ingenious and almost *naïve* argumentation that black is white. It was Mother Digby's triumph that, though the Society of the Sacred Heart suffered great financial loss, of all her eight thousand religious all were provided for, not one was secularized and the Society emerged from the crisis intact. In no community moreover was there ever any panic. The Mother General inspired them with confidence enough in herself to leave the decision as to their fate to her. She betrayed no sign of her intentions till

Some Recent Books

nearly the end of the suspense, and so good was the discipline amongst the communities that all had observed her desire that no discussion of the future should be allowed amongst the religious. Mother Pollen's narrative is excellent, and she has given us an altogether delightful and interesting book. C. B.

NO less than forty-five editions (and probably the number has increased still more recently) have testified to the appreciation by the French public of Louis Bertrand's work on St Augustine (Arthème, Fayard et Cie, 3.50 fr.), which has now been translated into English by Mr Vincent O'Sullivan (Constable & Co., 7s. 6d.) It would be very interesting if it were possible to know whether the popularity of the book is due to appreciation and affection for St Augustine's *Confessions*, or to the fact that the *Confessions* have been largely forgotten by the public. The book is an effort to reconstruct as far as possible the life and atmosphere and physical surroundings of its great hero. There are brilliant descriptions of the scenery of Thagaste, Carthage and Rome; there are learned disquisitions on the political situation. The Roman buildings; the chapels; the conditions under which men lived; the influence of the Roman rulers on their African subjects; the unruly students; the habits of the populace, are all described with a glowing eloquence. The book has much light and colour and movement. Why is it not more satisfying to some at least of the true lovers of the *Confessions*? Surely this is chiefly due to the fact that we are given so very rich a banquet of interwoven facts and imagination while we are not given the material for distinguishing one from the other. M. Bertrand has constructed his work from the writings of St Augustine, from a knowledge of the period, and from his loving study of the natural conditions of the scenes of the Saint's life. He has been to Thagaste, he has stood among the ruins of Carthage, he has lingered at Milan and at Cassicum. But he also analyses the characters in the drama as they appear to himself, and he

St Augustine's Confessions

makes suggestions and surmises and throws out hints of possibilities without giving us the means of judging the grounds on which he bases ideas that are only tentative perhaps, but which undoubtedly must have their influence on the reader's imagination. The result is at moments exasperating. For example, is there anything in the *Confessions* to justify the following description or even to *prove* that St Monnica and the mistress whom Augustine had brought from Carthage actually lived under the same roof?

To begin with [writes M. Bertrand] it is very natural that she should have suffered in her maternal dignity, as well as in her conscience as a Christian, by having to put up with the company of a stranger who was her son's mistress. However large we may suppose the house where the African tribe dwelt, a certain clashing between the guests was unavoidable. Generally, disputes as to who shall direct the domestic arrangements divide mother-in-law and daughter-in-law who live under one roof. What could be Monnica's feelings towards a woman who was not even a daughter-in-law and was regarded by her as an intruder? She did not consider it worth while to make any attempt at regulating the entanglement of her son by marrying them: this person was of far too low a class. It is all very well to be a saint, but one does not forget that one is the widow of a man of curial rank, and that a middle-class family with self-respect does not lower itself by admitting the first comer into its ranks by marriage. But these were secondary considerations in her eyes. The only one which could have really preyed on her mind is that this woman delayed Augustine's conversion. On account of her, as Monnica saw plainly, he put off his baptism indefinitely. She was the chain of sin, the unclean past under whose weight he stifled. He must be freed from her as soon as possible. Convinced therefore that such was her bounden duty, she worked continually to make him break off. . . . From that moment the separation became inevitable. How did the poor creature who had been faithful to him during so many years feel at this ignominious dismissal? What must have been the parting between the child Adeodatus and his mother? How, indeed, could Augustine consent to take him from her? Here, again, he has decided to keep silent on this painful drama, from a feeling of shame easy to understand. (English edition, p. 184.)

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As St Augustine did decide to keep silent and as he is the only witness to all that passed, surely it is rather hard to build up so fanciful a construction and that in a narrative form which must have a misleading impression on those who are ignorant of the *Confessions* and which astounds anyone who knows them well. Hatzfeld in his *Life of St Augustine* (p. 49) yields also a little to the temptation of imaginative suggestion in the following passage which makes an interesting contrast to M. Bertrand's picture, but at least he hastens to add the reference to the page in question so that we may judge for ourselves:

The mother of Adeodatus, who had followed him to Milan, yielding to Monnica's supplications, consented to separate from her son, and from Augustine; and it seems as if she, fortified by the example of Monnica in making this painful sacrifice, had in view the salvation of the soul of her son, and of him whom she had loved so well, for when she left them to return to Africa she made a vow never to belong to another, and to consecrate herself to God in seclusion. (*Confessions*, vi, 15.)

If the vow taken by the mother of Adeodatus that she "would never know any other man" meant, as Mr Hatzfeld concludes, that she had decided to embrace the religious life, it would sufficiently explain her leaving the boy with his father. The possibilities of such conjectures are endless—is it not better to respect the superb reticence of the narrative in which the author blames no one but himself?

An instance of a happier method is M. Bertrand's admirable treatment of the question as to what was the actual view on which Monnica and Augustine were gazing when they passed through "all the things of a material order, unto heaven itself," in the great scene at Ostia. In this case clear reasons are given for a conclusion tentatively put forward, and the reader can form an opinion of his own. It is a pity that the whole book is not equally cautious. There was evil in the old dry-as-dust

Lourdes

method of loading a classic with notes and disquisitions and appendices until it became an intolerable weight physically and mentally. But there is a greater danger still in an airy imaginative construction which does not even condescend to a bibliography. It may be popular with a public who loves to see works of genius reduced even to a cinema, but they would know far more of the real Augustine if they had been contented with his own words.

The translation has much of the liveliness and colour of the original, but it bears the marks of hasty work. If Mr O'Sullivan will look at the *Confessions* (p. 290, Dr Bigg's translation) he will see that "cependant" cannot be rendered "meanwhile" (p. 208) as Alypius showed the further verse to Augustine *before* they went together to tell Monnica the great good news of his conversion.

S.

OF the making of many books concerning Lourdes there is no end, and multitudinous, not to say diverse, are the aspects from which it is regarded. Years ago it was the correct thing for superior persons of all kinds to treat the manifestations which occurred there with contempt, if not altogether to ignore them, and to regard all concerned in them as knaves or dupes. Nowadays, and even in these islands, a more respectful attitude is assumed, such as that which we meet with in that pleasant book *The Corner of Harley Street*, or in the utterances of Sir Henry Butlin in the *British Medical Journal*, as quoted with approval in *Medicine and the Church* (of England *bien entendu*). This multitude of books and diversity of aspect is hardly wonderful when one considers that, as Mr Hilaire Belloc says in his preface to the book under review, "if men would, or could, detach themselves from their own time and place, Lourdes would be the most interesting business in the world."

M. Jørgensen (*Lourdes*. By Johannes Jørgensen. Trans. by Ingeborg Lund. London. Longmans, Green and Co., 1914. Price 2s. 6d.) has set himself the task of

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giving an impression of Lourdes as it appeared to a Danish visitor during his stay of eight days, and of pre-luding and accompanying this impression by an account of the original apparition at the place and a discussion of some of the arguments most commonly used against the authenticity of the miracles.

As regards the original story this is told mostly in the words of Bernadette herself, and is familiar to Catholic readers at any rate, though probably very imperfectly so to the Danish public, for whom this book was originally intended. The author's own experiences give an interesting and, we may add, a very vivid account of the daily life at Lourdes, which has certainly made it a living thing for at least one reader who has never visited that famous shrine.

The author's criticism of the various attacks which have been made upon the place will, for many, form the most interesting part of his book and a few words must now be devoted to this aspect of the question. There are, first of all, those who say—or who mean, for few of them are foolish enough or candid enough to say so *tout court*—that what happens there is not miraculous, because miracles do not occur there or anywhere else. Such was the attitude of Zola when he said, "I don't believe in miracles. Even if *all* the sick in Lourdes were cured in one moment I would not believe in them." With such there is no arguing.

Others maintain that whilst the cures occur, they are all due to "suggestion"—to-day the fashionable explanation of so many inexplicable things—and that hence they are no more miraculous than the cure of any disease by any remedy in the pharmacopœia.

To these may be commended Mr Belloc's very pertinent query: "If what happens at Lourdes is the result of self-suggestion, why cannot men, though exceptionally, yet in similar great numbers, suggest themselves into health in Pimlico or the Isle of Man."

And further, it may be asked whether medical science is acquainted otherwise with the *almost instantaneous*

Life of Florence Nightingale

cure of such organic lesions as those which existed in the cases of Léonie Lévêque and Marie Bailly, details of which will be found in this book?

Or again, can it be held that cures are likely to occur from self-suggestions in those instances where the patient has but a feeble, if any, belief in the place or the possibility of a cure? Such was the case with G. Gargam, whose case is described in this book, and, if we remember aright, also with Henri Laserre.

Lastly, there is the allegation that those who are said to have been cured rapidly relapse and become as ill as ever they were. This was not the case with the patients named above nor was it with Marie Lemarchand (the "Marie Guersant" of Zola's novel) a most remarkable case of recovery from lupus of an aggravated character. Nor was it the case with Marie Lebranchu ("La Gri-votte" of the same book). Zola makes her relapse but as a matter of fact she did not. Dr Boissarie, who had been his host at Lourdes, called on Zola in Paris to remonstrate with him on this perversion of the truth, for such in all sincerity it is, and was met by the reply "I suppose I am master of the persons in my own books and can let them live or die as I choose?"

This book is well translated, well printed and published at a very reasonable price, and we can commend it to those who desire, within a brief limit, to make acquaintance with the salient facts respecting the famous place of pilgrimage, Lourdes.

B. C. A. W.

SINCE the publication of Sir Edward Cook's *Life of Florence Nightingale* (Macmillan, 30s.) the popular picture of "The lady with a lamp" will seem not so much untrue as miserably inadequate. The biographer does not indeed ignore this picturesque and touching aspect of her work in the Crimea but he brings more fully home to us the extraordinary powers of mind and character which enabled Florence Nightingale to transform nursing both in the army and at home, to be indeed the founder of nursing as it is conceived to-day, to reform the English

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barracks, and the treatment of sick paupers, to do much for sanitary reform in India and to be "the Providence of the Indian Army." She called Sidney Herbert her "master" and they worked together inspiring one another: almost his last words were "Poor Florence, poor Florence, our joint work unfinished." Left lonely by his death she worked on without him in the teeth of opposition and officialdom, always thinking how little she had done, how much was yet to do, while in fact accomplishing as Jowett told her "more than any other woman." It is a singularly vivid impression of vigour and courage that the book gives and of an endless gallant activity. Once in Miss Nightingale's old age a cousin spoke in her presence of a dead relation as now at any rate at rest and in peace. "Miss Nightingale, who had been lying back on her pillows, sat up on the instant and said with full fire and vigour, 'Oh no, I am *sure* it is an immense activity.'" So she looked on life, as an immense activity—inspired by love of God and desire for perfection in herself and others. Religion meant to her the great driving power of life, but it never seems to have meant any deep place of peace. Was this perhaps in part because she could not receive the fullness of the Christian message, and so was always working at her own compromise for it? Her striving was gallant but restless, war with others and with herself.

It is interesting and suggestive to contrast Florence Nightingale with another great Englishwoman of our own day, Octavia Hill (*Life of Octavia Hill*, as told in her letters edited by C. Edmund Maurice. Macmillan, 16s.). She, too, was a reformer, not only on the question of housing the poor better and establishing more human relations between landlord and tenant, but also in the matter—seen to-day to be of vital importance—of securing open spaces and green trees and flowers in the heart of our cities. She, too, had a deeply religious nature, but she certainly found "peace and joy in believing." In her very struggles is a deep undernote of peace. She had indeed less opposition to bear than Florence Nightingale, she made it seem much less for she never laid stress on it

Life of Florence Nightingale

She lived too in an atmosphere of home sympathy and did not make herself a hermit as Florence Nightingale did in the latter half of her life—a busy hermit working in ill-health and isolation—not to be easily approached. This enabled Miss Nightingale to get through such an enormous amount of work, but Octavia Hill had more completely the human touch. She saw more clearly the beauty in life and character, her artist's soul answered to every lovely thing in nature and above all to the matchless beauty she saw in other human souls. Her girlhood's admiration for Ruskin and her studies under him taught her much of this fine appreciation but far more she learnt from her close personal contact with the poor. Her reverence for them and for every life with which she came in touch call to mind the simplicity and tenderness of a true Sister of Charity. It is hard to select any one fragment from the letters that will convey a true impression of the beauty of her character, but here is a piece of self-criticism that gives a glimpse of her inner life:

As to the gracious thoughtfulness for others, and silent self-control and sweet temper, I never had much gift for them; and I do fear that deeply as I honour them, and hard as I strive to live up to my ideal, I still fail very decidedly which is wrong. I used to think that time would soften passionate engrossment, and leave me leisure to perceive the little wants of others; but I think I pant with almost increasing passionate longing for the great things I see before me.

The *Life of Florence Nightingale* is a singularly complete book, and gives not only a picture of herself but a very definite notion of all that she accomplished, that of Octavia Hill leaves us wishing for much more. Her letters have, it is true, revealed her personality, but they leave the account both of her social work and her artistic side very inadequate: and where the letters badly need notes they are supplied in too scant measure or not supplied at all. The author has been too much afraid of making the book too long; we want more than has been given to us.

M. W.

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THE important questions, so often debated and so very imperfectly understood of the freedom of men of science as regards research and teaching is once more discussed by Fr Donat (*The Freedom of Science*. By Joseph Donat, S.J., D.D., Professor in Innsbruck University. London. B. Herder. Price 10s.). The book is not devoid of a prolixity quite German in its character, and though it is full of sound argument and valuable information it will, we fear, only be read by the few and not by the multitude. But whilst it is not intended to be what is commonly called a "popular" book it is one which should find a place in every student's library. It is well translated and well printed, and considering its size is not an expensive book. Great indignation having been exhibited in connexion with the filling of professorial posts in German Universities by Catholics, the allegation being that they were, by virtue of their religious belief, incapable of the honest and full investigation of scientific problems, Fr Donat sets himself to examine the question and to disprove the allegation. As regards research it is absurd to suppose that any kind of barrier is placed in the path of the scientific worker. Even in the classic instance of Galileo no one proposed to prevent him from researching as fully as he chose and on any lines selected by himself. And the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* clearly states this. It is when we get to the question of teaching that we approach more difficult ground. What can be safely said here is that all—all reasonable people at any rate—are agreed that the line with regard to teaching must be drawn somewhere. In Europe to-day no one, without great protest being made, would stand up and commend offences which were not dishonourable in classic Greece and which are still common in Oriental lands. Yesterday, so to speak, indignation would have been roused by the attacks now too openly made on the sanctity of the marriage tie, especially so in Germany where, according to our author, polygyny is set forward as the natural and the advisable state of society. In the days of Galileo the line was drawn

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still further down, and everything which even appeared to conflict with the literal meaning of the Scripture was forbidden to be taught.

Fr Donat maintains, and few will quarrel with him, that teachers cannot, in the interest of the State, be permitted to teach anything they choose on all kinds of subjects. Further, he claims that the Christian State has full power to prevent teaching which would undermine the faith of young minds, especially when that teaching claims as truth and represents as truth what are in reality only highly debatable theories; nay, more, he claims that the State has a grave responsibility in this matter. In debating the questions here outlined, the author gives his readers an immense amount of valuable information, particularly on points of history, which would otherwise have to be sought for in a library of books. All the same we should like to see this big book compressed into a small one suited for the ordinary reader who is much in need of something of the kind.

B. C. A. W.

JUDGING by *Father Ralph* and now by *Waiting* (*Waiting*. By Gerald O'Donovan. Macmillan. 6s. 1914) one may foretell considerable success for Mr O'Donovan's books. They contain the elements best suited to the British public, which does indeed want some truth, but angrily resents the whole truth, and is bored to tears by nothing but the truth. It is, moreover, most sentimentally susceptible to charm, and there is a deal of Irish charm, a very great deal in Mr O'Donovan's pages. Only, how far too precious a thing is the soul, which is the charm of Ireland, to be used as bait for propaganda. . . . Finally, the *borné* Britisher does so love being taken into confidence! And in these books he feels that he really is admitted into the hidden places of Irish life and feeling, and how intimately flattered is he upon finding that he leaves them well corroborated in all he ever thought—that priestcraft is the enemy, that neutral education means light indefectible, that lectures upon hen-keeping

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provide the higher unit wherein Protestant and Catholic Theologies may fuse; and that translations, into exquisite English, of Celtic folk-lore (especially with a Rabelaisian, not to say Petronian, taste about them), will create that atmosphere of mystic love in which rancours of creed will vanish. Meanwhile Irish peasant life goes on, and this part is excellently pictured, though at times it is tedious; and priestly intrigue, tyranny and avarice thrive, and no doubt a priest like Fr. Mahon is possible, and deplorable, but rarely, we imagine, so sensational as in the overdrawn episode of Driscoll's death. There is the schools-and-education section; the mixed-marriage-*Ne-Temere* section; and the mission section; all, we repeat, described with knowledge of detail though in falsified perspective. Not we will deny that Ireland puzzles her most loyal lovers, and saddens them; not we are for disregarding the human, selfish co-efficient which at once transmits and tempers (in this sacramental world) the divine spirit. Priests may crucify Christ afresh, often enough; but what of the new age which is not even interested enough in Him to hate Him; or of that hideous journalism, which, without belief, treats Him as a convenient tool? Into the atmosphere of that new age Maurice Blake takes his plunge, and in it (as even the last few pages prove) grows steadily the more vulgar in ideal, and more trashy in his talk. Had but Mr O'Donovan taken Maurice's advice, and "waited"! Had but these hasty and inflammatory pages but been kept locked, for some ten years more, in his desk! He sees now, with Fr. Malone, that "there is movement": what does he make of old Mes-call's vision, that "all the old spirit" is going out of the ever more prosperous people? Twice in his book he is conscious of a purer air, that of the Mass, causing a celestial alchemy to reconcile conflicting elements and transmute the baser. Will he not "wait," henceforward, listening to the advice (old-fashioned, no doubt), and accepting the compensation (is it so inadequate?) of the aged vicar: "You have my sympathy—any poor fellow in trouble has it," the priest said, rising, "and pray—pray—that's the great thing."

N. K.

The Children of the Dead End

IN Ireland too are born *The Children of the Dead End* (By Patrick MacGill. Herbert Jenkins. 1914. 6s.), of whom Mr MacGill was one. For his sub-title reads: *The Autobiography of a Navvy*. That his soul is sensitive to all sweet influences is proved by the pathetic chapters which describe his childhood. Often enough they are sordid, disheartening, even tragic. Still, they contain quite perfect passages like this:

When the light was out, we prayed to Mary, Brigid and Patrick to shield us from danger until the morning. Then we listened to the winds outside. We could hear them gather in the dip of the valley and come sweeping over the bend of the hill, singing great lonely songs in the darkness. One wind whistled through the keyhole, another tapped on the window with an ivy-leaf, while a third swept under the half-door and rustled across the hearthstone. Then the breezes died away and there was silence.

"They're only putting their heads together now," said Dan, "making up a plan to do some other tricks." (p. 5.)

Throughout, this sensitiveness accompanies him, and he is not blind to the miracles of the sky. But experience of beauty, and words, are lacking to him. Though he exults to feel above him "a smother of stars," the setting sun glows to him, through mists, like a "red bladder." And once and for all we may say that, despite vivid touches (who before him compared a wrestler's muscles to "live eels" sliding and slipping under the flesh?), and his perusals of Hugo, Ruskin and Montaigne in tunnels and coal trucks, there is no artistry of words in his pages.

We do not regret it. We altogether need to be told these things with a brutality even more violent than is his. His realism is relentless, yet not (like Zola's, for example) a pose. There is more fighting in this book than in any I ever read before, described with Homeric directness—not fighting, by any means, "decent and in order" and by "gentlemen's rules": teeth, and knee-thrust in stomach are to be read of here. But it is the horror of slave-work which he best tells of: from his mother's, who, knitting sixteen hours a day, earned thus a penny farthing for a pair of

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socks sold at some one and threepence over there in England: from the appalling child-labour exacted from these little boys and girls, sold "over the mountains" into Tyrone; a tale infinitely worse than any of the man's hardships he will afterwards relate: from the potato picking in Buteshire, whither the obscene ship carried the Irish youths and maidens, to the navy work narrated in dreadful detail, which makes the staple of the book. In that hell of a life, Dermot Flynn ceased to hope for heaven or to believe in God. But what sneering fiend persuaded the navy, so utterly forgivable in any atheism, to transfer his allegiance to "an Influence for Good working through the Ages? The 'Power, not ourselves, making for righteousness' . . . the 'Transcendent Unknown,' the 'Immanent Spark'"—alas that to this modern scrap-heap he should have been led to add yet another phrase! He gave up God, and tried "to benefit by the Influence." Meanwhile he took to drink: "Drink kept me company." Failing other foe, he would "fight his shadow, and win." But do not too much fear. Navvies have a code of honour and loyalty, *inter se*, to which they adhere: they are faithful friends: they are singularly clean-living, and these unflinching pages contain no leer, no tainting hint, no solicitation.

Apart from the sinister questions, spiritual and social, which this book suggests, a reviewer cannot but ask himself, in sheer zeal for literature, what in the world is likely to happen to its author? He dates his preface from the Garden House, Windsor. Rumour declares he writes for papers. His advertisements picture him in corduroys, but groomed, and posed, mattock in hand, by a garden rockery. Will he then abandon, in success, all that has made him a poet, an apostle and a man? Even without Eton at his elbow, the Castle and court-neighbourhood to flatter him, a cultured Anglicanism to tame him and to neutralize his tints, a man of Mr MacGill's temperament will never survive, even as an artist, the etiolating atmosphere of modern propriety or even of licensed journalism. Experiences will no more reach him. Invention is not his.

Notes of a Son and Brother

Spontaneous expression, even, will desert him, however much study may correct him. A man will have been marred. We have the heart to wish him back at the Dead End, with Moleskin Joe for his friend, and not too proud, now, to accept the needed, clean-earned pence of a Gourrock Ellen. . . . At least let him return, awhile, to the "good influence" of the older, unspoilt Ireland. N. K.

THE *Notes of a Son and Brother* (By Henry James. Macmillan and Co. 12s.) give the reader something of the same pleasing sensations as those experienced by Alice "Through the looking-glass." We gaze and gaze at the mirror of Mr Henry James's mind, trying to receive the impressions which he is anxious to record for us, chiefly as impressions, until we seem to find ourselves walking in this looking-glass world, full of charm though the outlines may be hazy. But we also go through the same experience as Alice that when we attempt to go forward in one direction we abruptly find ourselves walking in exactly the opposite one. Whenever Alice tried to get away from looking-glass house with the intention of running up the hill or going further into the country, she always found herself walking straight in at the front door again. And whenever the reader of *Notes of a Son and Brother* is trying to gain a clearer view of the remarkable family circle, or of Boston society, or of the war in which two of the author's brothers were concerned, he finds in the same way that he is always brought back abruptly to the personality of the author. It is not that Mr Henry James, like so many writers of reminiscences, is unreserved or garrulous about himself. His style, indeed, seems to wrap him round in the endless folds of a toga of dignified reserve. It is that his theory of art may be called a looking-glass theory, for as he cannot, of course, enable us to see exactly what he saw, he thinks it best to invite us to study the impressions left on himself rather than to attempt to present a simple objective narrative of facts or sayings or actions. The result of so subjective a method is that, if it were not for the letters

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of remarkable interest that the book contains, we should have but the most hazy impressions of its principal characters. Happily, Mary Temple's letters of extraordinary pathos and interest (especially those written in her last illness—she died at twenty-four) embody a real personality and justify the impression she left upon her cousin.

She was to remain for us [he writes] the very figure and image of a felt interest in life, an interest as magnanimously far-spread, or as familiarly and exquisitely fixed, as her splendid shifting sensibility, moral, personal, nervous, and having at once such noble flights and such touchingly discouraged drops, such graces of indifference and inconsequence, might at any moment determine. She was really to remain, for our appreciation, the supreme case of a taste for life as life, as personal living; of an endlessly active and yet somehow a careless, an illusionless, a sublimely forewarned curiosity about it: something that made her, slim and fair and quick, all straightness and charming tossed head, with long light and yet almost sliding steps and a large, light, postponing, renouncing laugh, the very muse or amateur priestess of rash speculation. To express her in the mere terms of her restless young mind, one felt from the first, was to place her, by a perversion of the truth, under the shadow of female "earnestness"—for which she was much too unliteral and too ironic; so that, superlatively personal and yet as independent, as "off" into higher spaces, at a touch, as all the breadth of her sympathy and her courage could send her, she made it impossible to say whether she was just the most moving of maidens or a disengaged and dancing flame of thought.

This is, after all, one of the less obscure and most beautiful passages in the book. It also may serve the purpose of a test passage. If it has any attraction for those who are not acquainted with Mr James's work let them go forward and obtain the book. But if the sample is not attractive, they had better give up all intention of reading the whole. The taste for Mr James's writing is so individual, so beyond the range of argument that it would be rash to press the matter further. S.

The Catholic Library

IT is of excellent omen for the permanent success of "The Catholic Library" (Manresa Press and B. Herder) that the batch of fortnightly volumes of which we take account in our present issue must be considered distinctly superior in attractiveness to those noticed in the last number of the DUBLIN REVIEW. Too often does it happen that the big strawberries lie on the top of the basket. Here the reverse is the case, and the second three months of Father Goodier's courageous venture have brought in a little pile of books in red and green bindings which, taken on a whole, could hardly be excelled in point of general interest. If we must make a selection among the good things before us, we should be tempted to award the palm to the really exquisite essay on Crashaw by Mr R. A. Eric Shepherd which prefaces an admirable selection of his religious poems. The appreciation is as bright in treatment as we believe it to be just in substance and we do not think that the most ardent admirer of Francis Thompson will resent Mr Shepherd's good-humoured rebuke of the narrowness of the modern Catholic poet's criticism of his seventeenth-century elder brother. Then we have a first-rate piece of original work in the volume on *Parish Life under Elizabeth* by Professor W. P. M. Kennedy. One hardly expects in a series of this kind to find so genuinely important a contribution to historical knowledge. But it is really such, for though the matter is compressed into a limited space Professor Kennedy supplies a sort of key picture to a critical and most complicated field of research which has never before had justice done to it. Seeing that the author in his Anglican days wrote a *Life of Archbishop Parker*, whom, it is interesting to note, he still commends as "by far the most conscientious man in ecclesiastical life during Elizabeth's reign," and that he collaborated with Dr Walter Frere in editing the Visitation Articles and Injunctions of this period for the Alcuin Club, he possesses, as might be expected, a thorough and first-hand knowledge of the sources. To the painstaking labour expended on details the numerous footnotes bear witness, and indeed it is

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hardly too much to say that no future study of the Elizabethan settlement in religion can afford to neglect this unpretending little volume. Professor Kennedy has no startlingly new conclusions to announce. Like most sober and conscientious workers, he finds that truth lies more or less midway between the extremes. But he corrects incidentally many Evangelical misconceptions and he gives an interesting if profoundly sad picture of the low ebb to which religion had fallen in England, during the early years of Elizabeth's reign. Of quite another order, though equally valuable in their own class, are Father Herbert Lucas' two liturgical volumes entitled *Holy Mass*. The backbone of the essay is supplied by certain articles contributed by the author some years ago to the DUBLIN REVIEW, but the matter has been rearranged, brought up to date and extensively supplemented. In particular Father Lucas devotes a long and minute criticism to Drews' theory of the Canon which Dr Fortescue has recently done much to bring into prominence. The criticism is temperate and to the point, though we may regret that the references are not made to the second and considerably revised edition of Dr Fortescue's valuable work. Lastly a word may be said on Mr J. W. Trotman's edition of Father Southwell's prose treatise *Triumphs over Death*. That this quaint masterpiece of Elizabethan English should be rendered accessible to modern readers in a text which is at any rate superior to that of the old printed editions is matter for congratulation. But we must deplore Mr Trotman's perverseness in adhering to the readings of MS. Add. 10422 in preference to the much more reliable Stonyhurst copy, and still more his wildly extravagant appendix in which he claims for a certain John Trussell not only the authorship of Father Southwell's longest poem "St Peter's Complaint" but also that of all the poems and plays usually attributed to Shakespeare! Before finally sending off this notice yet another charming volume of the same series has come to hand (*S. Bernardino, the People's Preacher*. By Maisie Ward). Without neglecting the

The Waters of Twilight

essential facts of the biography, Miss Ward has wisely concentrated attention upon the special aspect of her subject represented by the sub-title. For most readers the atmosphere of the *Prediche Volgari*, which the writer has faithfully conveyed to her own pages, will be entirely new and delightful. Our only regret is that the sketch is unavoidably so short. H. T.

FATHER MARTINDALE has the distinction of applying successfully the most modern literary methods to the development and expression of psychological principles in the light of the dogmas of Christianity.

The title of his latest work, *The Waters of Twilight*, and its whole treatment, both suggest an allegory the virtue of which lies not a little in the effort of its discovery.

The book consists of a series of episodes; the characters, Charles, his sister Angela, her husband Dolly and his brother Odo, appear in nearly all of them. Though the scene varies from England to Algeria, Italy, Nuremberg and Paris, the talk, or rather the interchange of companionship, and not the scene or the action, is the chief means of showing the stages of spiritual progress through which the characters pass. Hence they are rather types than characters, and what action there is takes place with a view to illustrating this progress. In the last episode, for instance, the death of Dolly and his son is used to throw a brilliant light on Charles and Angela.

These two latter are the figures most carefully treated, because they are the more complex—more, that is, than Dolly, into whose human nature the supernatural has so penetrated that he becomes the almost perfect standard by which the others measure their own failings and inconsistencies. Compared with him Charles is less constant and secure, the prey of depression and an oversensitive and undisciplined imagination. He is to find his best strength and expression in helping Odo to overcome with the supernatural the tyranny of his human nature. Angela is of the opposite type, too fond of intellectual

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standards to arrive at spiritual reality before passing through the fire of loss and suffering. She is too confident of her purpose even to know herself. "I fear," she confesses in the hour of her illumination "... that I've always felt it was *I* who should ... do good rather than get it." And Albert the chauffeur stands for that unspiritualized human nature which must be reckoned with, yet which, at the last excursion, leaves the steering to another, taking a back seat itself.

There is much more in these pages than we have barely attempted to indicate.

Father Martindale's mind is a storehouse of classical learning, mythology, philosophy, and spiritual research of a very minute and penetrating kind, and from it he has drawn very happily to illustrate and adorn his book.

The most superficial reader will enjoy the humour and charm with which it is written, even though at times the descriptive colouring appears to us a shade too exuberant and we agree with Angela in disliking the use of "these little dots." But a debt is certainly due to Father Martindale for his inspiring reconstruction of Tacitus in the episode at Naples. Would that all classical literature had been so interpreted for us in our youth!

There are, too, some passages which, in undisguised and hortatory terms, reveal that the author understands not only the vagaries of human character but also the means for its strengthening and perfection.

G. H.

FATHER HAVENS RICHARDS has given us a study of quite exceptional interest in the biography of his father (*A Loyal Life*. By Joseph Havens Richards, S.J. Herder). That the late Mr Richards was a man of really great mental power and insight will be clear at once to anyone who reads his sermon given in the Appendix on "The Organic Nature of Christianity." And the whole book reveals a character of great beauty and singleness of purpose. It is extremely interesting to see

A Loyal Life

the reflection of the Oxford Movement on the other side of the Atlantic. The Movement influenced Mr Richards in the Catholic direction and made him a High Churchman long before he ever visited a Catholic Church or read a Catholic book. Quite in the early 'forties—soon after the appearance of Tract 90—he became a High Churchman. It was not until 1852 that he was received into the Church. The final step was largely due to the deepening of thought and feeling brought about by a dangerous illness. We could wish to quote many striking sayings of the subject of this biography, but space forbids this. We will confine ourselves to two extracts from the book. A turning-point in his attitude towards the Church was a visit in the late 'forties to the Catholic Cathedral in New Orleans—an account of which is given by his biographer:

The scene at the old French cathedral, dedicated to St Louis, made an indelible impression on his memory. Before visiting the city, he had heard it remarked by Protestant friends who had been there that if he wished to see Catholicism in all its vulgar and disgusting features, he should go to the old French cathedral. What repelled and disgusted them, edified and attracted his more spiritual and unworldly nature. He beheld a crowded congregation, the aisles as well as the seats being fairly packed with whites and blacks of all shades, all devoutly bent upon the great business of worshipping God in His holy temple. He noticed that in some instances the slaves sat in the same benches with their masters and all received Holy Communion at the same altar rail. Grey-headed negroes, bowed with age, knelt in the aisles and recited their beads with an air of the most absorbed devotion. "Here," he said to himself, "is the realization of my dream of what the Church ought to be, the Church of the poor as well as of the rich. Here indeed, 'the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the maker of them all!'" "I had been contending for years," he writes, "that the Episcopal Church was not necessarily the church of the rich and prosperous, as was generally charged. But the results of my efforts to disprove the charge practically by bringing the poor into my own church had not been of a very encouraging nature. But here in the Catholic Church (it was the same in all their churches) was the realization of all that I had

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hoped and longed for, but never yet found. It made a great impression upon me. I felt that that was the place for me, that there I would like to be. It was entirely in accordance with my ideas of the true spirit of Christianity, and I was conscious of a strong impulse to cast in my lot amongst them."

There is something in this extract which recalls the spirit of a book which had a critical effect on the Oxford Movement in England—*The Ideal of a Christian Church*.

The other extract I choose from the certainty that it will be exceptionally interesting to English readers. In 1872 Mr Richards paid a visit to England and heard Cardinal (then Dr) Newman preach at Edgbaston. Writing to a newspaper called *The Pilot*, he gives the following description of him:

Shall I try to describe the Doctor's appearance? He is, then, scarcely above medium height, quite thin and spare, with that same ascetic look which characterizes the illustrious Dr Manning, whom, in general appearance, he somewhat resembles; hair quite grey, in fact almost white, and lying upon his forehead in a manner indicating either neglect or an unusually wayward disposition, prominent nose, eye undimmed, a decidedly intellectual cast of countenance, a slight stoop indicating the approach of age (he is now 71); yet the moment he begins to speak, you see that he has lost none of that clearness and vigour of mind, that deep intellectual insight and comprehensiveness of genius, that intuitive perception and grasp of philosophic thought, for which he has always been distinguished. His voice is soft and low, almost feminine, in fact, except in the lower register, as in giving expression to some pathetic passage, when it is deep and full of feeling. His manner is quiet and refined, his style conversational, without effort at eloquence, and with no action except a slight motion of the right hand in giving utterance to an unusually stirring and eloquent thought. Evidently the Doctor was not cut out for a sensational or even for what is ordinarily called a popular preacher. He utterly eschews the tricks of oratory. Yet there is an eloquence of its own even in his modesty and humility, which speaks to the hearts of his hearers and prepossesses them in his favour, while any defect of manner is more than compensated by the eloquence of thought, the strength of reasoning, the beauty of language and the chasteness of illustration which characterize all his public

Inglethorpe Chronicles

addresses. I ought, in justice to the Doctor, to remark before closing that, though not by any means a handsome man, he is not as ugly as some of his photographs make him. The first that I saw in the States were, I must say, mere caricatures. Lately, I am happy to say, they have succeeded in securing at least two very good photographs, representing him in a sitting posture, in the act of reading or studying.

We strongly recommend our readers to make acquaintance for themselves with this exceptionally attractive Life. It is almost equally interesting as history and as the presentation of a strong, saintly and winning character.

W. W.

THOSE who in their childhood have been steeped in Mrs Ewing's writings will be delighted with the *Inglethorpe Chronicles* (Washbourne. 3s. 6d.). They have a distinct flavour of that inimitable writer of children's books, both in their manner of narrative and in the types depicted in them. The Inglethorpe family has just something of the family in Mary's Meadow, but they have the added privilege of being Catholics, and the Catholic's *noblesse oblige* is a moral pointed throughout in a very charming and dignified manner. The tales are not highly imaginative but in "The Three Voices" we are brought close to the supernatural, and "Peter's Treasure Box" is a very pretty piece of fancy. We hope the chronicler of the Inglethorpes will be encouraged by good success to try her hand at a longer narrative. We have so few Catholic writers of books for girls of the time honoured type of "Little Women," "What Katie Did," and the rest. Theodora Kendal goes far with her first volume to supply this need. Let us hope she will continue to do so.

C. B.

JOHN AYSCOUGH has written, in *Gracechurch* (Longmans. 1913. 6s. net. pp. ix, 319), part of the story of his own boyhood, or rather, of his boyhood's environment, with no more autobiography than was inevitable. Yet throughout, the point of view, the appreciation, are at least as much that of the boy as that of the

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grown man. This book has recalled many others to our mind, and yet is very different from any of them. It was Loti's description of his childhood which first occurred to us, so delicate are the tints used by each of the two authors: but the unwholesome melancholy and indeed the all but hysterical element in Loti's childhood seem totally lacking in the English boy's temperament: the small John Ayscough's outlook was wide-eyed and pitilessly clear; it caught up every detail and lost nothing of what it got, but it was throughout objective and made no allowance even for metaphor. It passed straight from the fact, or word, to the most realist interpretation, and the most practical deduction conceivable. The Gracechurch "Arms," the Wymering's country "seat," the youth who "travelled in umbrellas," a hundred similar instances of our incurable taste for picturesque ambiguity, all gave the small boy occasion for reflection unexpected just because so obvious and literal. This psychological trait persists: in another book, *Admonition*, the heroine (who in spite of everything keeps some of her creator's characteristics), sees (without need of mental readjustment) in a certain cameo, just "Danaë badly in need of an umbrella." This is a quality of a genuine and vital description, which adds enormously to the whimsicality of the whole book.

Into our mind came also Mr Kenneth Graham's *Dream Days* and *The Golden Age*, works of art, both of them, and precious beyond words. Yet there it is the doings of children which almost wholly fill the stage. The aunts, the curates, the "Olympians" generally, perform at a remote distance, and mingle but rarely with the main action. Here, Johnnie Ayscough is almost the only child, and his own doings are of no substantial importance. Only they bring him into touch with so varied a company of Victorians that we feel he has made us friends with a whole galaxy of delightful folk we never, save for him, might have encountered. These matrons and spinsters, these clergymen and innkeepers and schoolmistresses and "independent ladies," these squires and washerwomen and sailors—we are not exaggerating when

Gracechurch

we say that an hour in their company puts us on better terms with ourselves, with our own world and with our memories or imaginations of a generation doubly distant; we understand more, and so we forgive better; we pass from new tolerance of so much we had dubbed ugly or petty or mean or just antiquated, into genuine affection, and cordial extension of our gratitude and respect over that quaint world. There is indeed an atmosphere in *Gracechurch* so sane and kindly and lifegiving that not even the touches of dramatic peripety, nor the fear and pity evoked with tragic skill, were necessary to shock us into a personal and vital attitude towards all that John Ayscough has to tell us.

Dare we say, then, that it is of Dickens we are most reminded? It is a rash compliment, to bring even the tall among men into comparison with giants. Yet we will dare say more. John Ayscough not only deals with persons and with incidents which Dickens would have loved to have used, but he does so with that subtle sense of psychological sympathy which our age has, we think, made possible; and he understands a child's mind, undoubtedly, as never Dickens did. Often the cult of child thought and emotion is a mark of an over-civilized and blasé period: but it is not unavailing regret, or sterile sentiment, which here keeps the author lingering over this childhood; his gaze goes forward, too, and he sees no shades of any prison house closing around this boy, but rather the bracing and Catholic fulfilment towards which his development was ordered. In short, if we are to find an author with whom most readily we may compare John Ayscough, it shall be Romain Rolland, in the first two volumes of his incomparable *Jean Christophe*. But that were no easy theme to deal with.

C. C. M.

A CHRONICLE OF SOME RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS

IT is a long time since philosophers first began to say that Mr F. H. Bradley was going to produce a systematic treatise on the theory of knowledge. Now Mr Bradley himself informs us in his introduction to *Essays on Truth and Reality* (Oxford Press: pp. 16 + 480; 12s. 6d.) that no such volume will appear and that these essays represent "the chapters of a book which I once intended to write."

Most of the chapters have already appeared as articles in *Mind*. Among these are to be found the now famous articles on "Truth and Practice," "Truth and Copying," "Truth and Coherence," as well as some of the author's most vigorous onslaughts on the Pragmatist school. Here, in attacking, questioning and "foot-noting" William James, Mr Bradley is at his best, writing with undoubted acumen and wit. To these are added many other chapters of varying interest and importance. The article "What is the real Julius Cæsar," is an excellent synopsis of the idealist outlook. But the article on "faith" seems to us far below Mr Bradley's standards. "Religious faith," we read, "consists in the identification of my will with a certain object. . . . It essentially is practical and must necessarily be exercised in conduct." From the whole we miss a proper discussion of the motives of credibility, and we observe a number of statements which are categorical and distinctly one-sided. The papers on "Memory," too, strike us as curiously a priori and "logical." We have, especially within the last ten years, grown accustomed to the experimental treatment of all these problems.

It is not necessary to state at any length Mr Bradley's theory of truth, as an ideal aspect of reality, nor his criterion of truth which is sought in coherence and comprehensiveness. The part is less than the whole, and truth falls short of reality in just the same way. Add to the part that which makes the whole, and truth would be reality. And as there may be different parts bearing different relations to the one whole, so there may be degrees of truth and reality. With all these statements, readers of *Appearance and Reality* have long been familiar. Criticisms have been offered and answers given. All we can do is to register the fact that we differ on every point from Mr Bradley and that there lies between us the whole gulf that separates the idealist from the moderate or critical realist. But it must be allowed that no idealist has done more than Mr Bradley for his school, and that no other philosopher of the Absolutist camp has made the same endeavour to answer—we think unsuccessfully—the "anguishing" problems of knowledge and truth.

To his essay on *God and the Absolute*, there are appended two supplementary notes on God and Immortality. To the question "Is God real?" Mr Bradley answers . . . "Nothing to me . . . is real except the universe as a whole. Now if I am forced to take reality as having thus only one

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sense, I must reply that God is not real at all, any more than you and I are real . . . for I cannot take God as equivalent to the entire universe." His answer to the question "Is God a person?" is even more unsatisfactory. Apparently the only evidence that counts in these matters is that of the "religious consciousness." And then we find the astounding statement: "Whatever ideas are required to satisfy the above interest and claim (of the religious consciousness) must, I think, be true, *true, that is, really, though not absolutely.*" No better commentary on the doctrine of degrees of truth and reality could be desired. It seems to mean that clear thinking is bankrupt. Speaking of immortality, Mr Bradley, who reminds us strangely of Browning's "Cleon," gives us a personal, almost biographical, treatment of the question. In any case, it is curiously unconvincing and seems to suffer from the inability to give a plain answer to a simple question. Doubtless the reason lies deep down in the fact that no language was ever framed to convey the propositions of Absolute Idealism. Every Idealist must at least make his bow to the Realism of the human race in using one or other of our languages.

We need scarcely add that the volume is indispensable to all who wish to grasp the Idealist's theory of knowledge.

It is some years since we read any more interesting work on the history of philosophy than Mr Edwyn Bevan's *Stoics and Sceptics* (Oxford Press: 8 + 152: 4s. 6d.). On nearly every page one sees the master's hand, suggesting the grasp of detail, the sympathetic insight, and the desire to do justice to thoughts with which the author least agrees. The whole story, interwoven with many treasured quotations, is told with a winning grace in language which is sometimes of considerable power and beauty.

The first two lectures on the Stoics, in which the historical background is deftly indicated, are exceptionally good. Speaking of the break with tradition and belief which the rationalism of the Greek world had brought about, he says: "The situation was one which no human society, I think we may say, had before in the world's history been called upon to face." And so throughout we are given the definite impression of stoicism as a system "put together hastily, violently, to meet a desperate emergency." If we turn to the last lecture on the Sceptics we find the same power and insight. "Many a plain man," he writes, "had probably determined in consequence (of the endless controversies of the schools) not to bother with philosophy and this was just what Pyrrho's wisdom came to, ataraxia, not to bother oneself. . . . It was a wonderful deliverance to realize that you need not mind not knowing. . . ."

There is scarcely a page which we have not read more than once with pleasure, though we were sorry to note the concluding plea for an undogmatic Christianity. Besides is it not out of place in such a work? If a constructive ending seemed desirable, we have cogent arguments against all the arbitrary dicta of the Sceptics. However let our last word be one of thanks for a scholarly and entertaining volume.

From this work on Greek philosophy, we pass to another, *Socrates*

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by Heinrich Maier (pp. 638: Mohr, Tübingen: 16s.). The author writes with much enthusiasm of the "religion" and ethical teaching of Socrates, which he regards as a much-needed "source of Life, of moral energy and of freedom" for the men of our own day. It is clear, however, that his enthusiasm has inspired him to take up the extremely delicate problem of the actual teaching of Socrates himself, and to examine a number of interpretations and solutions, after a careful examination of all the sources. The volume opens with a thoughtful and ample study of the evidence to be found in the works of Plato, Aristotle and Zenophon. After pausing to consider the relation to Socrates to the earlier philosophies, the author expounds the socratic "evangelium," and lastly its extraordinary influence over the philosopher-princes of Greece. The volume well deserves a careful study both for the arrangement of the evidence, and for the general lucidity of treatment. We could have wished, however, that it had remained a study in philosophy, without any religious implications. The problem "Sokrates, oder Christus" was solved many centuries ago.

In *The Human Soul* (pp. 268: 5s.: Herder), Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., has given us an interesting study in simple, non-technical language. It is intended primarily to stimulate intellectual—or shall we say intellectual-ascetical?—interest in all things appertaining to the human soul, and is dedicated more especially to those who have not studied philosophy. It is, for the most part, a series of essays on points of Catholic theology, which affect the soul, her relations with other spirits, and her destiny. The treatment is often fresh and vigorous, and the style sometimes shows no little distinction.

There are just one or two small points, however, that we should like to bring to the author's notice. "It will be seen," he says, "that matter in the old philosophical language (matter and form) is not quite the same thing as that which we call colloquially matter." But, we ask, is not the "materia prima" of St Thomas, whom the author follows, utterly different from our matter in every way—"nec quale, nec quid, nec quantum," incapable moreover of existing alone? Might we suggest, too, that such phrases as the following are open to misinterpretation: "The soul's mission is to elevate the acquisition of the knowing powers that are in the senses." It seems to imply that the senses have some function of their own apart from the soul. St Thomas would say "sentire non est proprium animae, neque corporis sed conjuncti." Then, too, it seems to us perhaps a little confusing to use the term "grace" as an additional help in the natural order. Besides, apart altogether from the necessity of such additional help, which the author affirms and explains, we would ask the far more fundamental question, "Do they exist?" Cardinal Billot, for instance, is quite emphatic in denying their existence. In his "de gratia Christi" (p. 80), we read, "non solum non fundatur in regulis fidei ejusmodi duplicatio auxiliorum gratiae, pro actuali oeconomia providentiae, verum etiam ab eisdem videtur positive excludi"—and other passages are even more explicit.

And there are many other small points such as the description of the

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volume as an attempt to explain "the philosophic truths of Scholasticism"—it is really a vivid and popular treatment of Catholic theology—which caused us momentary surprise. We are convinced, however, that the Abbot of Buckfast has given us an inspiring little book, which many, untroubled by metaphysical considerations, will read with unusual interest and profit.

In our last chronicle we promised to return to the first volume of the *Encyclopædia of the Philosophic Sciences, Logic* (pp. 270: 7s. 6d.: Macmillan). This volume on Logic is a translation by B. Ethel Meyer under the general editorship of Sir Henry Jones. It covers a number of lengthy articles on aspects of Logic, by Professors Windelband and Royce, Benedetto Croce, Losskij and others. There is no particular uniformity of system in the various contributions, nor will there be in any succeeding number of the *Encyclopædia*, which will finally run to many volumes.

The unevenness of the different articles is very striking. In Professor Windelband's contribution of some sixty-six pages, we have, as we might expect from one of the premier historians of philosophy, a series of weighty judgments. His standpoint is frankly Kantian; Logic, therefore, is for him the philosophical doctrine of knowledge, or the critique of the theoretical reason. Now, however much we may differ from the learned professor—and, on many points, our difference would be both decided and energetic—his calm, thoughtful treatment of many problems is well-calculated to inspire real, philosophic discussion.

When we pass to Signor Croce's contribution, "The Task of Logic"—that is, to Hegelianize all knowledge—our whole outlook changes. He writes with conviction, which we might all commend, and with a certain light dogmatism, which we find annoying. The schoolmen are all summarily dismissed. Their controversy which was "external and empty" descended to "pedantic and tiresome quibbling." Is there, we ask, no distinction to be made between the princes and the decadents? The whole is introductory to a species of sermon on Hegel. As the author passes on his way preparing for the Hegelian triumph, we find that the old division of logic is stated as "concept, judgment, and conclusion" (this word, translating *schluss* ought to be inference and not conclusion). Further we are told that no one ever succeeded in thinking a real concept, which was not at the same time a judgment; nor can we find a judgment which is not at the same time a conclusion. In other words, we have a number of assertions of which no proof is offered, and which could not be defended by an appeal to Psychology. Instances of a similar kind abound. It is at best cavalier philosophy.

We have no time left to examine Professor Royce's keen article which connects Logic with the Science of Order, nor the interesting contribution of the Russian philosopher, Losskij. But whatever be the value of the several articles, the work may be confidently recommended to students who are anxious to learn the ideas of several leading contemporaries on these important questions.

As we are speaking of Signor Croce, we may say a word about his

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volume *The Philosophy of the Practical*, translated by Mr Douglas Ainslie (pp. 585: 12s.: Macmillan). Spirit, which is the only reality for Croce, has two forms or manifestations—one theoretical, the other practical. Now the practical activity of the will has itself in turn two forms, the utilitarian and the moral, which the author treats in this volume of his "three decker" philosophy. We have sought for matter to commend, and, apart from the translator's preface, which gives a lucid summary of Croce's main theses, we have found very little. The author begins by dismissing the psychological method in philosophy, about which he has many hard and gratuitous things to say. A little further we have a critique of Pragmatism, though we feel confident that no Pragmatist will recognize his theory. "The sixth form" (of Pragmatism), we read, "something between silliness and Jesuitry, recommends the utility of making our own illusions and believing them to be true. . . ." This is not the only uncomplimentary allusion to Jesuits and Jesuit morality against which we would like to enter a dignified and earnest protest. The assertions are absolutely unfounded, and have no place in a work on pure philosophy. Moreover, though we have no leanings towards Pragmatism, we prefer to see that philosophy stated with some approach to accuracy. In the April number of *Mind*, Mr C. Broad expresses surprise at the tone of Signor Croce's article in the *Encyclopædia*. "To present," he says, "in a patronizing way a travesty of the methods and results of such men as Frege, Peano and Russell: . . . to refer to them as 'deserving authors,' etc. these impertinencies can only cover a writer with deserved ridicule." To this we have only to add that the Italian philosopher gives a travesty of nearly every system, whether it be Scholasticism, Pragmatism, Symbolic Logic or Jesuit morality.

We turn to more interesting themes. Duns Scotus has for many generations been a rock of offence to a number of scholastic philosophers. They have ascribed all manner of incoherent ideas to the learned Franciscan, and have delighted in contrasting his thought with that of St Thomas. From some of the manuals one would be led to think of Scotus as a combative and fractious person who spent his life in denying all that St Thomas had taught, and some authors have not scrupled to look upon his works as an "arsenal" of anti-scholastic and even anti-Christian thought.

Now, on this account, in order that justice may be done to a great and original mind, we extend a hearty welcome to the series of *Études sur la philosophie de Duns Scot* (Gabriel Beauchesne). The first entitled "*Dieu, existence et cognoscibilité*," by Professor Belmont, O.F.M., is an excellent study and a good corrective. The whole volume is packed with interesting things. All the leading Scotist theses of the existence and knowableness of God are given with great clearness, the chapters on "L'infini" and "la nature de l'univocité"—the great storm-centres—being particularly clear and well-arranged. And frankly, though we are convinced Thomists, we rejoice that Duns Scotus is at last coming to his own

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as an able exponent of the great "scholastic synthesis." To the study by Father Belmont we may add, as evidence of this, the two volumes of Scotus' commentaries on the sentences, *Commentaria Oxoniensia* (2 vols.: pp. 1352 and 938; on 1st and 2nd Bks. of Sentences respectively: 12fr. and 10fr.: Quaracchi). They are admirably printed, and though we have grown accustomed to good work from Quaracchi, we would congratulate the publishers on having produced a text of the *Opus Oxoniense*, which one handles with ease and pleasure. The text of the sentences is given chapter by chapter before the commentary. We look forward with interest to the succeeding volumes and hope that this edition will be greeted and bought by all students of philosophy. May we suggest that the value of the text would be considerably enhanced if an historical and philosophical introduction were provided?

Development and Purpose (pp. 382: 10s. 6d.: Macmillan), by Professor Hobhouse, is a remarkable study which deserves the careful attention of all philosophers. Naturally we have found many opinions with which we have little sympathy, and many, too, with which we frankly disagree. There remains, however, the sustaining interest of a volume written in all earnestness, partly in an empirical, partly in a philosophic, view, by the learned Professor who seeks the place and function of Mind in Reality, and in the whole process of evolution. In stating the nature of the conclusions which he will establish, Professor Hobhouse proceeds . . . "thus we shall have some ground for our belief that our metaphysical conception of Mind is not a piece of abstract reasoning that stands in no contact with living fact, but serves as the explanation of a vast, historic movement. . . . Our empirical account will in fact yield as a picture of Mind neither as the Lord of all, nor as the casual by-product of the clash of forces, but as an impulse towards organic harmony. . . ." Once more, then, an intrinsic purpose, a final cause is rehabilitated, not at the dictate of a theory, but as the outcome of a long, empirical inquiry, and wisdom is justified in her Aristotelean and scholastic children.

Did it ever occur to Professor Hobhouse that thought is an irreducible element in consciousness; that it exists, and yet has no immediate physiological organ; and that thought is, therefore, immaterial? How, then, can the immaterial evolve from the material? This is not only a difficulty—it is an impasse. Our thanks are due, however, to the Professor for having shown once again the unscientific character of the old mechanical philosophy of matter and motion, with its sallies at final causes. Contact with living fact shows the necessity of a purpose.

Of late the name of Professor R. Eucken has been on every one's lips. It is fortunate, therefore, that three of his works, which have been translated by his admirers and disciples, should lie before us for review. They are *Present-day Ethics* (Williams & Norgate: pp. 141: 3s.), *Knowledge and Life* (pp. 304: Williams & Norgate: 5s.), and *The Problem of Human Life* (pp. 601: Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d.).

To begin with, we find it very difficult to follow Professor Eucken when he is expounding his own philosophy. When we are told for instance that

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the individual "must take possession of the infinite" and "assert it," we are left wondering how it could possibly be done. We have indeed some conception of what he means by "activism" and some vague thought of "the spiritual life." But the Professor is really not a philosopher: he is a "seer" who uses words in strange meanings, and who feels himself charged with some great message for humanity. He is, in fact, like our Carlyle in many ways, in feeling that he bears within himself a message of regeneration, and above all, in the vehemence and perplexing obscurity of his utterances.

In *Present-day Ethics* we have Eucken's Deem lectures which give us his impression of current ethical tendencies. Speaking of "religious morality" he points out that "this kind of morality appears too soft, too mild, too subjective, and there is often a desire for a sterner and more virile kind." Of what religious morality can the Professor be thinking? Surely not of the Christian code, seeing that nothing less soft or more manly has ever been suggested. Was there anything soft or unmanly in the actions or ethical principles of St Paul, St Jerome, St Athanasius, St Ignatius, Loyola, or St Thomas à Becket? The whole volume leads to a statement of Eucken's *Activism*, applied to morality. His thought is given in these words: "We are encompassed on all sides by fate. But man is not entirely at the mercy of this fate. The spiritual life which can grow up in him gives him a new, spontaneous source of life: he can originate something new . . . and can oppose his actions to fate." This looks uncommonly like the ultra-vitalism of the school of Montpellier—which has long since been condemned. Are we, once again, going to oppose "natural" and "spiritual" forces?

Knowledge and Life, which is very deftly translated by Dr Tudor Jones, gives a good summary of the Professor's outlook. We are, he contends, at the close of an era of material, commercial and scientific expansion. We now long for something greater, something to sound the depths of the soul. We are thus on the threshold of a period of concentration, and of renewed spiritual life, when man will judge the validity and truth of knowledge by its nearness to the life of the spirit. Science and most of the current systems of philosophy cannot help men to grasp the meaning of life or spiritual "values." There follows the "main thesis"—a summary of Eucken's own activism. Naturally there is much truth in all this, and obviously we agree that our religion should not be sought among the sciences or philosophies. But why upbraid the poor philosophers for not doing what they never professed to be able to do? For our religion, as for our ultimate spiritual "values," we look neither to Aristotle nor Kant nor any other philosopher, but to Christ, the son of God.

We have left little space to consider *The Problem of Human Life*, which is probably the most intelligible of all the Professor's works. It is simply his reading of the history of philosophy, and it undoubtedly contains many suggestive passages. There is no research-work to be found in the volume, and the personal factor looms large in all the interpretations. Much of it astounds us. Why should a chapter on the "religion and ethics of Jesus" find a place in a work on philosophy? Are philosophy and theology to be

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for ever confused? Why, too, should Neo-Thomism be styled unhistorical? Why should we be told that "while Thomas Aquinas was not a thinker of the first rank, he was no insignificant mind and no fanatic"?

Such statements leave us musing. . . . However, let those who read the volume beware of confusing religion, theology, philosophy and ethics as does the professor of Jena. They will find this volume easy and interesting reading.

As we speed along, there is one volume which we should like to recommend in a very special manner, *Le système du Monde* (pp. 496: 15frs.: Hermann, Paris), by Pierre Duhem, now a member of the *Académie des Sciences*. In it, M. Duhem, who has won recognition and fame for his admirable research-work on the history of mediæval and modern science, begins the gigantic task of tracing the history of Cosmology—here, the science and philosophy of Physics and Astronomy—from Plato to Copernicus. None could do the work better than M. Duhem, whose knowledge of ancient systems and of the latest results of our modern work must be almost unique. The first volume before us, which is characterized by unflinching clearness and interest, begins with the Pythagorean Astronomy and ends with the Hellenic Cosmogony after the death of Aristotle. The treatment of the cosmological theories of Plato and Aristotle occupies the major part of the volume.

Like M. Duhem's *Etudes sur Léonard da Vinci*, the work deserves a hearty reception from all scientists, historians and philosophers. In fact, we look forward with some impatience to the succeeding volumes, and meanwhile wish this effort, which is both encyclopædic and heroic, an enduring success.

As we approach the end of our short chronicle, we note many volumes over which we must, unwillingly, pass in silence. We should have liked to give a synopsis of Mgr Sentroul's *Kant et Aristote* (2nd editn: pp. 333: 5frs.: Institut Supérieur Louvain) which sets up a piercing contrast between two of the great theories of Knowledge, which, in one form or another, divide the philosophic world. The volume, which is the expansion of an essay that was "crowned" by the *Kantgesellschaft*, deserves to be widely known. It is an excellent study, written with considerable power and verve, which will be found of unflinching help to students of epistemology. Then, too, we should like to have reviewed Father de Scoraille's *François Suarez* (2 Vols: pp. 484 and 550: 12 frs.: Lethielleux, Paris), which gives a good biography of the Jesuit doctor. Now and again we found it rather diffuse, and sometimes the language was a little enthusiastic—particularly when the author discusses the fidelity of Suarez to the philosophy of St Thomas. Suarez followed St Thomas indeed, but sometimes at a great distance. The volume will, however, interest all Suarezians and many other scholastics.

There is also a third noteworthy volume to which, unfortunately, we cannot give more than a passing reference. It is called *Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiete der Philosophie* (pp. 398: 13s. 6d.: Herder). It consists of a

Some Recent Books

number of philosophic essays by the friends and former pupils of Freiherr von Hertling, who could think of no more fitting manner of commemorating the old Professor's seventieth birthday. In this "Festgabe" is to be found a series of profoundly interesting studies on subjects of mediæval and modern thought. They are written by the leaders of the neo-scholastic movement in Germany, by Baumgartner, Bäumker, Endres, Grabmann, Gutberlet, Witmann, and others whose names are well known. English philosophers will find Professor Schneider's treatment of the psychology of knowledge in the works of John of Salisbury, particularly interesting, as also an article on "Das Licht in der Natur-philosophie" of Robert Grossetête by Dr Baur. As a series of essays the work reaches a very high standard: as a commemorative volume it is quite exceptionally good.

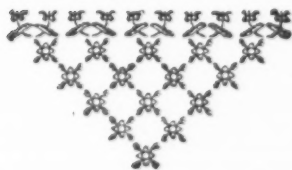
We may close with a mention of two year-books, *The Proceedings of the Aristotelean Society* (pp. 362: Williams & Norgate: 10s. 6d.), and *Les Annales de l'Institut Supérieur* (pp. 628: Institut, Louvain: 10frs.).

The proceedings for 1913 contain many important articles, notably those by Miss Karin Costelloe and Miss L. S. Stebbing, on aspects of Bergson's philosophy. It would be hard to imagine a clearer statement of Bergson's idea of interpretation or of his notion of truth than that contained in the articles by these ladies. And there are other contributions of more than usual interest. Let us say at once, however, that Mr Bertrand Russell's presidential address "On the Notion of Cause" seemed to us unusually weak. He went to Baldwin's Dictionary for his definitions of a cause, with the result that he never really attacked the idea of causality. It was a disappointing paper in that it was mainly a destructive critique, based upon a misapprehension of the meaning of causality.

In our last chronicle we spoke of *Les Annales de Louvain*. The volume for this year, 1914, contains several good articles, and not a few of permanent value, on Psychology, Sociology, Metaphysics, and the history of Philosophy. Frankly, we wonder how the Louvain philosophers manage to produce such a volume every year. Professor Michotte continues the publication of his researches on memory. M. Lottin discusses "le problème des fins en morale." As we might have expected, he gives a powerful summary of the sociologist's contentions, before proceeding to a constructive statement of the necessity of the problem, and of its rational solution. Two articles by MM. Defourny and Diès on Aristotle's Economics and Politics and the Platonic notion of science are so good that we look forward to reviewing them before long as separate books. And among the remaining contributions by MM. Grabmann, Lebbe and others, we might single out the work of M. Becker, "*a propos de l'influence de Dieu dans l'opération des créatures*." He offers a solution of this vexed problem which avoids at least most of the unanswerable difficulties in the theories of Banez and Molina. In fact the whole volume is excellent—an expression of satisfaction with which we terminate this brief survey.

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HARDLY had we realized that the greatest European war in history had begun when the news came that the Holy Pontiff, Pius X, had passed away. He died at a moment when his great qualities appeal to the world in all their force. In such a struggle of life and death as we are witnessing, the great priest, the personal embodiment of simple and saintly heroism, stands forth as a beacon light. He represents the principles of justice for which we are struggling, and the ideals which nerve men to meet death bravely. When war breaks out on so vast a scale the interests of science, literature and art for the moment seem almost to disappear. We forget the artist, the philosopher, the man of letters: we look to the soldier and the saint. In the atmosphere of death the peaceful arts are felt to be mere luxuries and are even, as luxuries, out of place. They avail nothing and are forgotten. The soldier alone can stem the tide of evil: and if the thousands of men and women who are already stricken can be comforted, it can only be by the Christian Faith. Those who have lost their homes, their children, their hard-earned means of subsistence, for whom life has suddenly become a dreary blank save for bitter and ineffaceable memories, have no thought which can help them except that of a world in which the right prevails, in which the good and the brave and the heroic have their reward, in which suffering, however awful it has been, will be turned into joy.

Pius X was not, like Julius II or Leo X, conspicuous as a patron of the arts. He was not, like his predecessor, Leo XIII, an accomplished man of letters; he was not, like Benedict XIV, a man of great learning or a Mæcenas; he was not like others who have received the sacred purple in our time—like Cardinal Newman or Cardinal Mercier—a prelate whom we associate prominently with intellectual interests. But he was an ideal priest of singular sanctity and of absolutely simple aim, namely, the welfare of the cause of God and of His Church. At this awful

Pope Pius X

moment such a Pontiff stands forth as the true representative of the only ideals which avail us.

There seems little doubt that the war broke his heart, though he did not live to see its exceptionally terrible accompaniments. An old man in his eightieth year, already feeble, the news came to him of the awful cataclysm. Nearly the whole of Europe was preparing for a carnage which, by a terrible irony, modern science must so largely intensify. Two of the most devoted Catholic nations—Belgium and Austria—were already losing their thousands. He had that tenderness of heart which is often given especially to those whose lives are spent in self-denial. His face was ever full of sadness and sympathy. I recall vividly the contrast between his expression and that of Leo XIII when each was carried amid the applause of the crowded congregation, in the Sedia Gestatoria in St Peter's. Leo used to rise to his feet as though the plaudits stimulated him to hope and enthusiasm, his face indicative of something like triumph; Pius X never lost the aspect of patient and resigned sadness which characterized him. His face amid the scene of triumph spoke of a sense of the vanity of all earthly glory. He ever had the look of one who is weighed down by the sins and the sorrows of mankind—a look befitting the Vicar of Him of whom we speak as "the Man of Sorrows."

His sad look has dwelt in my mind ever since my first interview with him as Patriarch of Venice in 1898. I was preparing a special article for *The Times* on the social work of Catholics in Italy, especially in connexion with the association known as the *Opera dei comitati e congressi cattolici*. Venice was an important theatre of its labours and Cardinal Rampolla gave me an introduction to the Patriarch. I had been seeing a good deal of the Cardinal Secretary of State himself in Rome, of Cardinal Parocchi, who was then Cardinal Vicar, and of other members of the Sacred College. They all had the grand Italian manner, courtly and impressive, and when I was shown into the presence of the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, the contrast struck me forcibly. He was writing at his desk with a

Pope Pius X

large pile of letters and papers spread out before him. He received me kindly and very simply, and asked what he could do for me and what was my business. I told him something of the information I had already obtained, and asked him to put me into communication with the leaders of the Catholic social movement in Venice. He made a few notes and asked a few questions of a business-like character. He then gave me an introduction to Signor Paganuzzi and one or two others. There were no compliments, no phrases, no rhetorical conversation; but there was a grave and considerate kindness. After giving me an outline of his own view of the matter I had in hand, he asked what more he could do for me, and I felt that I must no longer interrupt his work.

When I saw Signor Paganuzzi I learnt from him something of the high character and great work of the Patriarch. Catholics in the city did not wield their due influence when he had come there four years earlier. The municipality was anti-clerical, and would take no part in his reception when he took possession of his see. But in his first year the new Patriarch was so successful in uniting Catholics with the moderate political party that a change was effected in the character of the municipality itself. He worked with special zeal at the difficulties of the social problem—the disputes between capital and labour, the housing of the poor, and the establishment of banks where the poor could place their savings—the *casse rurale* as they were called. He also took—even in his Venetian days—that special interest in ecclesiastical music which he afterwards showed as Pope. Don Perosi, the famous Italian composer, conducted the music at San Marco.

Pius X was elected to the Pontifical throne in August, 1903. "Nolo episcopari" is often an empty formula, but there is little doubt that in his case it was with the utmost reluctance that he resigned his beloved Venice and undertook the heavy and world-wide duties of Sovereign Pontiff.

It has been truly remarked that his first Encyclical Letter of October 4, 1903, gave the keynote to his whole

Pope Pius X

pontificate. He pointed out that human society was steadily apostasizing from God, and he set forth as the programme of his pontificate, the endeavour "instaurare omnia in Christo"—"to restore all things in Christ."

"We do not wish to be," he added, "and with divine assistance never shall be, aught before human society, but the minister of God of Whose Authority we are the depository."

From this simple aim he never swerved. From this sole point of view he approached all problems—disciplinary, social, intellectual. In St Malachy's Prophecy he was described as "ignis ardens," and if zeal and a policy of constant and vigilant reform should justify this epithet, he has justified it. His earliest efforts were in a direction which, although apparently easy and uncontroversial, had baffled the attempts of earlier Pontiffs. More than one of his predecessors had wished to modify the highly florid style of music which was in vogue in the Holy City. But such long-standing customs are hard to change and substantial alteration had proved impracticable. Pius X, however, was determined, and he succeeded. He gave a great impetus to the cult of the Gregorian chant, and, so far as figured music was retained, it was of a serious and religious character.

Such uncontroversial efforts, however, were but a prelude to work in far more important fields. The social question continued in Rome to occupy the attention he had given to it in Venice. I have already spoken of the *Opera dei comitati e congressi cattolici* which was carried on with so much zeal in Venice, and as Sovereign Pontiff he wrote to the President of the Society—Count Medalgo Albani—in connexion with his efforts to bring capital and labour into harmony. "We will assist you always by Our authority and Our words."

In the very year of his election he published a *Motu Proprio* on Christian social action which was marked at once by keen sympathy with the poorer classes and unflinching opposition to Socialism. He laid stress on the inevitable inequality of mankind, and the individual right

Pope Pius X

to the ownership of property. He laid down the obligations of justice between masters and men, and the limits and utility of the work of Trade Unions. He pointed out that social reform could not be successful or stable without the help of religion. Leo XIII had in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* shown at once his sense of the urgency of the social movement and his firmness in keeping it on Christian lines. Pius X's policy was a continuation of that of his predecessor. He encouraged social work among Catholics, and yet kept it under the guidance of the Church on lines clearly opposed to Socialism. The difficulty of the situation was great, as some of the Catholics who were most zealous in the cause of the democracy—as, for example, Don Romolo Murri—coquetted with Socialism and defied ecclesiastical authority. Later on a somewhat similar difficulty arose in connexion with the *Sillon* in France. M. Marc Sangnier, its able editor, had done a great work for religion, but differences had arisen between him and a considerable section of the episcopate. The Pope did not condemn the *Sillon*, but in a kindly and firm letter, to which the editor loyally submitted, pointed out the lines on which he desired that it should be conducted in the future.

The sphere of Pius X's activities was multiform. They have been so fully described in the many obituary notices which have appeared of him that I need not refer to them in close detail. His reform of the Roman Curia had especial incidental interest for England, as he withdrew our country from the jurisdiction of Propaganda and placed it under the ordinary law of the Church.

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On one or two matters his action aroused great opposition, but was justified in the event. He had to confront an immense difficulty when the Separation Law of 1906 was passed in France. A certain number of Bishops were in favour of compromising with the law so far as to form *associations canoniques* which they hoped might save the property of the Church from spoliation and yet satisfy

Pope Pius X

the requirements of the new law. It needed exceptional courage in the Pontiff to set aside this solution, for the alternative policy meant the complete loss for the Church of France both of its worldly goods and of its legal position. Moreover, for Rome itself it must necessitate the loss of the immense contributions of Catholic Frenchmen to the support of the Pontiff—for all their resources would be needed for their own clergy. But Pius X took the risk and resisted the law firmly and in spite of influential opposition even among Catholics themselves.

"We declare," he wrote, "that it is not permissible to try this kind of association as long as it is not established in a sure and legal manner that the Divine constitution of the Church, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff and of the Bishops, as well as their authority over the necessary property of the Church, and particularly over the sacred edifices, shall be irrevocably placed in the said associations in full security." Such a policy, involving the complete sacrifice by the Church of France of all its worldly goods seemed to many of the Pope's critics an insane one. Undoubtedly it was prompted in part by his keen sense of the irreligious spirit which really animated the French rulers, of the danger of any specious compromise with men who at heart were implacable enemies. The links which the *loi Briand* proposed to forge between Church and State would beyond doubt be used as an instrument for fettering and ultimately destroying the power of the Church. I think that it is now universally admitted that the policy, in spite of all the suffering it has entailed on the French Church, has benefited religion—has, indeed, saved it from destruction. And a real religious revival in France has been visible in the past two years.

Another feature in Pius X's policy which was much criticized was his exhortation that the age for First Communion should be much earlier than had been customary, especially in France. The First Communion of a French child is a great event, and French families, even when

Pope Pius X

tainted with indifference and unbelief, are slow to remove a child from religious influences until after the First Communion has been made. It had become, therefore, customary in France to delay it until the age of twelve or even later, in order to secure deep and lasting Christian habits. Great apprehension was felt in some quarters as to the probable results of the Pope's instruction which seemed to diminish the security. Here again, however, it is now generally admitted that the Pontiff was proved right and that good rather than evil has resulted from his policy.

The condemnation of Modernism is undoubtedly the event in his Pontificate by which he will live in history. It was a very strange fatality that a prelate whose life work had been so far removed from special consideration of the problems raised by modern thought should be the one on whom fell the duty of dealing with one of the most important and dangerous intellectual movements of our times. But Pius X had a gift which was all-important in this matter—a sure instinct as to an intellectual attitude and spirit which was dangerous—even where his habit of mind and knowledge did not extend to all matters of detail. St Irenæus tells us that the saintly Bishop Polycarp when he heard the errors of the Gnostics preached in the pulpit, would stop his ears and rush from the church. Something similar was Pius X's horror of the spirit of Modernism. He followed his syllabus on its dangers by the celebrated Encyclical *Pascendi*, published in 1907, which contained an extraordinarily exhaustive and able summary of a great number of modern theories which it put together and described under the title "Modernism." The *ensemble* of these theories was pantheistic and agnostic, and his condemnation of this system was echoed by the whole Catholic world.

The application of the Encyclical to many matters of detail remains to be worked out. "The exact interpretation of Papal utterances," writes Cardinal Newman, "is a work of time." Besides the root doctrines of Modernism which strike at the foundations of Catholic teaching, the condemned thinkers had, like other heretics, perverted

Pope Pius X

certain useful and undeniable truths. The question which will most exercise the academic teacher of the future—namely, where the exact line is to be drawn between these truths and their perversions—has, in some cases, yet to be thrashed out. "It may happen," writes Cardinal Newman in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, "that even what seems at first sight a true statement is condemned for being made the shelter of an error. For instance, 'Faith justifies when it works,' or, 'There is no religion where there is no charity,' may be taken in a good sense, but each proposition is condemned in Quesnell because it is false as he uses it." But those who were anxious lest isolated passages in the Encyclical should be pressed in some quarters beyond their true theological significance were reassured by the letter of Pius X to the Bishop of Limerick, in which he gave his absolute approval to all the Catholic works of Cardinal Newman. No writer of our time has been more alive than Cardinal Newman to the importance of recognizing what is true in the movements of modern science and thought, while preserving the essential principles of Catholic theology. And it is especially in his Catholic writings that this anxiety is apparent—for example, in his *Lecture on Christianity and Scientific Investigation*.

Pius X entered on a veritable crusade against the modernistic movement, and probably judged the danger to be so great that its power had to be broken before that calm and dispassionate discussion which may be needed for the sifting process I have indicated could be wisely undertaken.

To Pius X we owe the honour conferred on England in the Cardinal's Hat bestowed on two of her distinguished sons. His concern for the affairs of England was close and affectionate. Few pontificates have struck a more unflinching note of unflagging zeal and unwavering trust in God. The last words he ever published—*An Exhortation to the Catholic World*, written within two weeks of his death—are singularly touching and characteristic of the man.

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While nearly all Europe is being dragged into the whirlpools of a most deadly war [the Pontiff wrote] of whose dangers and bloodshed and results no one can think without feeling oppressed with sorrow and with alarm, We, too, cannot but be anxious and feel Our soul rent by the most bitter grief, for the safety and for the lives of so many citizens and so many peoples for whose welfare We are supremely solicitous.

Amid this tremendous upheaval and danger We deeply feel and realize that Our fatherly charity and Our Apostolic ministry demand of Us that We direct men's minds upwards to Him from Whom alone help can come, to Christ, Prince of Peace, and man's all-powerful Mediator with God. Therefore We do exhort the Catholics of the whole world to turn full of confidence to His throne of graces and mercies, and let the clergy lead the way for all others by their example and by appointing special prayers in their respective parishes, under the orders of the Bishops, that God may be moved to pity and remove as soon as possible the disastrous torch of war and inspire the supreme rulers of the nations with thoughts of peace and not of affliction.

Pius X said on his deathbed that God in His mercy was sparing him the terrible scenes which the war must bring. He was spared heart-breaking sorrows. Yet had he lived he would have witnessed some things which would have given him comfort. He would have seen a little Catholic nation win immortal glory in withstanding an inroad marked by a degree of barbarism which must banish the Prussian name from the list of civilized nations until some act of national humiliation and repentance wins for another generation a measure of forgiveness. He would have learnt how the sons of Belgium fought and died as heroes and as Christians, while the hypocrisy of the Prussian rationalist—his invocation of God in the midst of acts of treachery and fiendish cruelty—stood out as a foil to the simple heroism of their first opponents in the field. Opinion is changeable in many things. But such great outstanding facts are imperishable and carry the whole world by storm to a judgment that can never be reversed. The glory of the Belgians, the shame of the Prussians will live for ever in the history of our time.

WILFRID WARD

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

THE painstaking and conscientious inquirer into the causes that produced the present state of war cannot be otherwise than impressed with the tremendous nature of the task with which he is confronted. Strictly speaking the horizon of investigation should be as large as history itself. For the moving and tragic events that fill the world to-day are the result of forces which are as old as mankind itself. Here obviously there is endless ground for debate. To comply with the limited scope of a single article it is self-evident that restrictions must be imposed upon the field of inquiry. Certain general considerations of incalculable importance, however, cannot be ignored if we are thoroughly to understand the more immediate issues which have been raised and which naturally are uppermost in the public mind. To be just, then, we must strive to enlarge our outlook. For the time being the specific provocation cannot enter into our discussion, and later, when it may legitimately be examined, is to be regarded as the effect of causes and influences, long since brought into being, and held in suspense until aggravation led to the collapse of restraint and conditions favoured violent action. The recent European crisis was, therefore, the manifestation in a hopeless stage of a mortal malady traceable directly to the peculiar circumstances that attended the forced entry of Germany into the community of nations, and which continued to distinguish her advance along the path of greatness. It is here that we are enabled to find practical limits for our discussion. Here also we may take up a point of vantage from which may be derived a broad survey of our opponent's case. We must confess that Germany's geographical position no less than her historical development were such as to afford enormous stimulus to her aggressive policy, though we cannot admit that these factors wholly explain away that policy. Unwanted, she

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literally elbowed her way into the centre of the world. Her dramatic entry synchronized with a settled period, when the popularity of war was seriously on the wane and when the Powers, more or less satisfied with conditions as they were, resented the arrival of an intruder. Not content to abide by the handicap resulting from her delay in entering the community of great States, she has been solely responsible for keeping alive the idea of force, that she might one day strike to her advantage. Yet, while we can to some extent sympathize with her position we are bound to regard her conduct in its effects on Europe as a whole. No other conclusion therefore is possible than that she is the enemy of civilization. Her development in a material sense was out of all proportion to her development in a moral sense. The desire for expansion we may understand; but the attempt to force upon the world the German belief in German superiority can only be vigorously rejected. Call it what you will, the maintenance of the balance of power or a deliberately arranged coalition against the might of a single country, it is upon this ground that the nations of the Triple Entente and their Allies, Japan, Belgium, and Servia, are united in hostility to Germany. For Germany is hopelessly late in the march of progress, the pace of which is set not by the legions who lag in ideas but by the small vanguard of advanced thinkers. These last it is who inspire the spirit of what is termed the public law of Europe. In spite of the energetic efforts which Germany is making to justify herself before the world we venture to think that in an atmosphere of calm there can be no two opinions as to who is the disturber of peace. We do not see how the Germans themselves can seriously maintain their denial of the accusation that they are the aggressors. Now that the blood is flowing in rivers and the innocents as well as the combatants are being ruthlessly slaughtered in thousands, the Prussian conscience when censured affects to be hurt. We hear little at the present stage of those academic theories which, during the past decade, have poisoned the soul of

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modern Germany and which, summed up, sought to persuade the German people that they are the Chosen and the Elect, endowed with the Heaven-bestowed right to exterminate that they may enlighten. Instead we are treated to a wealth of diplomatic quibbling intended to create the impression that Germany has been grievously wronged. As will be seen later, we are fully prepared to take up our stand on the immediate issue that led to war. Before entering upon that aspect of the question, however, it is necessary to clear the ground of the German protestations of love of peace. It is indeed unfortunate for Germany that there is so much evidence on record to prove her guilt. That circumstance, it is true, could not well be avoided. In order that the way might be prepared for the present conflict it was necessary that the masses should be trained and educated. Hence we have the writings and teachings of such eminent men as Treitschke, von Bernhardi, Mommsen, Sybel, von Tirpitz, Delbruck and many others. With Imperial approval, and oftentimes patronage, a host of missionaries—Professors, Generals, Admirals, and swarms of individuals of lesser rank—were enlisted to spread far and wide the Faith of Force. The traditions and maxims of Frederick the Great and Bismarck and the military philosophy of Clausevitz completely dominated the trend of intellectual movement, and the culture of old Germany was literally swamped amid a torrent of Chauvinism. It was speciously explained that the importance of classical literature was to be measured in the immense development of Germany in the nineteenth century, and that the dominion of German thought could only be extended under the ægis of political power. War from that point of view was held to be a moral and biological necessity, "a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with, since without it an unhealthy development will follow which excludes every advancement of the race and therefore all realization." To attain their ambitious end the Kaiser and his statesmen had no scruples. Education, as we have seen, was

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wholly misdirected and pressed into the service of State and military discipline. Even the teachings of Christianity were twisted and turned to suit the purposes of State. Religion was superseded by gross materialism. "Among all political sins, the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible; it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost," wrote Treitschke, and again, the stern von Bernhardi, "Briefly, in the business of war men must not regard the massacres, the burnings, the battles and the marches, etc.—that is what the petty and simple do who only look with the eyes of children at the surgeon, how he cuts off the hand or saws off the leg, but do not see or notice that he does it in order to save the whole body. Thus we must look at the business of war or the sword with the eyes of men, asking, Why these murders and horrors? It will be shown that it is a business divine in itself and as needful and necessary in the world as eating or drinking or any other work." In this pitiless doctrine we have revealed alike the iron purpose of the German bureaucracy and the miserable state of mind of the misguided masses. The first we cannot forgive; to the last we can truly extend our sympathy. It is indeed difficult to understand the unsupportable claim which the Germans put forward to the intellectual leadership of the world and the political domination of Europe. Yet, as already remarked, this preposterous claim is seriously advanced. "No nation on the face of the globe," says the self-satisfied von Bernhardi, "is so able to grasp and appropriate all the elements of culture, to add to them from the stores of its own spiritual endowment and to give back to mankind richer gifts than it received." Are the burning of Louvain and the Zeppelin bombs dropped upon the sleeping city of Antwerp to be taken as the "richer gifts" received back from this reinforced culture?

The claim is now calmly advanced that bearing in mind the high mission which Germany hopes to fulfil she is entitled to use all the terrifying means at her disposal in order to reduce her enemies to subjection. If necessary towns

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may be sacked and burnt, women and children may be shot, and, in short, for a time barbarism may hold complete sway. To secure the success of German arms there is to be no shrinking from crime and outrage. Compensation will afterwards be forthcoming to a torn and bleeding world in the form of German rule and German culture. We are witnessing then, broadly speaking, a clash between rival systems of civilization. The world has before stood the shock of similar calamity to emerge the better. This human advancement is slow, as slow as the centuries themselves, but it is as sure as fate, and will not stop until the day comes when the Idealism of our times will be the Realism of civilization. On this occasion it is the magnitude of the struggle, and the highly scientific and skilled methods by which the killing is conducted that benumb our imaginative faculties. But the issue is as old as the world itself, the conflict between progress and reaction, the cause of liberty against tyranny. What is to be feared in the event of a German triumph may be gathered from the deliberate purpose of German policy in the past. Benevolent and efficient though the Bureaucracy assembled round the Kaiser may have proved itself to be in relation to external things, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in spirit and aim it is essentially cruel and mediæval in character. That the intellectual development of the German masses has been so retarded and misdirected as to prepare them one day to spread carnage over the face of Europe is a circumstance to be borne prominently in mind when we seek to establish the inferiority of German civilization. Was it little wonder when the conscience of the individual had been seized by the State that liberty in Germany was in suspense, that the Reichstag was a mere debating assembly, and that the Press was in chains? Of what enduring and practical use to the people was a well-ordered State if their intellects were to be dungeoned and if one day, like sheep, they were to be led to the slaughter in vast herds, while the whole fabric of their splendid activities was to be brought toppling to the ground?

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The Allies are out, then, not alone to crush the German forces but to annihilate German conceptions. It is our civilization against theirs. Let there be no mistaking the enormous nature of the stake. All Englishmen must be made to realize that the lofty principles which have ever guided the glorious destiny of their race are being attacked. The blow that is aimed, if successful, will be mortal. Is the whole foundation and fabric of human progress, wherein burns the radiant and glowing inspiration of British ideals, to be wrecked at the bidding of a mere puppet in purple masquerading as a twentieth century Napoleon? Or will Englishmen respond as did their forefathers to the call of liberty, and strike down the enemy of civilization? It is indeed a holy war upon which we are engaged, a war for freedom and for Christianity. Our soldiers, fighting with all the dogged tenacity of their race upon the soil of France, are in the truest sense of the term modern crusaders. For this day of destruction our foes have constructed a machine of terrific might, highly trained, closely massed hordes armed with deadly weapons and led with undeniable skill. It remains for us to show that as of old the cause is the deciding factor. Because of the fervour of our faith in the righteousness of this cause, a fervour so strong as to be almost spiritual, we believe that the God of Battles will be with us.

In some quarters it is asserted that the war is unpopular in Germany and the bold prophecy is advanced that before long we shall see a revolution in the land. No greater, nor more mischievous miscalculation concerning the *morale* of the forces arrayed against us can be conceived. It is true that many considerations of a domestic character led Germany to hasten the hour. The stern necessities arising out of the spread of industrialism were beginning to make themselves felt. The exodus to the urban centres of late had been enormous; the love of luxury increased apace; and in the capital and other large towns gilded and vulgar dissipation turned night into day. Berlin, as a centre of gaiety, aimed at supplanting Paris, and the inhabitants

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boasted openly of its growing facilities for vice and luxury. It was, after all, only consistent with the hard and arrogant spirit that influenced German life and conditions generally that there should develop a love of display and a desire that this display should be distinctive in character, that, in short, it should be German display. Latterly, the declining physique of the conscripts to the army showed unmistakable evidences of the wear and stress of modern life; social democracy gathered force and came to be feared; and as a counter-movement to the vicious tendencies of the age the party of peace and freedom gathered many adherents. All the deplorable tendencies to which allusion has been made were of course centred in the articulate, or what might perhaps better be termed the noisy, section of the population. Considered apart from the intense nationalism of their ideals the masses, more particularly those resident in the rural districts of the South, enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for the kindly qualities of hospitality, honesty, and simplicity.

Yet it is no exaggeration to say that taken as a whole had the proletariat been permitted to decide the issue for themselves, war would have been precipitated long ago. At any moment they were eager and ready to fight, caring in truth little about the justice or otherwise of the quarrel picked. We cannot forget that after the settlement of Agadir the Kaiser was severely criticized in the Berlin Press on the ground that he had exhibited weakness in the Councils of Europe. The *Post* even went so far as to dub him the "poltron misérable." Any further diplomatic compromise in which it might have been open to question whether or not Germany had scored, would certainly have damaged to no small extent the prestige of the Monarchy. All classes, all parties have answered the great roll call. Foremost in the march are the Socialists. Their leaders, like true soldiers, have "fallen in," full of patriotic fervour. For them there is only one Democracy to-day, the Democracy of the Fatherland. The journals under their control are screeching loudest of all vengeance upon the Kaiser's enemies, and the idea of universal brother-

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hood is already cold in its grave. The hand once tendered in so-called fellowship clasps a rifle now as eager as that of any Deathhead Hussar to shoot bullets or thrust steel into the carcass of the foreign comrade of former days. How it may be when serious reverses are experienced and privation seizes upon the land is another question. The German people of to-day know only the traditions of victory. Up till very recently they had no experience of war and they are hardly in a mood to admit the possibility of disaster. But prolonged hunger and hardship stimulate realization and play havoc with misconceptions.

Turning in the direction of the Allies, we find that they too have behind them the full force of public opinion in their own countries. This public opinion may not have manifested itself in a manner so offensively assertive as is the case with German feeling; but knowing as we do the depths of determination to which it has been moved that restraint is indeed highly creditable and is, moreover, altogether consistent with the belief, firmly implanted in the minds of the masses, that the enemy alone is the aggressor. With the exception of a very small and un-influential section, public opinion from end to end of the British Empire certainly entertains no doubt as to the justice of our cause. Realizing to the full, as we have done, the terrible nature of war and its consequences, we endured much provocation with a patience that oftentimes our enemies mistook for weakness. But this recollection of reluctance to take up the sword, coupled with firm belief in the righteousness of our purpose, now that at last we have resolved upon hostilities, strengthens our determination and reinforces our hope. Inspired, then, by a fervour that may truly be called spiritual and not in the least under-estimating the hideous horrors that await the world, we take a hand in the carnage with a conscience that we innately feel to be perfectly clear. In this attitude of confidence and calm we are fortified to no small extent by the news that in the few countries left neutral amid this great struggle public opinion is on our side. In spite of an elaborately organized campaign on the part of

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Germany to influence its decision, the great democracy of the United States is wholly in favour of England and her Allies. That circumstance has proved to be a disappointment of some magnitude to the Kaiser who, departing from all the traditions of his august position, had gone out of his way to take a personal part in the campaign designed to attract the friendship of America and the Americans, and who, up to the last moment, vainly imagined that his zeal had met with conspicuous success. But the people of the United States, with the acumen that was only to have been expected, would not permit themselves to be deluded. To them it is plainly evident that the grandiose scheme of Germanic domination is not restricted to the European sphere; that the British Navy alone stands between the Kaiser's dreams and an attempt to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine. Clearly they see that the triumph of the armed forces of Germany would be followed by the steady strangulation of democracy the world over, thus ultimately crushing the ideals cherished by the freedom-loving peoples of America, and producing a state of universal thralldom with the Kaiser as King of Kings. For similar reasons, on the side of England and her Allies are also to be found the sympathies, generally speaking, of the peoples of South America; of Italy, whose alliance with Germany and Austria was as unnatural as it was unholy; of Denmark, herself the victim of Prussian military aggression; of Holland, trembling lest her neutrality should be violated by the German hordes whose brutality in the adjoining land of Belgium spread terror far and wide; of Sweden, shocked by the German ill-treatment of Russian refugees who, weary and exhausted, in not a few instances almost to the point of death, sought asylum in the country; of Portugal, upon whose colonies Germany has frank designs; and of Spain who for long has proved herself to be an ardent admirer of British policy and institutions. It is manifest, therefore, that the isolation of Germany and Austria is complete. Thus, in the strictest sense of the term, they constitute the common foe, the foe of civilization. This universal hostility towards them

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is based not alone upon legitimate apprehension and righteous detestation. The actual pretext upon which Germany and Austria seized in making war has been closely investigated, and everywhere these Powers have been adjudged the wanton wreckers of the world's peace.

Before we approach the immediate causes of the war some consideration of the general conditions that prevailed in Europe about this time becomes essential. We are here only concerned for the moment with those political currents that led directly to the Armageddon, not with the broader issues from which these originally emerged and which are referred to at the beginning of this article. The ultimate clash between the mighty movements of Pan-Germanic and Pan-Slavonic forces was inevitable, as also was the participation of Great Britain and France in such a struggle. It was rendered so chiefly because of the existence of fundamental differences of a wholly irreconcilable nature and also to no small extent because of the presence of evil influences traceable to the irretrievable errors of former generations of diplomacy. In our investigation into the causes of the war, however, there must be some attempt to define the critical period. Otherwise there is danger that the task will be so complicated as to defeat its object—the presentation of a plain case. In a rapid review of events that can properly be regarded as directly contributing to the war we may go back as far as the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary in 1908. Whatever could be said for the action of the Dual Monarchy from the point of view of prior diplomatic or political rights, all of which were doubtful in character, the fact remained that two great provinces populated by Slavs were definitely incorporated under alien rule. To Servia the fate of these provinces was of intimate concern, and it was also evident that Russia, the Protector and Liberator of the Slavs, could not remain indifferent over the matter. There is not space at our disposal to enter upon a description of the internal policy of Austria-Hungary. Indeed, such a task at this stage would be

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altogether superfluous, for recent events have produced a flood of information on the subject. It is relevant to our immediate purpose to point out that this Empire contains twenty-seven million Slavs as against only ten million Magyars and twelve million Germans, and that the late Archduke favoured the audacious principle of *Divide et Impera* in accordance with which he aimed at setting the Southern Slavs against Hungary that Austria alone might profit. This attempt on the part of an imperious Germanic minority to govern the destiny of the Serbs of South-Eastern Europe proved itself to be no less a fruitful source of sorrow and strife than was the oppressive sway of Ottomanism over the little nationalities in this region. Composed of races that will not assimilate, depending for strength upon disunion, and for all practical purposes vassal of the Kaiser, Austria-Hungary as a State possesses no moral warrant for continued existence. Her claim to dispose of the future of the Serbs was untenable and unjust. That so vigorous a race should be subjected for long to oppression for no other purpose than to prop up a tottering Empire like Austria-Hungary was not to be thought of. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina with their Serb populations unmasked in a startling manner the all-enveloping policy of Vienna. It is this crude policy aimed vigorously at crushing the independence of a virile little nationality that is plainly the primary cause of the universal conflict raging to-day. There is some danger that this supremely important circumstance may be obscured amid the warfare of words which now accompanies the din of battle. It is interesting to speculate, as some writers have done, upon the reasons that induced Austria-Hungary to resort to the suppression of Slav ideals. The record of her persecution of the Serbs goes back nearly two centuries. But it was after Sadowa and Sedan, when the realization was driven home to Vienna that Germany had finally closed the door to Austrian expansion in Europe, that an active policy of interference was inaugurated in the region of the Near East.

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Thus the simple method of pursuing the line of least resistance was favoured, and, while Austria henceforth came under the influence of her dominating neighbour, she sought compensating gratification in the obstruction of progress in the Balkan States. The criticism may be advanced that the Serbs are not the only example in history where the interests of a small race have been sacrificed to the ambitions of a great Power. But it must not be forgotten that the Serbs were no isolated people. They belonged to the great brotherhood of Slavs and at all times enjoyed the sympathy, and latterly the protection, of Russia. Against these natural and fundamental conditions any treaty relations which they might have been compelled to establish with Vienna could not ultimately weigh. Moreover, it is also to be borne in mind that the Austrian policy towards Servia was not passively obstructive; it was avowedly designed for the destruction of her independence and the consolidation of the Slav dominions of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was a great step towards this goal. At that time Russia was still suffering from the wounds inflicted upon her in Manchuria, and from the evil effects of recent revolution. Her entente with this country was comparatively new; and Sir Edward Grey, correctly gauging public opinion, did not feel justified in offering anything more than diplomatic support. The Kaiser, who under the guise of friendship had all along encouraged Russia in her disastrous Manchurian venture that her position in Europe might be weakened, made a dramatic appearance "in shining armour" by the side of his ally, Austria, and Russia, threatened with overwhelming force, was compelled to suffer the humiliation of a diplomatic reverse of first magnitude. Bosnia and Herzegovina definitely annexed, constituted, as we have said, a great step towards the goal of Austrian ambition, the gain of a definite stage on the long road that led to Salonika. Staggering though this set back was to the cause of the Slavs it was not to be compared for deadly intent with the blows

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that Austria was later to aim at Servian independence. In the meantime, however, Russia vigorously prepared for the coming struggle. Her army was thoroughly reformed and the construction of a navy to be capable of challenging the sea strength of Germany in the Baltic was begun. Also measures were taken to develop the *entente* with England. Not a few Russian statesmen and publicists, whose outlook was restricted chiefly to Persia, were bitterly opposed to this policy, and they lost no opportunity in urging upon their countrymen that for reasons historical as well as geographical Germany, not England, was destined to be the friend of Russia. On paper theorists were able to show in a plausible manner that no reasons existed why the two nations should not be allies. But as a matter of fact the Treaty of Berlin raised between them a barrier which German diplomacy, bound up as it was with Austrian machinations in the Balkans, and preoccupied with its own aggressive aims at the Porte, could not possibly surmount. Here, then, was England's opportunity, and so soon as the Far Eastern situation became easier, on account of Japanese ascendancy, our *entente* quickly materialized with Russia, whose interests at many points throughout the world came into actual contact with those of this country.

After the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, not only did Russia seek energetically to develop and extend her military resources but as she became conscious of her own recuperative powers in this direction, so she too imparted to her diplomacy a more vigorous tone than had hitherto characterized its activities. It was as the direct result of her inspiration that the Balkan League was formed. The overwhelming success which the Allies achieved against the Turks proved a death blow to the ambitions of Austria in South-Eastern Europe, and the unsuccessful encouragement which she gave to Bulgaria in the subsequent campaign against Servia and Greece only served to hasten the fast-approaching end. For the Servians emerged completely victorious, and further diplomatic bungling on the part of Vienna led to Roumania abandoning her inclina-

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tions towards the Triple Alliance and drawing nearer to Russia. It is true that Austria achieved her sinister intent—the breaking-up of the Balkan League; but exactly what useful purpose she achieved in so doing it is difficult to fathom, for, from the ashes of this ruin there arose another powerful combination of States, the policy of which, though not so rigidly hostile, was none the less, generally speaking, inimical to Vienna. It is conceivable that without her original interference events might have taken a turn in her favour. The Balkan League, as it was constituted at first, would in all probability have ultimately found its objects to be in conflict with those of Russia, with the result that the influence of this Power would have waned. In other words, a split in the Slav movement was not so remote as appeared on the surface. Yet Austria, irritated beyond measure by the Servian success within sight of her disapproving eyes, was incapable of restraint, and, in her feverish desire to encompass the ruin of a little nationality, rushed headlong to her own doom. Bulgaria was crushed and disgraced while triumphant Serbia, having throughout the prolonged crisis hearkened respectfully to the word of the Tsar, nestled closer than ever under the protecting wing of Russia.

In the interval between the two campaigns Austria, in seeking to prevent Serbia gaining an outlet upon the Adriatic, had clearly disclosed the oppressive nature of her policy. A free port was essential to the development of independent Serbia, whose complete economic subservience to her great and avaricious neighbour rendered possible the strangulation of her foreign trade at any moment that might be decided upon by Vienna. Serbia was clearly threatened with extinction. On this occasion, however, Russia took a firm stand by the side of Serbia, and at the same time the Kaiser when importuned by Austria, who had already mobilized, flatly refused to lend military aid. In these circumstances a European war was averted; Austria had no other alternative than to consent to submit the issue to the Conference of

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Ambassadors, and sensible compromise won the day. At the same time, professing fervent devotion to the cause of peace, she reiterated her protestations of self-denying conduct, pointing to the fact that she had magnanimously refrained from occupying the Sanjak of Novi Bazar. So strong a Power, it was explained, could afford to be benevolent though it was added somewhat hastily in the language of menace that there were limits to such policy. It became clear that the restraining influence at work was German refusal to precipitate general war. In reality, Austria's mood was bellicose in the extreme. As a consequence, relations between Austria and Serbia, already about as bad as they could be, were further strained, and the result of the second campaign in the Balkans, the conflict among the Allies, traceable to the intrigues of Vienna diplomacy, rendered the situation still worse. The hatred of the one nation for the other now became implacable. It must not be imagined that throughout the long period under review the conduct of Serbia towards her great neighbour was all that could be desired. On the contrary, from time to time the Press of Belgrade vigorously assailed Austria; prominent statesmen gave utterance to not a few provocative statements; and little attempt was made to conceal the fact that the national policy of Serbia was to be directed towards releasing the Serbs from the yoke of Austria. But however much the aggressive methods thus employed against Austria were to be deplored, we cannot forget that it was the avowed purpose of that Power to stifle altogether the prosperity of her little neighbour. When the weak are fighting for existence they are none too delicate in the choice of weapons. The unfriendly campaign in Belgrade naturally hurt the massive dignity of Vienna. Again and again was Serbia rebuked and pompously reminded of the might of Austria. At times, indeed, she was threatened, failing serious effort to mend her ways, not with war as such is understood, but with the visitation of swift and condign chastisement. This angry resentment, it should be explained, was due quite as much to genuine appre-

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hension as it was to injured feeling. Greater Serbia had suddenly become an actuality, and from the dreams of Austrian statesmanship there faded in a night the long-seen vision of the national flag at Salonika.

Russia emerged from the prolonged crisis full of prestige and virility. For the first time in history that insidious German influence which had permeated the Court of St Petersburg, and which was largely responsible for keeping alive reaction in Russia, began perceptibly to wane. Exaggerated importance had everywhere been attached to the Potsdam agreement concluded in 1910, when the Tsar met the Kaiser. This agreement bore relation to railway questions in the Middle East and was purely local in its operation. Was it likely that so simple an arrangement on paper could stay the trend of those larger currents, the currents of unalterable destiny shaping from hour to hour the conflict between Teuton and Slav? The whole military situation of Europe underwent an immediate transformation. It was realized that new forces of great strength had been brought into being in the south-east, and that Austria, hitherto regarded as a natural bulwark against the onrushing Slav tide, was palpably weakened. What was still more disquieting, the German-trained forces of the Ottoman Empire had been completely vanquished. Anticipating European war, and believing in their efficiency, Germany had built great hopes upon the employment of these forces against England in Egypt and also against Russia. Having faith in her own unconquerable strength she felt that the day was distant when the might of Slavdom would present a menace of consequence. She underestimated rather than otherwise the readiness of her great neighbour. Nevertheless she was not blind to the immense potentialities of Russia, and she determined to take measures to crush that Power while there was yet time. Already her people were suffering almost beyond endurance from the heavy taxation incurred on account of armaments. As a final effort it was decided to make a raid on the hoardings of capital in order to defray the cost of a large increase

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in the army. France and Russia instantly responded with enormous additions to their military forces, the latter Power in particular exerting herself so as to be ready for all conceivable contingencies. A little later Germany began to marshal public opinion against Russia, and an angry press campaign was waged against Slavdom. Also there were mysterious meetings between the Kaiser and the late Archduke of Austria at which it was resolved to take advantage of the first opportunity afforded by Serbia to challenge Russia.

Thus on all sides evidences were forthcoming that the evil day had been only deferred and that the time gained was merely to be spent in expanding the elaborate arrangements already made against the coming of the Armageddon. An ominous suspense fell upon the Chancelleries of Europe, the strange stillness that presaged the approach of the greatest calamity which has ever beset the human race. Meanwhile it so happened that domestic turmoil and various other unhappy symptoms exhibited themselves in all three countries composing the diplomatic group known as the Triple Entente. The decay of England became a topic of everyday talk on the Continent. Moreover, civil war threatened in Ireland. In France the talented Ministry of M. Ribot had been rejected, and the Government was under the influence of the Extreme Socialists, who had not concealed their opposition to the three years' service measure. The army scandals exposed by Senator Humbert, though relating to evils long since repaired, were none the less highly disquieting. Finally, when the European crisis became acute the French President and also the Premier were on the high seas returning from a courtesy visit to Russia, the ally of France. Then, as far as Russia was concerned, there were signs of imminent revolution. Strikes, fomented by political agitators, paralysed the industry of the land, serious riots had occurred in St Petersburg, and the Jews, Poles, Finns and Georgians, embittered by newly-imposed measures of an oppressive nature, were ready to strike for freedom. All these manifestations of internal unrest were

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given an absurdly exaggerated importance. From Germany war correspondents were actually despatched to Ireland and to Russia for the purpose of describing the forthcoming revolutions in these countries! Everything went to show that Germany, believing that circumstances would never again be so favourable to her purpose, decided to act quickly and vigorously that her diplomatic supremacy might irrevocably be established. Thus, with Agadir avenged and dissension sown among the nations of the Triple Entente the balance of power in Europe was automatically to cease, leaving Germany in an unassailable position on the Continent. This, in brief, was the programme as pre-arranged. Not only did the set of circumstances peculiar to the moment, and already alluded to, tend to stiffen the policy of Germany, but the general situation was such as to convince the Kaiser and his advisers that with the passing of time military conditions in Europe would so change as to place Germany at a positive disadvantage. The foundations of Austria were visibly shaking; England was at last fully awake to the German Sea menace; Russia with her inexhaustible resources and material was building up the largest army in the world; and finally France had resorted to the three years' term of conscription, thus increasing enormously her peace-effective forces. Moreover, German finances were seriously crippled on account of the vast and increasing expenditure for swollen armaments, and the masses were becoming restless under the oppression of militarism.

If the worst came to the worst and European war followed upon the vigorous assertion of German power then it was fervently hoped that certain calculations, always relied upon in the event of such contingency occurring, would be fulfilled. Thus it was expected that not only would India and Egypt rise in revolution against England but that there would be rebellion in our colonies; that even if revolution did not prevent her fighting at all, Russia would prove incapable of taking an offensive, and that, in any event, she would be immediately attacked by

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Japan in the Far East; and that the forces of the Ottoman Empire, weakened though they were, might yet, led by German strategists, play an important rôle in the great conflict.

Furthermore, German violation of the neutrality of Belgium was always counted upon. "When Belgium was proclaimed neutral," wrote von Bernhardt in a work frankly endorsed by the Crown Prince, "no one contemplated that she would lay claim to a large and valuable region of Africa. It may well be asked whether the acquisition of such territory is not *ipso facto* a breach of neutrality, for a State from which—theoretically at least—all danger has been removed has no right to enter into political competition with other States. . . . The conception of permanent neutrality is entirely contrary to the essential nature of the State, which can only attain its highest moral aims in competition with other States." The aims of Germany were so deliberate and far-reaching that they could not possibly be concealed. Therefore, it is plain that the defence now put forward on her behalf is merely calculated to deceive. Reading her protestations to-day in the light of her declared policy in the past, the confusion to which she is reduced is palpable and pitiable.

The writer has sought to demonstrate that it was a remarkable combination of circumstances, historical, political and racial, that produced in Europe the protracted state of tension which preceded the conflagration. For months past the Powers had been on the brink of war, and the atmosphere pervading the conduct of diplomacy was heavy and sultry. It needed only some such incident as the assassination of the Archduke of Austria to precipitate the conflict. Nevertheless, there is overwhelming evidence that Germany hoped to achieve her purpose without firing so much as a single shot. Throughout the crisis her representatives abroad seem to have been singularly ill-informed. For example, the German Ambassador at Vienna, who was a violent Russophobe, airily declared "that the days of Pan-Slav agitation in

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Russia are over." He went on to say that the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs would not, he thought, be so imprudent as to take a step which would probably result in many frontier questions in which Russia was interested, such as Swedish, Polish, Ruthene, Roumanian and Persian, being brought into the melting-pot. As for France, she was not at all, so His Excellency avowed, in a condition for facing war. The Austrian Ambassador in Berlin gave expression to similar opinions, and the British Ambassador thereupon commented, "I think that this view is shared by many people here." The Minister of Foreign Affairs at Rome remarked to the British Ambassador in this capital that there seemed to be a difficulty in making Germany believe that Russia was in earnest. The German Ambassador in St Petersburg actually reported to his Government that Russia would never go to war. He also conveyed to Berlin the impression that if Austria refrained from annexing Servian territory the difficulty could be regarded as overcome. Austria did, as a matter of fact, give definite promises on this score, the fulfilment of which Germany later said she would guarantee, but when asked whether the independence of Servia would be respected, the Vienna Government discreetly declined to answer. An explicit promise on this latter point would have averted war. Yet none was forthcoming. From the first, Russia persisted in the most categorical fashion that she would not again stand aside and suffer humiliation. Moreover, it was announced that the order for mobilization against Austria would be issued on the day that the forces of that Power crossed the Servian frontier.

Nevertheless the view was stubbornly, and, as subsequent events have proved, stupidly, maintained, both in Vienna and Berlin, that Prussia would under no circumstances put the issue to the test of war. It was not until Russian forces were mobilized on the Galician frontier, where Austrian armies had already gathered, that the illusion was dispelled. "The Ministry of Foreign Affairs here," wrote the British Ambassador at Vienna on July 29, when this news became known, "has realized, though

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somewhat late in the day, that Russia will not remain indifferent in the present crisis." In like manner Germany vainly imagined that Great Britain would preserve neutrality, and even after July 29, when, at the height of the crisis, Sir Edward Grey hinted plainly that no reliance should be placed upon this contingency, she put forward offers which indicated an altogether inexplicable belief that British honour could be purchased at the price of France's doom. At the same time Sir Edward Grey's pregnant words, together with the still more ominous development of Russian mobilization against Austria, did produce a slight, though perceptible, effect upon the situation. Hitherto, Austria had been adamant in her refusals to listen to the Russian point of view. Direct conversations between Austria and Russia, which had been broken off when hostilities against Serbia began, were renewed. Austria, however, would go no farther than to say that she was ready to accept England's proposal for mediation by the four disinterested Powers, but on the understanding that military action against Serbia "would continue for the present." In any event this last reservation would have been fatal to the cause of peace. Yet the Austrian Ambassador continued, at the eleventh hour, to protest to Sir Edward Grey that the door had not been banged on all further conversations and that there was no intention on the part of his country to impair the sovereign right of Serbia or obtain territorial aggrandizement. But on the same day, when the further exchange of views was initiated in St Petersburg, the Austrian Ambassador in this capital could not be induced to make a precise statement of his country's intentions towards Serbia. Instead, he endeavoured to deflect the conversation into an abstract discussion on the general relations between Austria and Russia.

But in the meantime the general situation had gone from bad to worse. On July 30 M. Sazonof informed the British Ambassador at St Petersburg that "absolute proof was in the possession of the Russian Government that Germany was making military and naval preparations

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against Russia—more particularly in the direction of the Gulf of Finland." On the same day the French President told the British Ambassador at Paris that "German troops are concentrated round Thionville and Metz ready for war." France stayed her hand to the last. Russia, however, had no other alternative than to begin general mobilization. As is well known, owing to inadequate road and railway communication, the assembling of troops on the frontier is a slow process for Russia. She could not, therefore, wait complacently under the menace of a sudden attack from Germany who, while refraining from publishing the fact to the world, was nevertheless mobilizing against her. Germany from her side argued that Russia had inexhaustible material from which to draw and that the safety of her Empire forbade that she should "allow Russia time to bring up masses of troops from all parts of her wide dominions." In other words, Germany had the speed, Russia the numbers. Thus war became inevitable.

The German ultimatums to Russia and France followed, and the great conflict began. Germany has urged that up to the last moment she worked hard in the cause of peace, and that the mobilization of the Russian forces alone thwarted her efforts. She was tardy enough in her acceptance of Sir Edward Grey's idea of mediation, and then only subscribed to it "in principle." To the British suggestion that the representatives of the four Great Powers not directly interested in the Servian dispute should meet in London and endeavour to find a way out of the impasse she objected that such conference would have the appearance of an "Areopagus," consisting of two Powers of each group sitting in judgment upon the two remaining Powers. Yet when invited to submit her own scheme for giving effect to mediation she failed to reply. From the outset, in fact, Germany made clear her standpoint that the quarrel was purely between Austria and Servia and that Russia possessed no title to interfere. Only towards the end of the crisis did she maintain that in accordance with the wish of England

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she was "pressing the button" at Vienna. It was apparent that if the situation was to be saved moderation must be urged in this quarter, and of all the Powers Germany was alone in a position to exert the required influence. At the beginning she represented that Austria was exceedingly sensitive, and that were any idea to gain ground that she was being pressed, hostilities with Serbia might be precipitated and a *fait accompli* thus be presented. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs subsequently told the British Ambassador that he was "not sure that his communication of your [Sir Edward Grey's] suggestion that Serbia's reply offered a basis for discussion had not hastened the declaration of war against Serbia." But all available evidence shows that Austria hoped to accomplish a *coup d'état*. To the last she sought deliberately to create the impression that her representations to Belgrade would not be excessively severe. Then, having made all her preparations in secret, she literally swooped down upon Serbia. Coincident with the delivery of the ultimatum the Berlin Press urged that Germanism must now make a definite stand. On July 28 the Prussian military organ, the *Militärwochenblatt*, stated that Germany had laboured continuously, and with great intensity and industry, in developing her Army since 1870. "All military preparations for war of whatever sort," the journal added, "have been taken with that attention to detail and that order which marks Germany. It can therefore be said without exaggeration that Germany can face the advent of grave events with complete calm, trusting to God and her own might."

About the same time the following outburst appeared in the Austrian *Fremdenblatt*:—

"Every one who feels for the Monarchy can be in no doubt that this time we are at a point when there can be neither mediation nor arbitration. . . . The Greater Serbia propaganda has grown out of the erroneous belief that our Monarchy has lost confidence in itself, that it would not dare to oppose the work of destruction which was to prepare for the moment of the great attack. Our

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moderation was looked upon as cowardice, our love of peace as a sign of weakness. It is a question of destroying this illusion, a question of proving to seducers and seduced that they have to do with a neighbour who strikes down those who wish to steal his property."

In this way it was sought to intimidate the Powers of the Triple Entente, and an atmosphere of menace was created. The German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs afterwards declared that he had not been made acquainted with the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before its delivery. He admitted to the British Ambassador that the Servian Government could not swallow certain of the demands, adding that he thought the note left much to be desired as a diplomatic instrument. On the other hand, the British Ambassador at Vienna had private information that the German Ambassador to Austria "knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before it was despatched and telegraphed it to the German Emperor." It was quite possible that the Vienna plot against Servia was hatched with the full knowledge and approval of the Kaiser and behind the back of the Wilhelmstrasse. Frequently in the past His Majesty had been known to take abruptly the reins of foreign policy into his own hands and German diplomacy has suffered not a little from this august intrusion. When on the night of July 26 the Kaiser returned suddenly from his cruise in Norway to Berlin, the Under Secretary of State remarked to the British Ambassador that "The Foreign Office regret this step, which was taken on His Majesty's own initiative." In all the circumstances the conclusion is not unwarranted that while the German Foreign Office was working sincerely in the cause of peace the War Party, at whose head was that ardent young soldier, the Crown Prince, had succeeded in capturing the Kaiser. German diplomatists were stunned by the failure of their efforts. The Ambassador in St Petersburg completely broke down and wept. The Imperial Chancellor and Foreign Secretary were so flurried that they could hardly speak coherently at the last diplomatic interviews.

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which took place at the Wilhelmstrasse. Thus in the end Prussian militarism triumphed completely over the sanity of statesmen, and the day of doom for which Germany had assiduously prepared during the last thirty years was at last reached. The issue then was clearly resolved. It was to be a struggle to the death between the forces of military autocracy and the allies of freedom.

German hatred was in particular directed against England. The memorable leave-taking between the Imperial Chancellor and the British Ambassador is best told in the latter's own words: "I found the Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue, which lasted for about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by His Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. All his efforts in that direction had been rendered useless by this last terrible step, and the policy to which, as I knew, he had devoted himself since his accession to office had tumbled down like a house of cards. What we had done was unthinkable; it was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants. He held Great Britain responsible for all the terrible events that might happen.

"I protested strongly against that statement, and said that, in the same way as he and Herr von Jagow wished me to understand that for strategical reasons it was a matter of life and death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate the latter's neutrality, so I would wish him to understand that it was, so to speak, a matter of 'life and death' for the honour of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked. That solemn compact simply had to be kept, or what confidence could anyone have in engagements given by Great Britain in the future? The Chancellor said, 'But at what price will that compact have been kept. Has the British Government

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thought of that? ' I hinted to his Excellency as plainly as I could that fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements, but his Excellency was so excited, so evidently overcome by the news of our action, and so little disposed to hear reason that I refrained from adding fuel to the flame by further argument."

Even after that interview the Under Secretary of State during a last call upon the British Ambassador inquired, somewhat blandly, whether the demand for passports was to be regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war. It is indeed difficult to understand how German diplomatists could have been under any delusions as to the course Great Britain would pursue; nor is it possible to comprehend the state of their mind when they recklessly level charges of perfidy against the policy pursued by this country. It was true that throughout the crisis Sir Edward Grey's tone was always studiously correct; but it was not without significance. As late as July 31, on the day that Germany delivered an ultimatum to Russia and France, he presented an eminently fair offer to the German Ambassador. "If Germany," says the White Book, "could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it His Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences, but otherwise I told the German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in." At the beginning of the crisis M. Sazonof had pressed Great Britain for a declaration of solidarity with Russia and France. He believed that Germany was convinced that she could count upon our neutrality. Indeed, he told the British Ambassador that it was his opinion that if England took her stand firmly with France and Russia there would be no war, but that if she failed then rivers of blood would flow and in the

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end she would be dragged in. Sir Edward Grey, however, preferred to keep his hands free, believing that by so doing his influence at Berlin would all the more be strengthened. At first France was inclined to agree with this waiting attitude, but later when matters became critical, the President of the Republic expressed to the British Ambassador in Paris the conviction that peace between the Powers was in the hands of Great Britain. "If His Majesty's Government announced," he went on to say, "that England would come to the aid of France in the event of a conflict between France and Germany as a result of the present differences between Austria and Servia, there would be no war, for Germany would at once modify her attitude." From this view Sir Edward Grey dissented. "I believe it to be quite untrue," he telegraphed to Paris, "that our attitude has been a decisive factor in the situation. The German Government do not expect our neutrality." Nevertheless the final incidents at Berlin, to which allusion has already been made, do point to some such miscalculation having taken place on the part of the German Government. Yet for that circumstance Sir Edward Grey was not to blame, for he had all along made the situation perfectly clear to Prince Lichnowsky in London. Nothing save acceptance of the mediation he suggested would have availed. For, though hoping and expecting the aid of England, France and Russia had definitely come to the decision to embark upon war in any event. Germany's rejection of the mediation which England proposed and Russia willingly accepted is therefore the manifestation of aggression—the provocative and culminating cause that led directly to the opening of hostilities. No adequate excuse for her refusal could be advanced. During the Balkan crisis Austria had submitted her differences with Servia to a Conference of Ambassadors with the result that the peace of Europe was preserved. Why could not this established precedent be recognized and the same policy of compromise resorted to? As a matter of fact, the whole crisis had been stage-managed with a view to bringing instant humiliation upon

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Russia, and confusion upon the Triple Entente. To begin with, the assassination of the Archduke and Archduchess served as an admirable pretext for the political annihilation of Serbia whose record of bloodshed had prejudiced her in the eyes of civilization. Already torn and devastated by two wars she seemingly lay at the mercy of her bullying neighbour. So swiftly and secretly were preparations for the coup completed that no time was left for examination of the evidence produced against Serbia. The contents of the ultimatum were not communicated to the Powers until the day following its presentation at Belgrade, and when the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was asked to persuade Austria to extend the time limit he replied that Count Berchtold was at Ischl and that in these circumstances there would be difficulty and delay in getting into touch with him. Meanwhile the military preparations of Austria and Germany were feverishly pressed forward in the hope that as a consequence Russia and France would be intimidated. Sir Edward Grey was bound in the circumstances to display the utmost circumspection. He realized that public opinion in England would not sanction war on account of Serbia. Yet while referring to the sympathy aroused with Austria he could not help remarking that he had "never before seen one State address to another independent State a document of so formidable a character"; and on another occasion he referred to Austria's demands as "extraordinarily stiff." His whole attitude was clearly defined in the following statement which he made to M. Cambon: "In the case of Morocco the dispute was one in which France was primarily interested, and in which it appeared that Germany, in an attempt to crush France, was fastening a quarrel on France on a question that was the subject of a special arrangement between France and us. In the present case the dispute between Austria and Serbia was not one in which we felt called to take a hand. Even if the question became one between Austria and Russia we should not feel called to take a hand in it. It would then be a question of the supremacy

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of Teuton or Slav—a struggle for supremacy in the Balkans; and our idea had always been to avoid being drawn into a war over a Balkan question. If Germany became involved and France became involved we had not made up our minds what we should do; it was a case that we should have to consider. France would then have been drawn into a quarrel which was not hers but in which, owing to her alliance, her honour and interest obliged her to engage. We were free from engagements and we should have to decide what British interests required us to do.” Because we expressed natural sympathy with Austria over the brutal murder of the heir-apparent, and announced that we had no concern with the quarrel between that Power and Servia, it must not be pre-supposed that Servia was in the wrong. On the contrary, even when the crisis was reduced to this proportion, the conduct of Austria, and it followed the policy of Germany in supporting her, were wholly inexcusable. Acting under menace and responding to the peaceful advice tendered by Russia, the Belgrade Government yielded on all save one or two minor points. The righteousness of the cause of Slavdom was thus immediately reaffirmed. Sir Edward Grey, pleasantly surprised, did not conceal his belief that Servia had done more than could reasonably have been expected of her. It was in Vienna, not in St Petersburg, he declared, that pressure should now be applied. But the mind of Austria had been made up before the ultimatum was sent. Servian acquiescence was the last thing she wanted. When it was forthcoming she had no alternative but to show her hand to the world. Whether or no Servia was guilty, whether or no she repented, Servia was to be crushed. “It is a matter of life and death for the Monarchy” was the view taken in Vienna. Clearly here, as in Berlin, militarism became triumphant. The war party, preying upon the bereaved feelings of the aged Emperor, had succeeded where hitherto, in spite of persistent effort, they had failed. They had persuaded his deeply religious conscience that to declare war was his duty. The attempt of Austria, which has dismally

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failed, to blot out Servia from the map of Europe is only to be compared with her ally's contemptuous disregard for "a scrap of paper," upon which was written a solemn treaty guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality. Is it not indeed true that England is fighting for the right of the little nations to exist, and for the vindication of the public law of Europe?

While describing at some length the more recent events that constituted the immediate provocation of war it has been the endeavour of the writer to allot them a proportionate place in the whole scheme of things. For they are in no sense isolated occurrences, but are consequent upon, and therefore intimately connected with, other events long since past. On that account stress was laid at the beginning of this article upon the influences traceable to the conditions under which Imperial Germany came into existence. These conditions, we hinted, were in themselves the outcome of other and no less important events, but considerations of space, imposing as they did practical limitations upon our field of research, forbade pursuit of the fascinating study here suggested. Also reference has been made to developments in European policy directly due to the changes wrought by the victories of Sadowa and Sedan, and it has been pointed out that these developments paved the way to the crisis that led immediately to war. Other factors which contributed to bring about the culminating situation will no doubt occur to the student of the history of our own times, as, for example, the growth of German prosperity and sea power. It is our wish to emphasize that it was the cumulative and inevitable force of many circumstances that controlled destiny and evolved war. Viewed in this light we may condemn German pretensions, but at least we can understand how it was that the current of materialism gathered strength to such an extent as ultimately to dominate German thought. Hence also we may realize the state of mind developed in the masses as manifested in the blindly enthusiastic resolve of the whole manhood of the nation to face the horrors of war in the

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belief that they were engaging in a war of defence. If the heat of the moment will permit of detached judgment upon the conduct of the Kaiser it follows that though in the eyes of the present generation he may be the instrument of infamy, he is, in truth, "the slave of history." Consequently the part that he fulfils is indeed puny compared with its vast setting—Time and Humanity.

LANCELOT LAWTON

ROGER BACON

1214:1914

AMONG the persons who stand in the foreground of thirteenth century history, a place of special honour must be accorded to Roger Bacon. He was a man apart, who cannot well be fitted with the framework of his period, and who, in fact, led a campaign of abuse and revolt against its established leaders and all their methods. His life has none of "the vulgarity of success," and will almost certainly be read as a tragedy by all who fail to see that success may be an evil, while failure may be a good, and even a mercy. His interests in a period devoted above all to the exhaustive study of philosophy and theology were mainly scientific, experimental and linguistic, his genius in these matters being quite extraordinary. Now in that his mind had the deep empirical bias of the modern period, and in that he was silenced by authority, he has made a direct appeal to the minds and hearts of our contemporaries, whose thought has the same scientific bent, and who look with scant approval upon any ecclesiastical intervention. He has thus been heralded as one "born out of due time"; as, so to say, a modern by nature and a mediæval by fate, by those who think sorrowfully and very unhistorically of the paralysed state of mediæval thought. His works have, in consequence, been reprinted and studied by many who would not have the patience to read the volumes of the real princes of the thirteenth century. His life and thought have in this way been accorded a certain isolation, and it must be allowed that his reputation has gained considerably by the absence of any proper comparison. In fact, to get to the heart of the matter, a legend has grown up around the name of Roger Bacon, which, like most legends, perhaps has only a slender foundation in historical fact.

On the occasion, then, of his seventh centenary, which has been fittingly celebrated at his old University of

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Oxford, we may endeavour to tell the plain story of his life, his limitations, and of his great, though unquiet, genius.

II.

Bacon was born about the year 1214 near Ilchester in Somerset, or according to another tradition in Gloucestershire. From his own account of money expended in research studies, and other casual references, it would seem that his family—one of some wealth and standing in the country—had supported the cause of Henry III in his disastrous conflicts with the English barons, and had, in consequence, suffered forfeiture of their property—his brother, he says, was “*destructus et depauperatus*”—and the still worse punishment of exile. For the rest, his early life is unknown. When the time came he went to Oxford where he must have studied under the guidance of Richard Fitzacre—one of the first Dominicans to profess at the University—of Robert Grosseteste who in 1224 before his elevation to the see of Lincoln was “*rector*” of the Franciscan school at the University, and of Adam Marsh, who was the first of a long line of Franciscan professors.*

For Grosseteste and Marsh—the Marisco of the histories—Bacon had unbounded respect. It is a characteristic of the man that his praise should run to hero-worship and his blame to contempt; for whether he praised or criticized he did it superlatively and with all

* It has often been written and still more often repeated that Roger came under the influence of Edmund Rich—St Edmund—at Oxford. The dates, however, tell against any such possibility. St Edmund, before becoming a priest, taught at Oxford and Paris between 1195 and 1200. Afterwards, having studied theology at Paris, he returned to Oxford, and began to profess Divinity probably between 1205 and 1210. He resigned his chair and was appointed treasurer of Salisbury Cathedral some time between 1219 and 1222. Roger Bacon, despite his undoubted genius, cannot possibly have been studying theology between the age of 5 and 8. However, another Bacon—Robert, the first Dominican writer in England, who was probably an uncle of Roger’s—was first a pupil and afterwards a fellow-professor of St Edmund’s. Doubtless too the memory of St Edmund was still fresh in the minds of Bacon’s professors.

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his might. Albert the Great, who inaugurated the great Aristotelean revival in the Dominican schools, was, as we shall see later, the object of many contemptuous and violent attacks. On the other hand he is never tired of chanting the solemn praises of the Bishop of Lincoln and of Friar Adam, who are ranked with Solomon, Aristotle and Avicenna among the philosopher-princes of the world. "Solus Dominus Robertus, dictus grossum caput, novit scientias," we read, or "prae omnibus, novit scientias." Elsewhere he speaks of Lord Robert of Lincoln and Friar Adam as "perfecte in sapientia divina et humana."*

The early influence of Grosseteste over Roger's mind must have been quite extraordinary. At the height of his fame as a teacher in Bacon's undergraduate days, he was a learned professor and a manly, vigorous character. In addition to the usual commentaries on the works of antiquity—he was himself a Greek scholar of undoubted proficiency—he wrote much about physics, light and optics. He had inherited the fine mathematical tradition of Adelard of Bath—the Alardus of Bacon's works—and endeavoured to apply mathematical reasoning to the elucidation of physical problems. In fact, his philosophy of light carried him far into metaphysic and cosmology, for in his system light was a constitutive principle of matter, and the principle of change in the Universe.† He was, in addition, the author of many opuscula on philosophy in which he gives us that curious mixture of early Augustinian and Aristotelean teaching, which prevailed more particularly in the Franciscan schools before the coming of Duns Scotus.‡ Elements drawn from two distinct sources were thus held together,

* These expressions will be found in the valuable introduction to *The Greek Grammar of Roger Bacon*, by Mgr. Nolan, M.A. The whole introduction should be consulted by students of the history of philosophy.

† Cf. "Das Licht in der Natur-Philosophie von Robert Grossetête" by Dr Baur in *Abhandlungen aus dem gebiete der Philosophie*. (Herder, 1913.)

‡ For much of this information I am indebted to M. de Wulf's *Histoire de la philosophie médiévale*. In addition to his works, I have a vivid recollection of his conferences on mediæval philosophy.

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as has so frequently happened in the history of philosophy, apparently without any vision of their conflict. We need not further delay over the career and importance of Grosseteste. His influence, working no doubt on an innate mathematical and physical bent, dominated the early training of Roger, who afterwards followed and superseded him in his daring scientific speculations, and also in his adherence to the main outline of the older scholastic tradition.*

About the year 1240—the year of St Edmund's death—Bacon left Oxford for Paris. His professors had all studied at the great cosmopolitan University, "the city of philosophers," and Bacon must have travelled thither with high expectations. His mind at the age of twenty-six was now sufficiently "set," and it must have been obvious to all that he was made to be a linguist and an experimental, though not a theoretical, scientist. Unfortunately he found little to his taste at Paris—a fact which demands some explanation, more especially as it has not infrequently been misinterpreted.

At the University of Paris, the two greatest and best-known teachers immediately prior to his arrival had been Alexander of Hales and William of Auvergne, who, though consecrated Bishop of Paris in 1228, still took an active interest in speculative philosophy. In the works of both these eminent professors, we find the thought of the transition period of Scholasticism. Their basis and anchor in moments of hesitation or difficulty was always the old scholasticism—the great Augustinian tradition—while both endeavoured successfully to make use of the works of Aristotle and of his Arabian commentators. The "De Anima" of William of Auvergne is a fine piece of philosophic thinking, though it is obvious that the learned bishop was genuinely frightened of the theory of the "intellectus agens." Indeed it was shown not once but many times during the thirteenth century, that it

* Grosseteste's name should figure in histories of science, but not, we think, in a history of philosophy. The same may be said of his pupil, whose ideas on matters philosophical, when they are not altogether bizarre, seem to follow the beaten track.

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might become an extraordinarily dangerous and subversive doctrine—leading to monism—in the hands of the unwary.*

Of Alexander of Hales little need be said as all who know his works are agreed that he occupies a place of no little importance in the period that intervened between the reintroduction of the works of Aristotle, and the making of the Aristotelean-scholastic synthesis. To him we owe perhaps in large part the wonderful precision and neatness in the presentation of speculative questions—the perfection and popularity, that is to say, of the “methodus sic et non,” which Abélard had adopted from the earlier canonists. Moreover in his philosophy and theology we have an admirable exposition of pre-Thomistic teaching, which still retains much of its value, and without which the later, more comprehensive and richer synthesis of knowledge would not have been possible. Englishmen, in fact, may well be proud of having furnished the first “magister regens” of the Franciscan Convent at Paris. But events were moving rapidly in the middle of the thirteenth century, and Alexander’s work was forgotten in the great struggles that ensued, and in the days of “the great illumination.” When, therefore, Roger Bacon tells us triumphantly that even the Franciscans themselves discarded Alexander’s “summa theologica”—which, he says, is weightier than a horse—and allowed it to rot, we may put the reflection down to sheer lack of appreciation, and to that curious spitefulness with which he usually spoke of his Parisian masters. Alexander was ignorant of those experimental sciences which Bacon most loved: his writings are, therefore, summarily dismissed as full of “vanitas” et “falsitas,” as, in fact, the work of an ignoramus.†

In 1245, some few years after Bacon’s arrival, a great

* Bacon speaks of him as the “venerable” Bishop of Paris, and tells us that he twice disputed with the assembled University on this subject. Bacon proceeds: “Probavit quod omnes erraverunt.” *Opus Tertium*, Cap. 23.

† Cf. *Opus Minus* (Rolls series, p. 325 et seq.). *Opus Tertium*, Cap. IX. It is more than a pity that Professor Adamson should have relied upon Roger Bacon’s spiteful account in writing Alexander’s life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

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master came to Paris. Long before Bacon had reached the University, the fame of Albert the Great had spread through Europe. He had taught at many German centres, many of which still preserve the memory of his presence, with that astonishing success which always seems to have accompanied his philosophic work. He was emphatically a great man of science. He had travelled far, driven by almost boundless interest in all forms of knowledge. Astronomy, zoology, botany, alchemy, medicine, anatomy, mineralogy—all these he studied with an enthusiasm which stooped to record the minutest observations. No one has even questioned his right to an important place in the development of quite a number of the Natural sciences. His method, too, was sound: it was the "modern" method of observation and experiment. His inductive plan is given in the canon "*oportet experimentum non in uno modo, sed secundum omnes circumstantias probare.*" In addition, Albert was a distinguished philosopher, and a theologian of merit. He had set before himself the ideal of latinizing the thought of Aristotle, of whose works he gave his contemporaries a complete paraphrase, and at the same time a species of running commentary. These commentaries sometimes annoying,* often penetrating, rarely inaccurate, were to form one of the sources of Greek philosophy for the men of the thirteenth century. In any case, Albert, occupied a unique position in the academic world in 1245, and was justly regarded, on all sides, as an exceptionally brilliant scholar.† Here

* Those who have read the works of the late Master of Balliol on Kant will remember how difficult it sometimes is to discern the parts played by Kant, Hegel and Dr Caird himself in the thought which he presents. The same is true now and again of Albert's commentaries.

† Ulrich Engelbert, one of his pupils, expresses the almost universal enthusiasm of the time in these words: "(Albertus erat) vir in omni scientia adeo divinus ut nostri temporis stupor et miraculum congrue vocari possit" (de Summo Bono tr. III Cap. IV). For general estimate of Albert see Freiherr von Hertling's *Albertus Magnus: Beiträge zu seiner Würdigung*. For brief account see Mandonnet's article *Albert le Grand* in the *Dictionnaire de théologie Catholique*.

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was a man surely who might captivate Roger Bacon's heart, for Albert was at once an experimental scientist, and a philosopher of unusual merit. Yet Roger never had a good word to say of him. In the *Opus Tertium* (cap ix), destined though never sent to the Pope, Clement IV, he, in fact, denounces Albert in the most acrimonious terms. As the passage is important, we shall give the gist of it in full.

He begins with a solemn declaration before God and His Holiness that he is driven to write in this vein in order that, by setting forth the truth, he may be of some use to the Pontiff and to the whole Church. On all sides in Paris he meets with the conviction that philosophy has been perfected, and already given to the world in the definitive teaching of Albert, whom, by the way, he never mentions by name. Albert, he says, is quoted in the same breath with Aristotle, Avicenna and Averrões.* No other man ever enjoyed the same authority during his own life-time. Even Christ Himself cannot compare with Albert, for both He and His doctrine were condemned, while He yet lived. Not without great sympathy, therefore, both for the author and for the multitude of men whom he has led into error, does Bacon set forth his opinion "propter amorem veritatis."

Albert's writings manifest four "sins"; a childish and unbounded vanity; an unspeakable degree of falsehood; an almost incredible diffuseness—all that he wrote could be conveniently compressed into one treatise; and lastly, he omits all those parts of philosophy which are of striking utility and great beauty, about which he himself writes to the Pontiff. Bacon draws the inference from these premises with unfailing accuracy. His writings are of no value: in fact, they do great harm to philosophy. It is not to be wondered at, he continues, seeing that Albert—to put it briefly—is a self-made scholar. He had never attended lectures, or disputed at Paris, and had never studied at any great centre of learning.

* It will be remembered that Roger himself grouped Grosseteste with Solomon, Aristotle and others.

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He has received no revelation. What wonder, then, that his writings are empty and foolish, seeing that he teaches what he does not know?

It is a matter of grief because the study of philosophy has been more corrupted by this person, than by all those who ever taught in the West. They never presumed on their own authority, but he writes "*per modum authenticum*,"* so that the whole mad populace of the University ranks him with Aristotle, Avicenna and Averroes. As this is the second reference to the same fact within a few lines, we infer that the iron had entered Roger's soul. The letter continues for another paragraph, in which Alexander of Hales is made to share the vituperation. Moreover, Roger frequently returns to this theme of Albert's scandalous ignorance and vanity, and the "*amor veritatis*" always leads him to speak in the same way.

We have already stated the facts about Albert the Great, and have at least suggested that his unique reputation, to which Roger bears unwilling testimony, was well founded. The diatribe which we have quoted recoils therefore on the author. It bears in almost every word, and in every abusive epithet, the signs of pettiness, envy and no little malice. If Albert had only been a philosopher or a theologian, we might have excused Roger by attributing his attack to his own one-sidedness, and consequent inability to realize the importance of studies, other than his own. But Albert was a natural scientist, with interests wide-flung between heaven and earth, second only—if indeed he was second—to Roger himself in his own century.

Nothing, therefore, can induce us to forgive Bacon for

* What this suggested assumption of authority can imply, we are at a loss to conceive. Albert disclaimed all authority in matters of philosophy, maintaining clearly that philosophy depended upon evidence and reason. Some people, he suggests, accept opinions—regardless of their author or origin—provided they are accompanied by an adequate reason. Elsewhere in the *Perihermeneias* he writes that it is shameful to put forward any opinion on philosophy without furnishing a suitable reason. (Cf. Sertillanges, Thomas d'Aquin, Vol. I., p. 18.)

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this persistent and biting calumny. If he was unhappy at Paris, if he maintained a lofty contempt for the professors and all their teaching, it was not, as has been suggested, because "their philosophy was a tangle of barren controversies, reducible, for the most part, to verbal disputes," but simply because the Parisian professors were not as a rule either as devoted to certain types of experimental science or as one-sided as himself. And when he found a fellow-scientist in Albert, he made him the target for innumerable shafts. Thus, his evidence, as to the activities and personalities of his time is at best of secondary value, and, more often, worthless.

At Paris, however, Roger found one gleam of light in the all-pervading darkness. It was his good fortune to meet a boon companion in the person of the Franciscan, Peter of Maricourt, who seems to have shared Bacon's dislike for the "logomachies" of the schools—Roger really means the profoundly interesting syllogistic treatment of all the leading questions in philosophy and theology—and also his passion for observation and experiment, however casual and disconnected. From his praises which are sung in the *Opus Tertium*, we learn that "he knows everything relating to the art of war, the making of weapons and the chase; he has looked closely into agriculture, mensuration and farming work: he has even taken note of the remedies, lot-casting, and charms used by old women and by wizards and magicians, and of the deceptions and devices of conjurers. . . . It is, therefore, impossible that philosophy should be carried to its perfection or handled with utility or certainty, without his aid"* We learn too that he was retiring and unambitious, though he might have dominated the world, had he made the attempt. As it was he developed his passion for hunting facts, in which pursuit Roger must have found him an inspiring and genial companion.

To the influence of Peter of Maricourt, as to the memory of his Franciscan masters at Oxford, is probably due

* *Opus Tertium*, Cap. XIII. Our translation for the most part is that of Dr Bridges.

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the fact that Bacon gave up all things to become a Franciscan friar some time between 1245 and 1257. And let it be said at once that nothing in his life became him more than this act of renunciation. Deep down he must have been of a generous and affectionate nature, for it needed no slight devotion and generosity to enter the order of St Francis. He was ill-fitted for the life, and, as we shall see, his fractious and insubordinate temper gained the better of him; but we can forgive him much for his desire to follow the poor man of Assisi in the way of poverty and self-forgetfulness. Before joining the order, he had devoted much time and money to the study of languages* and natural sciences, and also to the training of a number of boys in arithmetic, geometry, physics and "in many other necessary things." We know little of his success, but Roger was extremely proud and boastful of his powers as a teacher. As a Franciscan friar, he had, of course, to relinquish all such occupations, and to devote himself to the work enjoined by his superiors. We are told, however, that he was allowed to continue his learned work until an illness overtook him, which lasted some two years. After that time the supposed "persecution" begins.

Before proceeding with the "persecution" story, we may remark in parentheses that Roger probably proceeded to his degree at Paris, and also spent some time at Oxford, before we find him at Paris once again in 1257. The matter of his degree is important. It has been asserted and repeated on the authority of the *Analecta Franciscana*, that he was a Master of Divinity—"Sacrae theologiae magister." Now Father Mandonnet, whose definitive work on Bacon we are all awaiting with the keenest interest, tells us that on this point the *Analecta* are certainly at fault. The title ought to have been Master of Arts, and not Master of Theology. He further tells us that, in all probability, Bacon never studied theology—this will not surprise any theologically-minded reader of his works—and that he was thus forced

* See Mgr. Nolan's Introduction Op. cit.

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to remain, what he had been on entering the minorites, a simple clerk. Granted this opinion, Bacon was never a theologian and never a priest.

At all events, we find him in Paris again in 1257, the year in which St Thomas and St Bonaventure gained the much-coveted title of "magister"—"sacrae theologiae magister." On Roger's return, we find evidence of a first prohibition. He is not to write without the special permission of his superiors, under pain of having his work confiscated, and of being made to fast for several days on bread and water—a sanction sufficient to deter the most pertinacious of authors. But the prohibition was in no sense personal: it cast no slight on Roger or his works. It was a general rule, probably enacted in the fifties, and certainly promulgated for the whole order in 1260. The Franciscans had taken fright at the unauthorized publication by one of their order of a commentary on the notorious "evangelium aeternum" of Joachim of Floris. The work was full of heretical doctrine of a disorderly and semi-mystical description, and they very wisely determined that freedom of publication should not be granted to individual Franciscans who might by their imprudence bring discredit on the whole order. The rule, it will be noted, did not prevent publication; it only established a legitimate censorship, which was confided to the older Franciscans of undoubted ability and learning. The prohibition, must, therefore, have passed as a wise law. Nor is there any evidence that it cramped Roger's activities. We know, on the other hand, that between 1257 and 1266 he devoted some time to study and writing. The "*de Multiplicatione Specierum*," and possibly several other small treatises, may be traced to this period, during which Roger was probably preparing himself to write a "*Summa*" or encyclopædia of the sciences. In 1266, however, there came an opening which Roger himself may never have expected.

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III.

Guy Fulcodi, who in 1259 had been consecrated Archbishop of Narbonne, was raised to the sacred purple in 1261. When at Paris, he had doubtless often heard of Roger's genius for the natural sciences, and he may even have heard of him during his visit to England as papal legate in 1263. On succeeding to the Papacy in 1265, Guy, now Clement IV, wrote his famous letter from Viterbo (1266), commanding Roger to send his work to him immediately, all prohibitions of superiors notwithstanding. From the tone of his letter it is obvious that Clement thought of Roger's work as something already existing in MS., but as a matter of fact on receiving the command Roger set about writing the *Opus Majus* in a feverish haste which is shown on nearly every page. Before committing himself to his chief work, the *Opus Majus*, or in any case before sending it to the Pope, Bacon wrote at least two other letter-treatises, the *Opus Minus* and *Opus Tertium*, and probably a whole group of others, which he never finished and never sent to Rome.* It was a characteristic of the man that he should go over the same ground many times, and he himself tells us that he made four or five copies when treating of difficult matters. The result is obvious. We have a large number of half-finished copies and MS., in which the same themes recur, and in which we find the author's loves and hates, his brilliant and penetrating scientific sketches, his plea for the study of Greek and Hebrew,

* We are aware that this statement runs counter to received opinion in England, but we have been compelled to adopt this view after reading Father Mandonnet's two articles, "Roger Bacon et la composition des trois opus" (*Revue Neo-Scholastique*, Louvain, Fév. et Mai, 1913). The arguments there adduced cannot be further summarized. Both articles are extraordinarily interesting and represent a very close and cogent piece of reasoning. The whole problem of the projected "Scriptum principale," of which only some fragmentary chapters were written, receives an illuminating interpretation. It may further interest readers to know that Fr Mandonnet and Cardinal Gasquet are in complete agreement about the prefatory letter discovered by the Cardinal.

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not to speak of his *idées-fixes*, faithfully and repeatedly delineated.

The *Opus Majus* is almost unique in thirteenth century literature. The author leaves aside all the trappings of the scholastic method—the famous “*videtur quod*,” “*sed contra*,” “*respondeo dicendum*” and syllogistic procedure—which, while being of incomparable service to clear thought, does not tend to make good literature—or for that matter, easy reading. The *Opus Majus* is cast in a different mould. It is a long persuasive letter addressed to a busy Pope, on the reform of ecclesiastical studies, by one who had reform in his blood. Sketches of treatises on innumerable subjects are given in passing, and the whole is written with a verve and enthusiasm which carry the reader along with ease and interest, over many pages of repetition, and sometimes of contradiction. It is eminently a readable document, and many students on finding Bacon more interesting than Albert, Thomas, Alexander and Duns Scotus, on account of their scientific method and more rigid terminology, have praised Roger to the detriment of his contemporaries.* We shall not attempt a comparison, which would carry us beyond the limits of an article, but shall content ourselves with some account and estimate of his own work.

In the *Opus Majus*, then, we find all Bacon's leading ideas

* Not until we begin to discard those curious *a priori* assumptions as to the “*metaphysical mirage*,” “*barren controversies*” and “*logomachies*” of the mediæval philosophers, shall we discern that their contribution to philosophy is of great and enduring value. There is only one preliminary condition to be fulfilled. We must endeavour to understand their method and terminology, and their more formal vision of the world's problems. Enthusiasm for their ideas will surely follow.

The works of Kant and Hegel cannot be understood without some initiation into their mysteries. Why, then, do people expect to unravel the “*summæ*” and the “*opuscula*” without any preparation? And why do they dismiss authors, whom they have not read, so unjustly and so cavalierly? The mystery and the injustice remain.

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He does not observe any just proportion in stating his thesis, but allows his pen to run along, dilating freely on his deepest convictions, regardless of their relative importance. Whatever his theme, he makes it clear on nearly every page that he is in violent opposition to the methods and teaching of his own time. He frets at the syllogistic method, and tirades about the interminable commentaries and translations of the works of Aristotle which he maintains, quite falsely, are mangled in translation and misunderstood.* Despite his veneration for the Philosopher he would, if he could, burn the books and the commentaries. Ecclesiastical studies, he contends, are in a deplorable state. Every branch of science and every programme of studies needs reform of a radical and far-reaching type. There is too much philosophy in the theological courses, and there prevails, on all sides, a distressing ignorance of the necessary sciences. The University professors only study the "scientiae viles," of which they have, too, only a very superficial knowledge.

* This question of the value of the mediæval translations of Aristotle is both long and delicate. Bacon, however, is convicted of inexcusable error when he speaks of the translations as "omino erroneas et vitandas"; it is only part of his systematic misrepresentation. Vacant, writing of this in his *les versions latines de la morale à Nicomaque antérieures au XVI^e siècle*, says (p. 34): "Elles (les versions) m'ont toujours semblé plus fidèles que certaines traductions modernes d'Aristotle écrites dans un Français irréprochable." Of William of Moerbeke, whose translations and knowledge of Greek were constantly at the service of St Thomas, it is enough to say that his work has been used by the best Hellenists in reconstructing the text, notably of the "Politics." Vacant says of them: "*Ces traductions sont sans élégance mais elles rendent le texte littéralement et avec une exactitude scrupuleuse.*" (These quotations are taken from Mandonnet's *Siger de Brabant*, p. 40: the whole note, indeed the whole volume, should be read.) Unfortunately, Roger himself made some glaring blunders. He alone of all men of the thirteenth century attributed to Aristotle the doctrine of the creation of the world in time. (Even old women ought to know that, he says.) Aristotle, of course, asserts the contradictory proposition. Moreover, Roger ascribed to Aristotle the doctrine of the Trinity and of creation! Surely he himself was in a glass house! Naturally it is obvious that many of the very early translations were both corrupt and inadequate. But as a Greek scholar, Roger should have shown a little discrimination.

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They neglect experimental science, physics, chemistry, and those other branches in which Bacon himself had specialized. Here we touch the root of Bacon's reform proposals. The sciences, which he loved, were disregarded, or, rather, given as a rule only a subordinate place in the general plan of studies. They ought to be given precedence, as the most valuable and beneficial of the disciplines, and the University which went quietly or more often noisily on its way, regardless of Roger's protests, earned his undying scorn.* None can doubt the sincerity of his plea, nor his love for the sciences to which he had devoted many laborious years of research and study: we only marvel at the one-sidedness and obstinacy of his judgment. But we are not yet at the end of his catalogue of the academic "sins."

Of the vices of theologians—it must always be remembered that Roger was no theologian—he has much to say. They think more of the "liber sententiarum" than they do of the Scriptures.† The text of the Scriptures, too, is hopelessly corrupt, and the professors, who know neither Greek nor Hebrew, can neither discern the error nor set it right. This last is another recurring grievance. Roger himself knew Greek, Hebrew and Arabic far better than most of his colleagues—his knowledge of Arabic seems to have been quite extraordinary—and he lashed them mercilessly with his knowledge.

* He seems to have lived in blindness of one central fact. The thirteenth century was essentially a period of constructive thought. The schools were suddenly "fired" by contact with the thought of Greece, and Christianity seemed in danger. It was thus above all things necessary—as all the seculars and mendicants saw—that the philosophy of Aristotle should be grasped in all its fullness. It was therefore studied for its own sake first, as philosophy and then used in the scientific exposition of Christian doctrine. From the point of view of the history of Christianity, this sustained action of the thirteenth century is a *tour de force*. From being an enemy, as, indeed, he proved to be in the hands of the Averroists, Aristotle became the great ally of the Christian philosophers, the founder of the *philosophia perennis*.

† We have only to glance at the long list of commentaries of this period on nearly all the books of the Old and New Testament, to gauge the truth of Roger's indictment. Cf. List of St Thomas' commentaries.

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How can they discover the real meaning of Holy Writ, if they ignore the biblical languages? In this contention, which we ourselves are unable to handle with any competence, Roger was undoubtedly right. He saw the necessity of a pure text which might safeguard the truth of the "sensus spiritualis." Possibly if his manner had been a little less violent or more persuasive, he might have brought about a much-needed reform at an early date. As it was, the Parisian professors had more than enough to engage their attention, as we gather from the quantity and scholarship of their output. It was thus left to theologians and Scripture scholars of a much later date to achieve Bacon's ideal. As we have been forced to make not a few unpleasant reflections, let us now acknowledge his genius in seeing that the way of future progress lay in the paths of experimental science, and of biblical exegesis, founded upon an intimate knowledge of the biblical languages. It goes far to justify the generous tributes with which his name has been greeted during this year of his centenary. We can only say that he deserves the memorial statue which has been erected at Oxford, where he spent his happy undergraduate days under the guidance of Grosseteste and Marsh.

IV.

Of the remaining parts of the *Opus Majus* we may single out part two for further comment, his conception of the relation of philosophy to theology, and his scientific discoveries, as no two themes are better calculated to show Roger's strength and weakness.

No question was of greater importance in the thirteenth century than that of the relation of speculative science to revelation. What, the philosophers asked, was the essential difference in method between philosophy and theology, and what were the fundamental principles of their harmony? Each thinker in turn gave his answer, and St Thomas, reaping the fruits of his predecessors' labours, gave us the definitive and perfect solution. For Roger, the problem was obviously difficult, as he knew

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little speculative philosophy and less theology.* We may prepare ourselves, therefore, for some unusual and daring ideas.† Theology, we are told, is the mistress of all the sciences, and there is only one perfect system of wisdom and knowledge which is contained in its entirety (totaliter) in the Scriptures. By this Roger means literally that all knowledge is contained in Holy Writ, and that there is no truth to be discovered elsewhere.‡ Canon Law and Philosophy—understood presumably as the whole body of human knowledge about things and their causes—are reduced to an interpretive function. They are destined to elucidate and discover the knowledge which is contained in the Scriptures. We are moved to know, to acquire wisdom and knowledge, directly and immediately by God for the “intellectes agens”—the active principle of our intellectual operations—he is never tired of telling us, is God. Philosophy, therefore, is the work of God, “non aliena a sapientia divina.” But, let it be observed, philosophy of itself is of no value. Its sole duty is to interpret the “una sapientia perfecta,” and if it once forgets its high but completely subordinate calling, it will wander blindly in the outer darkness.§

To philosophize, he proceeds, we require a revelation, as it is impossible to think of men solving even the problem of universals—his own solution is particularly unconvincing—without a revelation from God. Philo-

* True, he writes with considerable energy, if not always with great insight, on the question of the “intellectus agens” and the “intellectus possibilis,” on which subject he had almost certainly misunderstood Aristotle. But when he comes to classify or give the content of the various sciences, we feel at once that he is on unknown ground. Christian Apologetic, even the doctrine of the one Mediator between God and men finds a place in Metaphysic, and, frankly from his account, it is difficult to see what moral philosophy excludes!

† This brief synopsis is taken from the *Pars secunda* of the *Opus Majus*.

‡ “Veritas Jesu Christi est sapientia sacrae scripturae; ergo non alibi veritas est nisi quae in illa continetur scientia.” *Opus Majus*, Bridges’ edition, Vol. I, p. 34.

§ “Omnis enim consideratio hominis quae non est salutaris est plena caecitate ac ad finalem inferni deducit caliginem” *Opus Majus*, Vol. III, p. 36.

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sophy, then, is a revelation granted by God to the patriarchs of old, at the birth of the human race. Once again Bacon is unfailingly explicit. The law of God together with the fullness of philosophic wisdom was granted to the prophets and patriarchs "a mundi principio"—a thesis that he defends in many wearisome pages in which he traces the descent of knowledge from the beginning to his own day in a kind of genealogical tree of wisdom. The fullness of this primitive revelation has departed, but we must seek the remnant in the wisdom of the ancients. In the works of these early writers we may trace the anticipations and vestiges of Christian doctrine, for they did not construct their philosophy; they were only the mouthpieces of some part of the initial revelation made by God to men. The statement, which is an unmitigated traditionalism, without any support in reason or fact, ends with a renewed plea for the study of languages. To discover the truths of the early illumination, we must read the ancients, not in corrupt translations but in the original texts.

As we grasp the full meaning of this curious theory, which reminds us immediately of de Bonald, we wonder how Roger himself can have reconciled it with his own passion for research, and with his vision of the development of optical theory.* However, while the real and intimate reconciliation of attitudes so contradictory must for ever remain a mystery, we see at once that Bacon is wandering. The whole reveals a confusion and unsureness of touch, a misapprehension of the limits of speculative thought and theology, and a strange lapse as to the nature of revelation. It is remarkable far more for its undoubted piety and imaginative qualities than for its learning.

* It is unnecessary to add that Bacon was alone in holding such views. His contemporaries understood perfectly the distinction in content and method between philosophy and theology. For the expansion of philosophy and science, they, as we, looked to the future and not to the past, though they, too, marvelled at the wisdom and penetration of the Greeks.

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With a sense almost of liberation we pass to Bacon's long and valuable chapters on optics and experimental science. On his own ground, he is an authority, who has won the admiration of all.* Here he speaks with more power—not with more clearness or vigour—and with more diffidence. He knew the works of the Greeks, Egyptians and Arabians—he documents his statements with grateful tributes—and made undoubted progress above all in optics.† Besides, Bacon had an unusual gift for utilizing his scientific knowledge. All speculative theory, he said, was subordinated to life and practice, and true to his canon, he took an extensive interest in the construction of scientific instruments. Here again, as a skilled mechanic, we may salute him as a path-finder. He was not the man to reconstruct the Physics of Aristotle, or by persevering analytic enquiry to detect its weaknesses. He had no genius for synthesis, or constructive criticism. He was above all an experimentalist endowed with a keen, practical desire to apply his knowledge to life and practice. His mind was rather like an antiquary's or bric-à-brac shop, in which two sections were unusually well developed. If he had only confined himself to his science, or if in pleading its cause he had adopted less combative and mutinous methods, he would most certainly have been greeted by Albert, Thomas and all his fellow research-students as an invaluable ally. As it was, he spoilt himself, as he spoilt his *Opus Majus*, by trespassing in the fields of speculative science and theology, by his credulity in matters of astrology, and by his contempt for the leaders of a great movement which he never understood.

The *Opus Majus*, written hastily, was despatched to

* His work on burning mirrors, reflection and refraction, and his vision of the possibility of combining concave and convex lenses has escaped no one's attention during this centenary year. His criticism of the Julian Calendar is also noteworthy. Moreover, the world seems grateful for his discovery of gunpowder, and for his suppression or rather cryptic description of the formula.

† Cf. *Opus Majus* 5th part. Or for shorter and interesting summary, Dr Bridges' introduction: Chapter on Optics.

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Clement IV, who died very shortly after the arrival of Roger's messenger. Of Clement's impressions, therefore, we unfortunately know nothing. Indeed, we know nothing of Roger himself, nor of his fortunes for some ten years after this period of unusual literary activity. In fact, we knew little of the remaining years of his life, until Father Mandonnet recently cleared up the whole story, by showing that the well-known "*Speculum Astronomiae*," which has been attributed to Albert the Great and incorporated in the Parisian edition of his works, was really a reply and a defence written by Roger Bacon, in 1277.* And thereby hangs a story and a sanction.

V.

Things had moved rapidly in the thirteenth century, and there were many who could not or would not keep pace. Those who clung to the older form of scholasticism were not to be lightly won over to the system of Albert and St Thomas. Indeed, many of the seculars and Franciscans and a few Dominicans opposed it vehemently, offering every type of argument against the supposed innovations. In 1270—four years before St Thomas' death—they had endeavoured to engineer an official condemnation of at least two of his leading theses, and though they were, for the moment, unsuccessful, they did not forget their project: events gave them an opportunity a little later.

With the Aristotelean revival, there had come also an enthusiasm for the Arabian commentators, who had worshipped at the shrine, and more particularly for Averröes, despite the fact that many of his theses were utterly subversive of the Christian faith. Siger of Brabant led the Averröist movement with no little vigour, and in

* Roger Bacon et le Spec. Astr. (1277), par P. Mandonnet. O. P. *Revue Néo-Scholastique* (Louvain), August, 1910. As Father Mandonnet seems to us to have proved his point, we see no reason why his finding should not be incorporated in the story of Bacon's life. It is only fair to add that his article has not brought conviction to all students of Bacon's works.

Roger Bacon

addition devoted much time to stirring up discord in University politics. The noisy, cosmopolitan band of students needed little inducement to rise against authority, and Siger saw his opportunity. Between 1272 and 1275, he was at the height of his fame as an anti-scholastic and almost anarchic teacher.* Things had now gone too far. Early in 1277, the reigning Pope, John XXI, to whom the whole gravity of the Averröist teaching, as well as the troubled state of the University, had been explained, called upon the rather more energetic than discriminating Etienne Tempier, Bishop of Paris, to institute a commission of enquiry into the philosophy taught at the University. An assembly of divines was convoked—the anti-Thomas party must have been well represented among the Magistri—which proceeded to draw up the famous 219 condemned propositions. The syllabus is a remarkable and complex document which interdicted, within the limits of the diocese of Paris, under pain of excommunication, a number of the deeply harmful Averröistic theses of Siger of Brabant, and in addition a few perfectly orthodox propositions, common to the philosophies of St Thomas and Averröes.

Among the 219, there is one proposition, number 178, which condemns certain astrological theories. It runs as follows:—"Quod quibusdam signis sciuntur hominum intentiones, et mutationes intentionum, et an illae intentiones perficiendae sint, et quod per tales figuras sciuntur eventus peregrinorum, captivatio hominum, solutio captivorum, et an futuri sint scientes an latrones." It is this proposition which is of especial interest to us in our study of Roger Bacon.

Roger was a confirmed astrologer, whose opinions, which are to be found scattered up and down his works and more particularly in the astrological section of the *Opus Majus*, are precisely those which are here condemned. Moreover, Roger was the only philosopher or

* For the proper understanding of this movement Father Mandonnet's *Siger de Brabant* is quite indispensable.

Roger Bacon

writer among those we know of the thirteenth century,* who attributed such emphasis and importance to these extraordinary doctrines, which he strove in vain to reconcile with the freedom of his will, and about which he contradicts himself in successive pages.

He knew, therefore, with unfailing certainty that his own ideas were condemned, that a part of his "scientia experimentalis" was in danger, and so, with striking imprudence, he took up his pen to defend his old position in the anonymous "*speculum astronomiae*." The tone of the opusculum is not violent. Roger as one that knows seeks to rectify the errors of Tempier's assembly of theologians who, in their zeal for the truth, had, he thought, condemned certain innocuous volumes on astrology—"libros nobiles et de eadem scientia foedari fecerunt." He proceeds to set forth the astrological doctrine which is known to readers of the *Opus Majus*, and which is given synoptically in the condemned proposition. He even challenges the right of the assembly to condemn the volumes in question, in these words:—"Neque fortasse justum est quod hi qui eos nunquam attigerunt, ipsos judicare praesumant."† This, it will be seen at once, is a grave and inconsiderate criticism of an episcopal condemnation. Mandonnet has well summarized Roger's attitude in these words: "C'était, ni plus ni moins que qualifier les juges d'injustice et d'incompétence." He had forgotten, however, that Etienne Tempier was a Bishop who would not tolerate insubordination. It was probably the last straw in Roger's undoing.

* On this point, Fr Mandonnet, whose knowledge of thirteenth century writers is very extensive, is quite explicit. Roger was alone in holding these views. Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas held views as to the influence of the stars, which sprang from their false conception of Physics, "mais ni l'un ni l'autre ni aucun de leurs contemporains ne se sont engagés dans la voie où Bacon était seul à marcher avec beaucoup de fierté et de confiance d'ailleurs." Art. cit., p. 329.

Doubtless the fact that Bacon's "*Spec. Astronomiae*" has been falsely attributed to Albert, has done much to make students think that Bacon's astrological opinions were common. St Thomas' teaching on the "*judicia astrologiae*," which is uncompromising, will be found *Summa Theol.*, 2, ii, 95 and 96.

† Op. cit., Cap. II.

Roger Bacon

In the course of this same year, 1277, the two generals of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, John of Verceil, and Jerome of Ascoli, met in Paris on a French diplomatic mission. Once seized of the facts, as we learn from the *Analecta Franciscana*, they sought to put an end to the long and scandalous quarrels that had raged between their two orders, and to draw up certain "pacta et statuta" that might re-establish that peace and friendliness which had existed in the beginning. Now naturally one of the great griefs of the Dominicans was that persistent and calumnious attacks had been made by Roger on the leading teachers of their order, and especially on the now aged Albert, who in this same year had left his convent at Cologne for Paris, in order to defend the teaching of his favourite pupil, St Thomas Aquinas.* It was clear that the time had come for Roger's general to intervene in order to put an end to his injustice, and the consequent bad feeling.

Moreover, Roger was going from bad to worse. In 1272, just a few years before, he had written a particularly violent and indiscriminate attack on everybody and everything in the *Compendium Studii Philosophiae*. No class of persons had been spared. The Church he had maintained was corrupt from the Papal court down to the secular clerks and mendicants. Laymen were not spared, as their violence and fraud had been exposed as a counterpart to the luxury and avarice of the priests. The Roman Curia, too, had been the object of a singularly sweeping and drastic denunciation. And apart altogether from these attacks, a number of Roger's ideas were dangerous. His astrological opinions, which he did not hesitate to apply to the birth of Christ, were not only incoherent and unacceptable, but also incompatible with Catholic theology. And now, in the *Speculum Astronomiae* he had criticized the action of his bishop, immediately after the promulgation of the syllabus. He was a danger, therefore, not only to himself, but to his whole order.

The Franciscan minister-general, Jerome, took counsel

* It is scarcely necessary to add that St Thomas had died in 1274.

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with the friars and proceeded to condemn and reprove Roger's teaching, which, says the *Analecta* without further specification, contained "aliquas novitates suspectas." Roger was incarcerated—though the period of his detention is not given—and an order was given to all the friars forbidding them to hold his doctrine. Lastly, the energetic Jerome wrote to Pope Nicholas III, "in order that this dangerous teaching might be completely silenced by his authority." For the rest there is silence. We do not know how long Roger's punishment lasted, nor how it was endured.* He died about 1294, at the age of eighty, and was buried in the Franciscan Church at Oxford.

No person of sound judgment will think of blaming his superiors. However unwilling they may have been, he forced them by his intemperate zeal and dangerous teaching to impose silence. We feel the pity and sadness of it all, though we recognize that he reaped what he had sown, or rather that he reaped the wind, whereas he had sown the whirlwind.

Such is the story of one of the many great students of the thirteenth century. It is unique, because Roger was unlike his contemporaries, not in his enthusiasm for learning or science, but in temperament and disposition. His unquiet spirit may now rest peacefully, for the Church which he always loved has long since adopted all that is best in his plan of studies. No form of experimental science is overlooked by her philosophers who, within the last twenty-five years have welded all that is best in our modern sciences and in the Aristotelean-Thomistic philosophy into one mighty and far-reaching system, and the Scriptures are now studied and expounded by those who are well versed in the biblical languages. To Roger Bacon be the honour of having indicated, some seven centuries ago, two of the great paths of our progress.

JOHN G. VANCE

* The *Compendium Studii Theologiæ*, which has been ascribed to 1392, was probably written much earlier.

THE CENTENARY OF WAVERLEY

A HUNDRED years have passed since Waverley seized the imagination of England as no novel had ever yet seized it. In the course of a few years the Waverley novels were each bringing thousands of pounds to their author, while Miss Edgworth had been pleased with hundreds, and Miss Austen had to be satisfied with less. They stirred the blood of two generations in their youth. They created a romantic picture of the Highlander which has never since deserted us. They made boys dream of the days of chivalry. Cœur de Lion was as vivid a figure to our grandfathers in their boyhood as Napoleon himself. And such dreams are a lifelong possession.

Now the novels are little read. The critics find fault. They complain that Sir Walter Scott is tedious and long-winded; that his writing is wanting in finish and in subtlety of conception, of delineation and of analysis. Another literary temperament is in the ascendant. It is not wise for one who loved these novels in his youth to assume uncompromisingly the rôle of a *laudator temporis acti*. If we rebel against the standards of modern critics they will retort that we have preserved the limitations of Victorian and even pre-Victorian days. But, moreover, much that they allege against these novels is obviously true. To deny *in toto* what the critics say would be to take up a false strategical position and to give away the case for Sir Walter. That modern methods of fiction show real gain must be admitted, and I will not criticize those methods. I will content myself with maintaining that for those who regard them as all-sufficient and indispensable there is loss, and heavy loss, as well as gain. And this the critics often fail to see. We may have gained in precision, in subtlety, in desirable compression, in artistic finish of detail. These are qualities which the critical touching and re-touching of a word-picture and the analysis of the rules of art may give. But there is some-

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thing more necessary to a good picture than its completion, and that is the genius displayed in its original design. And it is here that Sir Walter Scott was great, and many moderns who keep the rules of the critics are small.

The first *desideratum* in a work of art is that it should be a picture which impresses the imagination with a sense of reality. The broad lines of a picture must be vivid and suggestive. The question of detail comes second. You must first get life; then you go on to get accuracy. Old men are more cautious and more exact than young, but their hold on life is failing; their vision of it is far less vivid though it may be free from some of the illusions and inaccuracies which the dreams of youth present. So, too, the excessive development of the critical faculty often goes with a corresponding decay of the creative faculty. I have known men who lived among an intellectual set in a university, and who could write nothing from the overpowering atmosphere of criticism in which they lived. Their creative energy was paralysed by the critical instinct. This is surely a sad instance of the proverb: "Le mieux est ennemi du bien." Great first essays, whether in action or in literature, may be full of faults, but they may be well worth while. Sight, with the maximum of optical illusions, is superior to the blindness which sees nothing wrongly because it sees nothing at all. Where I arraign the modern spirit is in its insufficient appreciation of creative energy on broad lines. A strong and rich nature goes forward whether in action or in art to great aims amid incidental blunders. The intensely critical mind does not blunder, but neither does it create.

But of course I am instituting no defence of mere cheap melodrama. I am arguing for strong work which is defective in finish. I am advocating the courageous exercise of unmistakable genius and inspiration—the art that is expended on broad effects though it may fail in minute details. The present-day tendency is not to see the wood for the trees. There is great art in the broad sequences in Macaulay's Essays. But the art lies more in the paragraphs than in the sentences, in the sentences than

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in the words. Our generation cares much more for words than our fathers did, and has comparatively little sense of the great outlines which tell of a rich creative mind, one that designs its effects on a large scale.

One modern writer, Mr Chesterton, has seen this and enforced it in some very telling sentences. "Scott arranged his endless prefaces and his colossal introductions," writes Mr Chesterton, "just as an architect plans grand gates and long approaches to a really large house." The eloquence of Sir Walter Scott marks him off from the modern writers to whom eloquence necessarily savours of vulgarity; yet that eloquence is in truth the very means of stirring imagination and emotion in the many, and making pictures real and living, where the modern school looks mainly for precision and finish. "Scott is separated," says Mr Chesterton, "from much of the later conception of fiction by this quality of eloquence. The whole of the best and finest work of the modern novelist (such as the work of Mr Henry James) is primarily concerned with that delicate and fascinating speech which burrows deeper and deeper like a mole; but we have wholly forgotten that speech which mounts higher and higher like a wave and falls in a crashing peroration."

This is exceedingly well said. The jaded palate of our generation is too fastidious to enjoy Scott's simple great pictures. But this surely means that our nature has become unhealthy. The art that attempts to give by abnormal means the pleasure which normally belongs to nature is not the greatest art. It is like substituting rich and stimulating sauces for simple food. Those enjoyments are keenest and most natural and in their own sphere highest which come from the complete health of nature. And in the field of fiction the man who can give these enjoyments is a great artist. No doubt the inevitable decay of our faculties makes the simple pleasures of childhood to some degree unattainable in later life, while the accuracy of our perception increases in some directions. But the man who can make those early keen sensations come to us in later life, gives evidence of great power.

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It is this that Sir Walter achieves, even if he does so now and then at the cost of what will seem to the over-refined intellectual palate melodramatic and bombastic. "Scott's bombast,"—again I quote Mr Chesterton,—“will always be stirring to anyone who approaches it, as he should approach all literature, as a little child.”

A child will listen without fatigue to a long story because his dream of the scene is so vivid and fascinating that boredom is impossible for him. He is uncritical of details. He is possessed by the broad romantic outline of the picture.

I arraign, therefore, not the canons of criticism of the moderns; not their statement of Sir Walter's deficiencies; but their loss of youth and health which makes them insufficiently realize the qualities which more than atone for deficiencies. We may admit, then, that the writing of Sir Walter Scott which, as we all know, was hasty, spontaneous and uncorrected, is full of artistic defects of a minuter kind. So far his critics may be allowed to triumph. Many of his dramatic pictures do not attempt depth or subtlety. But the scene of life in his pages strikes on the imagination and kindles it, as the scenes of real life do in our youth; and the critic, who no longer feels this, is worn out. His senses are dulled for the simpler forms of art, as those of the old are dulled for nature.

There is something in the novels which is a close reflection of the character of their author. Perfect health combines action and imagination and makes them mutually helpful. And this perfect health marked the life as well as the writings of Scott. It is the quality which Carlyle in his disparaging criticism of the man cannot deny him. And those who would give the Waverley novels a fresh trial would do well to extend their experiment to the extant memorials of the man, his journals and letters, and, above all, Lockhart's Life. I shall attempt in this essay to epitomize the picture they will find in those documents and the art whereby it is presented. I shall do so as the prelude to a study of the novels which shall come in a separate paper.

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Sir Walter Scott's letters are of very great importance as elements in his biography. Yet they are a complete falsification of the theory that letters are by themselves sufficient to constitute a presentation of character adequate to the needs of a biography. Indeed, though of course they afford our most direct point of contact with the man, I do not think they hold the most important place in giving the very faithful picture which Lockhart has given. Carlyle in his famous Essay on Lockhart's work has very truly indicated their somewhat conventional character.

"His letters," writes Carlyle, "are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit and ingenuity; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one may say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due consideration of your own and your correspondent's pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad-flowing; but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of the world, even exemplary in that kind; but with the man of the world always visible in them—as indeed it was little in Scott's way to speak, perhaps even with himself, in any other fashion."

We must know a good deal about Sir Walter before we can duly appreciate his letters. On this subject I can give my own testimony, for when the letters were published I read them, not having ever read Lockhart's *Life*. They interested me much, but I did not feel that the man revealed himself in his letters. On looking at them again after reading Lockhart's *Life*, their value and significance was trebled. The picture of Sir Walter's character given in the *Life* was the necessary key to the letters. Coupled with the diaries and the chronicle of his life story, and the numerous reminiscences of him by friends, they

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throw very valuable light on his mind and character. When we realize that they are the letters of a somewhat conventional and reserved man, we have the key to their true significance. We gain much knowledge from them when we have learnt what knowledge we must not expect to gain.

Lockhart's method in writing the *Life* is interesting to study. He has not the extraordinary insight of Boswell. There are, I may say, no flashes of genius in the book, but there is a loving yet not uncritical sympathy which has led him, with infinite pains, to collect all details available for his purpose. He showed excellent judgment in the use of his material and complete frankness. The man is so clearly presented that, as I have said, the letters become in his book far more revealing than they would be by themselves. He makes no attempt to record Scott's conversation—and I think it is plain that even a Boswell would not have found it very serviceable as an element in the biographical picture, less so probably than diaries or letters. It was not marked by pointed sayings. It was animated and full of curious information. It was the talk of a man of the world—very good talk but of that stamp. Records of the impression it created on various people—of which there are abundance in the *Life*—are probably more useful to a biographer than its report *in extenso*. The material which forms the basis of the work is Lockhart's own reminiscences and those of many other friends of Sir Walter Scott; and the writer has used them so fully and so well that the objective character of reliable biography is attained. The combined testimony of many witnesses all agreeing in essence yet each adding something from his point of view, presents a definite picture the authenticity of which we cannot doubt. The picture grows on the reader slowly. Successive touches are added, and it gets more and more definite as the book goes on. Lockhart is not a great literary artist. But he is honest and candid. The reader soon realizes this and comes to trust him. Carlyle, who *was* a great literary artist, attempted a sketch of Sir Walter based on Lockhart's book, but his

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work was an instance of the subjective and misleading character of many a short sketch, however vivid. It is a very vivid picture—far more artistic than any pages of Lockhart—but it is not the true Walter Scott. It presents Scott seen through the refracting medium of Carlyle's prejudices. Carlyle's want of sympathy made him simply neglect or overlook traits clearly revealed in parts of Lockhart's narrative. His sketch is like a painting by a very clever artist who does not like the man he is painting, and justifies his dislike by slight touches which change the expression.

Lockhart's success is the more remarkable because he was a somewhat conventional man, and the subject of the biography was himself conventional. These are not the most promising conditions for a good biography. Yet his immense diligence and his devotion to his subject have overcome the disadvantage. We see Sir Walter Scott clearly in his book—a strong, courageous man with nothing petty about him, with large thoughts and designs, great generosity in thought as well as in deed, loving to do everything on the grand scale with a wholesome pride and unbounded energy. We see him toiling for hours at his desk in dreamland. We see an equally strenuous life of action. Not to have before our fancy the image of Sir Walter with his dogs, or on horseback, or doing the honours of Abbotsford to friends and guests of all conditions, would mean that we saw but half the sphere of his activities, and that by no means the most important half. He had the qualities of a man of action—an iron nerve and none of the morbidity which often goes with imaginative genius. Arriving at a country inn he was told that the only available bedroom was tenanted by a corpse. Sir Walter, after ascertaining that the man had died of no infectious disease, slept in the room willingly and reported that he had never slept better.

The curious onesidedness of Carlyle's picture of him as intent almost entirely on making money, and full of merely social ambition, is falsified again and again by Lockhart's record. Sir Walter declines both honours and money

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where they do not accord with his sense of the fitness of things. He declined the Laureateship because he thought it would be of more value to Southey than to himself; later in life he declined a Privy Councillorship, and he declined honorary degrees from the great Universities for reasons which show how little he was eager for external distinctions. On many occasions he refused handsome pecuniary offers of which he was really in need, because his pride—often a very wholesome pride—judged them to be unfitting. He was generous in his feelings and judgments as well as with his purse. After Constable's failure had made Scott's later years one long hopeless toil which eventually killed him, he speaks of him with no particle of resentment. He frankly owned to Lockhart that he gave up writing poetry because Byron "bet" him, but there was no ill-feeling to Byron in consequence, and he loved to read his rival's poems aloud.

The Waverley novels breathe the same atmosphere as their author breathed in his own life. Their pages rouse our imagination to a keen sense of action. The imagination may be intensely alive, yet oppressed and passive. We become spectators as we do at times in a dream. Drugs often induce this state; and it comes to some in the terrors of the night. The dream becomes a nightmare. It paralyses our activity. The sense of reality conveyed by Sir Walter's novels is very different from this. It is equally keen, but is combined with a healthy eagerness to cope with the reality which is presented to us so vividly. It is the keenness that an early riser feels on a crisp winter's morning. This feeling Sir Walter gives to his readers in respect of his imaginary creations. As we read him we are not merely passive spectators of a vivid scene, but long to be actors in it. We feel like a boy who reads a tale of adventure. It has been said that "Dick Turpin" at one time became positively dangerous reading, because it used to make boys turn highwaymen. And many of Sir Walter's boy readers have before now acted the Black Knight of Front de Boeuf fighting in the breach. I myself have, I should think, a hundred times acted with a brother

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in my boyhood, the duel between FitzJames and Roderic Dhu.

Such is the atmosphere of Scott's writings, and such, too, was the atmosphere of his own life. He was not content, like many a poet, with depicting in literature what fired his imagination. He wanted to act it out. His position at Abbotsford, which Carlyle treats merely as due to the greed for gold, was his enacting of the rôle of the Scottish Laird—with a suggestion of the chieftain. His sociability and hospitality all came into the healthy ideal of acting out this great part. Action stimulated his imagination, and his imagination in turn stimulated action. We see him planning a poem while he rides on horseback. He loved to take part in military manœuvres, and the sound of the bugle would inspire his pen. And, conversely, as I have said, his day dreams and writings led to action. He probably never felt more inspired than when the visit of George IV to Holyrood enabled him to realize in some measure his dream of gathering together the Highland clans and making the history he had written live again. Perhaps imaginative enthusiasm and action combined were never at a higher pitch in him than when with immense hard work and practicalness he organized the great gathering on this occasion. It was a huge and exhausting piece of stage management. And he had to deal with material far more untractable than trained actors. The half-educated Highlanders, however picturesque, were not always men of the world. His equableness and patience were severely taxed by the rival claims of proud and poor chieftains of old Highland families which, however, he adjusted with infinite pains and infinite tact.

In the very work of writing the novels, too, we see his activity and his imagination keeping pace with each other. Success lights the fire for further work. He does not care to enjoy an *otium cum dignitate*, but plans a fresh novel directly the old one is finished, or even sooner. Work at high pressure and under high imaginative stimulus becomes part of his very life. Even when he is ill and in pain and unable to write, he still dictates. This immense

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creative energy is uncritical, and he knows little whether his work has been good or bad. He is apt to be disabled for work by criticism, for the sense of success is an all-potent stimulus. He cannot bear to look at the difficulties of life and he will not scrutinize his expenditure. Worry, he complains, paralyses his imagination, and imagination is the great engine which produces such mighty results. This hard literary work is all the more remarkable as it is throughout combined with constant social life and social hospitality. While staying in Edinburgh, his literary work was done in the early morning while his friends were still in bed, and to all appearance he was, for the rest of the day, a man of leisure and a man of business. His intense virility which enabled him to work without ceasing was equal to any degree of silent endurance and struggle with adversity, but he could not bear, he tells us, to be "melted with condolences." These unmanned him; they damaged the reserve force of his courage which was so closely blended with his free and triumphant imagination. They substituted for inspiring dreams a sad picture which unnerved him, although he could deal with the reality of which it was a picture with a courage that is given to few.

Such is the man who is made to stand before Lockhart's readers by a multitude of events and reminiscences, supported by extracts from his diaries and correspondence. And we read the novels with additional interest when we know the man and recognize him again and again in his writing.

I have said that the critics of the Waverley novels complain that they lack subtlety and finish in detail. Here again Lockhart's account of the man prepares us for the defects of his work—the defects of his own great qualities. Scott worked with immense energy in health or in illness. The huge machine with its stores of knowledge and its freight of imagination did its work automatically, and as I have said he had not the least idea whether he had done well or badly. Indeed, sometimes when it was quite patent that he had done badly and his critics told him so, the effect on him was of immense irritation, and

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one cannot but see that to be told too insistently of his faults might easily have led to the paralysis of his powers. The sense of success—even of triumph—was, as I have said, part of the motive force of his greatest work. And his deficiency both in powers of self-introspection and in the critical habit was significant in the same direction. It went with a general deficiency in fine perceptions. Mr Lockhart tells us that he could not distinguish sherry from Madeira, and when he was sent a new kind of wine to try, half a cask had been drunk before he found out that the butler had tapped the wrong cask and that he was simply drinking ordinary sherry. He had no sense of smell, and once when every one else in the room was suffering from meat “in a state of decomposition,” Scott alone failed to perceive it. Mr Adolphus, the editor of the letters of Heber, compares and extends this view to the other senses. “He cared little for the mere music of songs,” he writes, “if they were not connected with great words,” or with history or strong sentiment. “I do not remember any picture or print at Abbotsford which was remarkable merely as a work of colour or design . . . even in architecture his taste had the same bias—almost every stone in his house bore an allusion or suggested a sentiment.” His feelings and perceptions, even when immensely vivid, were not at all accurate. All this goes with intensity and exuberance of active life rather than with that refinement of organization proper to the artist who often perceives with an acute sensitiveness which impairs his practical energy and activity. Here again we have the clue to the strength and weakness of the novels in the qualities of their writer.

A great deal of the interest of Lockhart's picture is given by slight touches. Walter Scott's surroundings and his ways are described. These of course throw no direct light on the novels, though they indicate the scenes in them on which their author would linger with sympathy. His extraordinary power, as a host, of combining heterogeneous elements in his society at Abbotsford is one marked and interesting feature. Old friends who had not

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been fortunate in the world and poor relations were blended in the same company as his aristocratic guests and the most distinguished representatives of *belles lettres*, and Lockhart remarks that it was "surely a beautiful perfection of real universal humanity and politeness that could enable this great and good man to blend guests so multifarious in one group and contrive to make them all equally happy with him, with themselves and with each other."

His genial relations with his servants is another significant and attractive trait, attained by his combination of dignity and *bonhomie*. They were, of course, absolutely devoted to him, and the few whom he kept after his financial troubles had begun were never more devoted than when they did double work on half wages. They took pride in all that was connected with him, whether they understood it or not, and there is a delightful touch in the book when Scott remarks to the faithful Tom Purdie, "This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom," and Purdie replies, "You may say that, Shirra," and adds, scratching his head, "My certy, and I think it will be a grand season for our buiks too."

Scott's intercourse with various distinguished guests is given sometimes by themselves and sometimes by reminiscences of Lockhart. These reminiscences show no unusual graphic power, but they inspire the reader with an absolute sense of fidelity. Here is Lockhart's account of a visit of Sir Humphry Davy to Abbotsford:

I have seen Sir Humphry in many places, and in company of many different descriptions; but never to such advantage as at Abbotsford. His host and he delighted in each other, and the modesty of their mutual admiration was a memorable spectacle. Davy was by nature a poet—and Scott, though anything but a philosopher in the modern sense of that term, might, I think it very likely, have pursued the study of physical science with zeal and success, had he chanced to fall in with such an instructor as Sir Humphry would have been to him, in his early life. Each strove to make the other talk—and they did so in turn more charmingly than I ever heard either on any other occasion whatsoever. Scott

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in his romantic narratives touched a deeper chord of feeling than usual when he had such a listener as Davy; and Davy, when induced to open his views upon any question of scientific interest in Scott's presence, did so with a degree of clear energetic eloquence, and with a flow of imagery and illustration, of which neither his habitual tone of table-talk (least of all in London); nor any of his prose writings (except, indeed, the posthumous *Consolations of Travel*) would suggest an adequate notion.

The home circle and his dependents watched such *rencontres* of intellect with immense interest and pride, and Lockhart records one evening after Scott and Davy had with "their 'rapt talk' kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime," William Laidlaw whispered to him, "Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!" he added, cocking his eye like a bird, "I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?"

Such touches of the Scottish atmosphere are very important as contributing to the general effect, and we must remember that Sir Walter himself talked with a distinct Scotch accent.

Of his appearance we can form a reliable idea, for Lockhart tells us that the well-known picture by Raeburn is precisely like Scott's face when it was at rest, but that interesting conversation entirely dispelled the slightly heavy look which the face had in repose. Two of the most graphic accounts of the impression left by Sir Walter's personality are those given by Washington Irving, who visited him in the early Abbotsford days, before the place had developed into a large country house, and Lockhart's own first visit to Abbotsford in the height of Scott's glory. The impression left on us of immense vitality, of the sportsman and man of action, is very strong in both cases. Irving writes of his first stay:

The noise of my chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, all open-

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mouthed and vociferous. In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the likenesses that had been published of him. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged along a large iron-grey stag-hound, of most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. Before Scott reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he, "ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey." I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hut, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast." I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast table.

After a day full of interest and a night in the stillness of which the imaginative American is fired with joy at finding himself in Scotland in company with the creator of Scotch romance, he looks out of the window early next morning:

To my surprise, Scott was already up, and forth, seated on a fragment of stone, and chatting with the workmen employed in the new building. I had supposed, after the time he had wasted upon me yesterday, he would be closely occupied this morning; but he appeared like a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and amuse himself. I soon dressed myself and joined him. He talked about his proposed plans of Abbotsford: happy would it have been for him could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage, and the simple, yet hearty and hospitable, style in which he lived at the time of my visit.

The first dinner which Lockhart himself attended at Abbotsford was a scene of great interest. A piper attended and treated the company to the weird strains of the pibroch. Sir Walter was at his very best in conversation. The company was interesting and distinguished.

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The description has no exceptional literary merit, but it leaves a most definite picture on the mind of unmistakable truthfulness.

One trait that is brought home by instance after instance is—to use Lockhart's own words—that "his generous feelings for other men of letters and his characteristic propensity to overrate their talents combined to bring him and his friends the Ballantynes into a multitude of arrangements, the results of which were . . . ultimately in the aggregate all but disastrous." This almost reckless generosity is one of the most prominent features of his character. We find him repeatedly helping such literary friends as Hogg, the famous Ettrick shepherd, and Robert Jameson, the antiquary. He boasted sadly near the end of his life that indexing and transcription and such-like necessities for his books had enabled him "commonly to keep half a dozen of the ragged regiment of Parnassus in tolerable case." The offer of the Laureateship came at a moment when he needed money; yet, as I have said, he declined it in Southey's favour. We find in 1816 his friend and printer, James Ballantyne, owing Scott no less than £3,000, and when, ten years later, he had involved Scott in his own ruin, Scott said to him, "Well, James, depend on that I will never forsake you." His judgments were as generous as his hand.

It gives a very touching sidelight on Sir Walter's character to find that in the very height of his glory, while he was organizing the great festivities of which I have already spoken in honour of George IV's visit to Scotland, he spent many hours watching at the deathbed of his old friend William Erskine. Erskine had been made a judge, and the promotion had been a great happiness to him and to his friend for his sake. But he did not long survive the promotion. Lord Kinnedder, as he had become, a man of extraordinary sensitiveness, already feeble in health, was literally killed by a malicious calumny.

Who that observed Scott's public doings during the three or four weeks I have been describing [writes Lockhart] could have

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suspected that he was daily and nightly the watcher of a deathbed, or the consoler of orphans; striving all the while against

“ True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown? ”

I am not aware that I ever saw him in such a state of dejection as he was when I accompanied him and his friend Mr Thomas Thomson from Edinburgh to Queensferry, in attendance upon Lord Kinnedder's funeral. Yet that was one of the noisiest days of the royal festival, and he had to plunge into some scene of high gaiety the moment after he returned. As we halted in Castle Street, Mr Crabbe's mild, thoughtful face appeared at the window, and Scott said, on leaving me, “ Now for what our old friend there puts down as the crowning curse of his poor player in the Borough—

“ ‘ To hide in rant the heart-ache of the night. ’ ”

I will now say a few words as to Carlyle's Essay, to which I have alluded. For it is an excellent example of the fact that a better artist, one more capable of making a picture living, may make it false, because he does not master the whole material impartially. He forms for himself a vivid picture and he conveys it to his readers. It has all the qualities needed for exhibiting character in fiction. But it is not a true picture. It fails in the requirements of biography. His treatment is subjective, not objective. And it is, therefore, not convincing.

Carlyle's failure is the more disappointing because a part of the sketch he gives is so true that one feels how admirable the whole might have been had he looked more patiently at the evidence before him and seen more completely. His picture of Sir Walter as Scotch of the Scotch, a man of infinite courage, who weighs fame with a balanced poise; self-possessed, sensible, practical, the *beau idéal* of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, is admirably done. “ Scott's healthiness,” writes Carlyle, “ showed itself decisively in all things, and nowhere more decisively than in this: the way in which he took his fame; the estimate he from the first formed of fame. Money will buy money's worth; but

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the thing men call fame, what is it? A gaudy emblazonry, not good for much. . . . To Scott it was a profitable pleasing superfluity, no necessary of life."

The following estimate of Scott's cheerful courage, and the atmosphere it created, is also fine and true:

Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality or distortion dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement, Samson-like carrying off on his strong Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him; in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had all lying so beautifully *latent*, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust, healthy man! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was a robust, thoroughly healthy and withal very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the *healthiest* of men.

The concluding note of this famous essay has also a fine note of appreciation:

No sounder piece of British manhood than Scott [writes Carlyle] was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it; ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell.

All this is said well, and with genuine feeling. Where Carlyle utterly fails is in perception of Scott's deeper qualities of heart and imagination. To the words I have quoted respecting his healthy estimate of fame, he adds

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that Scott only valued fame "so far as it might turn to money." But the unfairest indictment is that Scott had no desire for the well-being of the world, and that he was possessed by no great ideas.

Perhaps no literary man of any generation [he writes] has less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense; not only for the fantasy called fame, with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon, but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to the eye, and could, in one sense or the other, be handled, looked at and buttoned into the breeches-pocket.

On this theme Carlyle insists:

He wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing.

Elsewhere in the Essay we find the same charge in a different form.

A great man [he writes p. 229] is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: the idea that Democracy was the Cause of Man, the right and infinite Cause. . . . Thus was Napoleon; thus are all great men: children of the idea; or, in Ram-Dass's phraseology, furnished with fire to burn up the miseries of men. Conscious or unconscious, latent or unfolded, there is small vestige of any such fire being extant in the inner man of Scott.

It is in this form that the charge against Scott is most flagrantly false and unperceiving. That there was little or no formal preaching of a mission in Sir Walter's poems or novels may be conceded. But to confound this with the absence of possession by dominant ideas, or of a desire to make the world better, is indeed a strange and misleading confusion. And curiously enough Carlyle

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himself gives part of the key to his fallacy. He points out that the apparent unconsciousness of a direct moral aim in writing which he deprecates in Sir Walter Scott, was observable also in Shakespeare. It was, in both authors, the dramatic form which was inconsistent with preaching. No true artist preaches in a novel, and it was the failure to remember this which prevented Scott's contemporary, Miss Edgeworth, from attaining the first rank, which careful readers of her best book, *Leonora*, will feel that she nearly approached. But it is strange indeed that so penetrating a mind should not have seen underlying the pictures of his imagination inspiring ideas which were obvious to so many, and passionate convictions as to the conditions of the well-being of society. When Newman was enumerating in 1841 the recent signs of the times, pointing to the desire for greater religious depth than had satisfied an earlier generation, he appealed to three great names in our literature as witnessing to it—Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth and Coleridge, and he placed Sir Walter first.

Surely it is patent that though his chosen form was dramatic and he abstained from preaching, Sir Walter's heart was in the restoration of ideals which the French revolution had so rudely destroyed—reverence for the past, reverence for kingly majesty and hereditary aristocracy, reverence for religion. He saw in these ideals the normal inspiration of much human goodness, and of great deeds; of lives lived with aims high above sordid thoughts of personal gain, and above all the requisite for the stability of human society. His message was in this respect identical with that of the romantic school in France and Germany—of such men as Tieck, Novalis, Fouqué, and the Chateaubriand of the *Génie du Christianisme*. No doubt he is very shy of preaching. He seems sometimes in his novels to throw a *douche* of common sense on his own cherished and romantic sympathies. But his inspiring ideals are quite unmistakable nevertheless. The spirit manifest in Burke's famous outburst against the treatment of Marie Antoinette, as though her queen-dom meant nothing at all, is equally manifest in Sir

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Walter. No doubt, in his writing, reverence for the past and for hereditary nobility clothed itself readily with all the associations of a Scottish patriotism to which every hill in his native land was dear, and which made the very names of the great Scottish clans as music to his ear. But the general message to the world was there as well as its particular shape for a Scotchman. The glamour of royalty and sense of its sacredness are found in the *Talisman* and *Ivanhoe* as well as in the Scottish novels. The chivalry of the Middle Ages fires him as well as its survival in the Highlands. The irreverence of the radical is his abhorrence. The *bon mot* "Majesty without its externals is only a jest" represented in his eyes a feeling only too prevalent and dangerous. Scott's Jacobitism, from his sympathetic feeling towards the Stuart cause in 1745 down to his vehement protest against the Reform Bill of 1832, tells the same story.

The false rationalism which scoffed at all claims that could not be clearly proven, when proof lay in the immemorial past, had, during the eighteenth century, both in religion and in politics, destroyed faith and ideals which are the necessary inspiration of life. The destructive process, if allowed to run riot, must issue in sheer Nihilism and anarchism, and have in fact done so in our own day. Against this danger all the force of Scott's nature was instinctively enlisted. If we do not realize the depth of his feeling in this connexion, which was largely religious in its nature, we have wholly failed to master the character of the man, or his place and significance in literature. And Carlyle does wholly fail to see it. Probably his own idea of a social mission was so concentrated on a radical programme that he was slow to recognize that an ideal so opposite to his own could be really inspiring. Scott's works acted in large measure as a counter-force against a danger which a German writer—Professor Foerster—has recently signalized as so imminent, namely, a paralysis of consistent moral action owing to the decay of the fixed determining ideals of morality which our fathers entertained, which have left nothing to take their place.

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Carlyle has missed the profound depth of Scott's feelings in respect of the mixed loyalties which inspired him. He has read with only half an eye such episodes as Scott's protest in 1806 against so-called reforms in the Scottish law courts which he thought would undermine a tried and efficient system. We see in Mr Lockhart's pages how deep such feelings went. He could not resume normal conversation after the meeting was over. "Little by little," he said, "whatever your wishes may be you will destroy and undermine until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland will remain." Tears gushed from his eyes, and it was some minutes before this reserved and self-contained man could assume even the externals of calm.

There is no passage in the *Life* which brought home to the present writer more convincingly the depth of such feelings than the account of his visit to Edinburgh Castle, in company with brother Commissioners and ladies of their families and of his own family, to inspect the long-lost *regalia* of Scotland when they were found again in 1820. These most sacred symbols of Scottish patriotism in the past had an effect on him of which Lockhart's chronicle is most remarkable.

His daughter Sophia told me [he writes] that her father's conversation had worked her feelings up to such a pitch (as they approached these treasures) that when the lid was again removed, she nearly fainted, and drew back from the circle. As she was retiring, she was startled by his voice exclaiming, in a tone of the deepest emotion, "something between anger and despair," as she expressed it, "By G—, no!" One of the Commissioners, not quite entering into the solemnity with which Scott regarded this business, had, it seems, made a sort of motion as if he meant to put the crown on the head of one of the young ladies near him, but the voice and aspect of the Poet were more than sufficient to make the worthy gentleman understand his error; and respecting the enthusiasm with which he had not been taught to sympathize, he laid down the ancient diadem with an air of painful embarrassment. Scott whispered, "Pray forgive me"; and turning round at the moment, observed his daughter deadly pale, and leaning by the door. He immediately drew her out of the room, and when the air had somewhat recovered her, walked with her across the Mound

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to Castle Street. "He never spoke all the way home," she said, "but every now and then I felt his arm tremble; and from that time I fancied he began to treat me more like a woman than a child. I thought he liked me better, too, than he had ever done before."

Such episodes in his life are direct evidence of his most profound and inspiring feelings. But the careful critic sees them again and again in the novels, though in a form which is dramatic and not didactic.

When, then, Carlyle gives, as the one stimulating cause of Scott's literary activity, his love of money, he makes a really extraordinary mistake. There is just enough truth to make the mistake come under Tennyson's pregnant saying, "A lie that is half a truth, is ever the blackest of lies." For Sir Walter undoubtedly did wish to become a laird of position and have his share of the good things of life, but a careful reader of Lockhart's book will see that, even in its most literal form, this ambition had not the merely mercenary character that Carlyle depicts. Even his desire to be a *grand seigneur* at Abbotsford was bound up inseparably with his love of Scotland and of the ideals of Scottish history. We cannot doubt that to realize his historical ideal of a Scottish laird with even a modest income would have appealed to him far more than five times the wealth it represented if realized only on English soil. Family pride is not the highest of feelings. But it stands many degrees above mere greed for gold or for social notoriety. And the clan feeling is mixed up with much that is very noble and unselfish. This feeling lay at the root of Scott's ambitions.

Thus, even where Carlyle hits on a truth, he loses an important qualification of it. But far worse is his failure to detect the ideals of the romantic school which lay so deep in Scott. Sir Walter was as profoundly impressed as De Maistre and Bonald in France with the folly of pitting against the evidence of the past, which had all the verification of actual working success, mere ingenious theories which had never been tested—or, as he expressed it, "Theory, a scroll in her hand, full of deep and mysteri-

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ous combinations of figures, the least failure in any one of which may alter the result entirely." He was not a man to waste words on such things. But his own profound feelings and sympathies came out spontaneously in word and in deed. And they imparted true nobility even to his ambition to realize in his own career and position the ideals of the old order which he deemed on the whole so beneficent for the world at large.

His original pride [writes Mr Lockhart] was to be an acknowledged member of one of the "honourable families," whose progenitors had been celebrated by Satchels for following the Buccleuch banner in blind obedience to the patriarchal leader; his first and last worldly ambition was to be himself the founder of a distinct branch; he desired to plant a lasting root, and dreamt not of personal fame, but of long distant generations rejoicing in the name of "Scott of Abbotsford." By this idea all his reveries, all his aspirations, all his plans and efforts, were overshadowed and controlled. The great object and end only rose into clearer daylight, and swelled into more substantial dimensions, as public applause strengthened his confidence in his own powers and faculties; and when he had reached the summit of universal and unrivalled honour, he clung to his first love with the faith of a Paladin.

This passage throws light on the two points noted and misunderstood by Carlyle—his indifference to mere literary celebrity and his desire for wealth. When Carlyle, in the words I have already quoted, commends Scott's indifference to his own fame, he does not fully perceive that this indifference was largely due to the fact that the ideals which stirred his ambition were not literary. He kept some of the attitude of the mediæval minstrel who sang of great deeds with no thought that the singer who extolled them could be great as the warrior who did them was great. Modern civilization has somewhat modified this. It accords a very high place to literary genius if it reaches quite the first rank—a place, in time of peace, almost as high as that of the great soldier. It was not that place which appealed to Scott's ambition or could stir in him a love of fame. The man of action represented the ideal he

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worshipped. Man of the world though he was, at home in all societies, he lost his self-possession in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, for him the greatest Englishman in war or at peace—a victorious general, a conservative statesman. He said to Constable that he had “never felt awed or abashed except in the presence of that one man.” At the zenith of his immense fame, he smiled at Constable’s suggestion that the Duke, on his side, might look on him as a great man—a great poet and a great novelist. “What,” he replied, “would the Duke of Wellington think of a few bits of novels which perhaps he had never read, and for which the strong probability is that he would not care a sixpence if he had?”

I do not think Sir Walter’s indifference to fame would have made him indifferent to the fame of a Wellington had he been himself a soldier. He was, no doubt, comparatively indifferent to mere applause which he received without stint. The image of himself as a great writer, though pleasant enough, did not stir his deepest emotions. The recognized greatness, on the other hand, of a chieftain, which is fame in another form, did appeal to him and it meant not primarily money or worldly prosperity, but the embodiment of a historic ideal at once glorious and beneficent. This issued in the paradox that whereas no man of letters ever won by his writings so prominent a position as he, that position was valued by him but little for what it really was, and almost entirely for the dream it enabled him to indulge. Wealth and fame were welcome mainly as enabling him to be Laird of Abbotsford. He was not among the greater Scottish chieftains or landowners; he was among the very greatest writers of his time, and among the great writers of all time. Yet the greatness of the first rank which he had actually attained was mainly welcome because it enabled him to take his place as the equal of Scottish landowners who were, in every personal respect, his inferiors and were not, even in standing, among the greatest of their class. One may smile at the paradox, but I prefer to reverence his faithful devotion to an ideal.

WILFRID WARD

PRAYER BEFORE WAR

AUGUST, 1914

LORD GOD, ere yet our drums are rolled,
Kneeling before Thine awful throne,
We pray that us-ward as of old
Thy favouring mercies may be shown—
We who too often filled with pride
Have in our hearts Thy power denied
And trusted to ourselves alone.

Thou hast been gracious unto us,
And stood as guardian at our gate;
Steadied us on the perilous
High path of our imperial fate;
Yet when have we, our faults in view,
With fear searched out and striven to do
The work for which Thou mad'st us great?

Have we not, rather, turned aside
Well knowing the right to do the wrong?
How hast Thou, tolerant of our pride,
Borne with our rebel hearts so long,
And spared us who, as crowning sin,
Have deemed that strength our own wherein
Our feet were firm, our hands were strong?

Rich altars have we raised to Thee
And fruits and fatlings on them laid,
Well satisfied that men should see
And marvel at our vain parade;
But that one only sacrifice
Which Thou, O God! wilt not despise—
A contrite heart—we have not made.

And now when war confounds the world
On Thy strong arm we fain would lean:

Prayer before War

Our flags ere this have been unfurled
To ends that Thou hast sorrowing seen:
Remember not that we of old
Too oft unblessed by Thee were bold,
For, see, to-day our hands are clean.

Wherefore Thy help and strength we seek
In this fierce quarrel upon us thrust,
For, save Thou stand beside us, weak
Are we although our cause is just:
Thou know'st how hard for peace we strove,
That without wrath e'en now we move
And do but fight because we must.

Nor less, because aroused by wrong
And cries of far distress we go
In the great name of Freedom strong
To grapple with a ruthless foe,
Thy guidance we beseech, for Thou,
To whom in armour girt we bow,
Alone to what we march dost know.

The day of trial is come—the day
So long foreseen, so fraught with fate;
With troubled hearts once more we pray
(Remembering Thee, ah, not too late!)
That Thou for all our faults of will,
Our pride, our greed, wilt hold us still
To Thy great purpose dedicate.

W. G. HOLE

THE EIGHTH LORD PETRE

"PETRE, Robert James, only son of Robert, 7th Lord Petre, and Catherine Walmesley, was born June 3, 1712. He married, May 2, 1732, Anne,* daughter of James, Earl of Derwentwater, by whom he had one son and three daughters: 1. Catharine, married to George Heneage, of Hainton; 2. Barbara, wife of Thomas Giffard, of Chillington; and 3. Julia, wife of John Weld, of Lulworth. He died in July, 1742. He rebuilt the Church of West Thorndon, and is said to have been a nobleman of great accomplishments." Kirk's *Biographies of English Catholics* (ed. J. H. Pollen, S.J., and Edwin Burton, D.D., p. 182).

The above is the fullest account to be found in any Catholic publication of one of the more interesting representatives of a family whose name is conspicuous in Catholic annals. In works devoted to general biography even less is said about him: the *Dictionary of National Biography*, for example, having noted that the seventh Lord Petre at the age of twenty, "in a freak of gallantry cut off a lock of hair from the head of a celebrated beauty, his distant kinswoman, Arabella Fermor"—an incident commemorated by Pope in *The Rape of the Lock*—proceeds:

* Her full name was Anna Maria Barbara; "on May 11, 1739, she released all claim to the Derwentwater settled states on consideration of the sum of £20,000 to be paid to the family by the authority of Parliament": she died March 31, 1760. See *Diary of the Blue Nuns of Paris* (Cath. Record Soc., p. 398), where is an account of Petre's second daughter, Barbara, who, with the third, was educated by the Nuns: "August ye 20th [1755] Miss Bab and Miss July Petre daughters of Lord Petre return'd to England with their mother" (op. cit. p. 132); a donation of "two hundred fifteen Livers" is acknowledged from Lady Petre in 1744. At the end of 1745 she was living at Lower Cheam, in Surrey, where the Dominican friar Dr Morgan Joseph Hansbie, who was serving the mission of Cheam, was arrested in her house (*Miscellanea*, ii, 314: Cath. Rec. Soc.). The Rev. Charles Kuypers informs me that there is a half-length portrait of her in the gallery at Thorndon Hall—an oval canvas about 2½ ft. by 2 ft; it represents a young woman, slender and apparently *petite*, with more or less oval face, large dark eyes, dark brown or almost black hair set high above the head and adorned with jewels: there is no date nor artist's name.

The Eighth Lord Petre

Lord Petre married a great Lancashire heiress named Catherine Walmesley, by whom, upon his premature death, March 22, 1713, he left a posthumous son, Robert James, 8th Lord Petre. The eighth Lord married on May 2, 1732, Anne, only daughter of James Radcliffe, the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater; she had a fortune of £30,000.

Nor did his death, which took place in London, attract much notice: the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742 thus records it:

July 2. Robert Lord Petre, a Roman Catholick Peer, of a large Estate and extensive Charity. He left three daughters and only one son, about 5 months old. *

From none of these notices could it be gathered that

* This son, Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre (1742-1801), took an important part in Catholic affairs. A thoroughly loyal Catholic, it was his lifelong regret that he was in consequence debarred from taking his seat in the House of Lords. He devoted much of his time and energies to an endeavour to obtain the removal of Catholic disabilities, and in this he was partly successful, for the Act of 1791 removed many of them, and permitted, under certain conditions, the public celebration of Mass; but it did not open Parliament to Catholics, and this with other remaining restrictions were not finally removed until nearly forty years later. Yet the King had no more loyal subjects than the Roman Catholics. A curious illustration of this fact was afforded by Lord Petre himself, when, during the Napoleonic wars, in accordance with a custom then common enough, he raised and equipped at his own expense an army corps of 250 men, whom he placed at the disposal of the Government, hoping that under these circumstances his son might be allowed to lead them. His request, however, met with a refusal, and his son actually served as a private under another officer. It was this desire to take his full position which led Lord Petre during the last years of his life to become the leader of the Catholic Committee, a body of laymen who considered that Catholic Emancipation could be obtained but for the unnecessarily rigid attitude (as they contended) of their Bishops, or Vicars Apostolic. This led to a prolonged contest which left a temporary shadow over some of the oldest Catholic names in the country. Certainly the opposition to ecclesiastical authority was carried to considerable lengths, and on his deathbed Lord Petre expressed regret for many things which he had done in the heat of contest; but it is safe to say that neither he nor his colleagues ever swerved from their absolute loyalty to their religion. See *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival*, by Mgr Ward.

The Eighth Lord Petre

their subject was in one department of knowledge the most conspicuous man of his time—one who, during the last eight years of his life, made his estate at Thorndon Hall, in Essex, the centre of horticulture in England,* and who in other respects was a notable ornament of the period in which he lived. The evidence for all this exists piecemeal in various printed records, but it has never been brought together, and this it is my purpose to do in the present paper.

We know nothing of his early life, but there can be little doubt that he must during that period have attained considerable proficiency in the pursuits in which he subsequently attained distinction. The fact that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on October 28, 1731, in his twentieth year, does not itself prove this, as peers have a right to claim election at any period; but the rapid development of his tastes which followed could not have arisen in one who had not already cultivated them.† Sir Hans Sloane was at this time President of the Society, and letters from Petre to him in the Sloane MSS, ranging from 1736 to 1739, show that they were on terms of friendship. Petre thanks Sloane for "the very kind and obliging entertainment I met with at your house," and discusses with him, in a practical and business-like manner, the arrangement of the terms by which Robert Millar was to be sent to Mexico to collect: "for my part I am ready to do anything, and am desirous the thing should be done in the most compleat manner now that we have gone so far in it." On January 6, 1739, he sends Sloane ripe bananas from his "stove;"‡ and "having

*The Hall and gardens were about a mile south of the present one, which was built by the ninth Lord Petre about 1766. Of the old Hall only the footings of the walls now remain, surrounded by plough and meadow land.

† In 1738 he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and he took an active part in the excavations at Arundel House in the Strand, where he obtained "some colossal statues with fine drapery" (Nichols, *Anecdotes*, ii, 3).

‡ According to Linnæus the banana first flowered in Europe at Vienna in 1731 (pref. to *Musa Cliffortiana*, 1736).

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accidentally met with two uncommon fowls of the pidgeon kind," he forwards them to Sloane with a gracefully turned reference to the "singular pleasure" it would be to him if they were found "deserving of a place in your collection." The letter in which Petre introduces to Sloane a man who, having "met with real misfortunes in the way of business," had been for some years in his service but now wanted to settle in Paris, is among the many evidences of his kindness of heart; in the same letter he speaks of an intended visit to Sloane "to introduce an Italian Prelate, nephew to the Pope's Librarian, who has brought a particular recommendation to me from R. P. Labat and is come to see our Librarys and other curious collections in England amongst which he has been very rightly informed that yours holds the first place." This was no idle compliment, for Sloane's collections became the foundation of the British Museum. In the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society (xlii. pp. 136-8) is a portion of a letter from Petre to Sloane, dated from Brook Street, June 24, 1742, "concerning some extraordinary effects of lightning;" in this he gives an account of a violent thunderstorm during which two large oaks in Thorndon Park were struck. It is not quite clear at what date Petre took up his residence at Thorndon—he had previously resided on his neighbouring estate at Ingatestone—but it would seem to have been at about the time of his coming of age.

It is to Peter Collinson (1694-1768) that we are indebted for the fullest information not only as to Petre's horticultural interests but as to his personal character. Collinson was in partnership with his brother as a woollen-draper in St Clement's Lane, but his interests were of wide range and specially concerned with botany and horticulture. He was acquainted with all the leading naturalists of the day, including Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753) with whom he was on terms of intimacy. His correspondents were numerous, both at home and abroad; among his American correspondents were Benjamin Franklin, who communicated to him his first essays on electricity; Governor Colden, of New York

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(1668-1776), whose daughter Jane (1724-1766) was an accomplished botanist; and John Bartram (1699-1777), of whom more will be said later. Collinson, who was a member of the Society of Friends, to which body Bartram also belonged, merited the description applied by Ruskin to his father—"an entirely honest merchant;"* his numerous published letters show him as a man of lovable character and strict integrity. The records we have of his gardens, first at Peckham (until 1749) and then at Mill Hill, show a wonderful variety of plants, many of them imported by himself from America;† and in Petre, whose interest in horticulture equalled his own, he found a congenial spirit and a warm supporter of his enterprises.

Of one of these undertakings we have in the Department of Botany of the Natural History Museum a MS. drawn up by Collinson in 1766—"an account of the Introduction of American Seeds into Great Britain." After many unsuccessful attempts to obtain these seeds, Collinson entered into arrangements with Bartram, "a very proper person for that purpose, being a native of Pensilvania with a numerous family; the profits arising from gathering seeds would enable him to support it." In this scheme Lord Petre was the first, and indeed for four years (1736-39) the only, person to co-operate; after this, as the taste for planting increased, the business developed, and at last, Collinson writes, "brought on me every year no little trouble to carry on." The subscription for the collection was five guineas for a box; Petre had two boxes annually and just before his death had induced the Duke of Norfolk to patronize the scheme; besides paying for these, he also made Bartram "frequent presents,"‡ among them a copy of the second part of Philip Miller's *Gardeners' Dictionary*.

* See the account of his life, published (anonymously) by Dr John Fothergill in 1770.

† See *Hortus Collinsonianus* (privately printed without author's name), by L. W. Dillwyn, 1843.

‡ The friendly relations between the Petres and Bartram continued after the eighth Earl's death. In Bartram's garden at Philadelphia a pear-tree, which was still alive in 1899, was called by him "the Petre pear-tree"

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References to this collection and to the relations between Petre and Bartram are scattered through Collinson's letters printed in the *Memorials of Bartram*.^{*} Collinson as early as January 1735, gave some seeds from Bartram to "a very curious person," from whom, he says, "I hope to procure thee some present for thy trouble of collecting." This was Petre, who became interested in Bartram, and desired to see his letters: "he admires thy plain natural way of writing, and thy observations and descriptions of several plants."[†]

Bartram had suggested an allowance to enable him to prosecute his researches; to this Petre contributed ten guineas, and, with Collinson, paper "for specimens and writing, with a pocket compass." In 1737 Collinson visited Petre to view his plantations, and discussed with him the details of another expedition for Bartram; Petre "was mightily pleased" with Bartram's journal, which he kept in accordance with the arrangement entered into with Collinson, and with his maps of the Schuylkill River, which Bartram seems to have been the first to investigate. He especially asks for specimens of the Papaw—"his lordship," says Collinson, "has one plant of it, but they tell us such stories of its fruit that we would be glad to see it." In 1740 Collinson expresses his satisfaction with the seeds Bartram had sent: "Lord Petre has had the greatest luck, having the largest quantity of seed." Petre occasionally sent seeds to Bartram; among them "berries of Butcher's Broom and Juniper, which grows wild in his lordship's woods and which he gathered with his own hands."

from the fact of its having been raised from a seedling sent from England in 1760 by Lady Petre—probably the wife of the ninth Earl as the widow of the eighth died in March of that year. See Harshberger, *The Botanists of Philadelphia*, p. 67 (1899).

^{*} By William Darlington, M.D. Philadelphia, 1849: a storehouse of information rendered almost useless by the absence of an index.

[†] Petre may perhaps have been amused at Bartram's quaint spelling and curious caligraphy, which may be seen on the labels attached to his specimens in the Department of Botany. Linnæus characterized Bartram as "the greatest natural botanist in the world."

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Besides these allusions to plants are others to birds and animals, in which Petre was also interested: Collinson expresses his lordship's wish to obtain from Bartram terrapins, squirrels, and wild water-fowl; he received from him a humming-bird's nest and eggs, for which Lady Petre also expressed a desire.

The references to Petre in Collinson's letters end with a notice of his death, which I reproduce in full:

"London, July 3d, 1742.

"Oh! Friend John:

I can't express the concern of mind that I am under, on so many accounts. I have lost my friend—my brother. The man I loved, and was dearer to me than all men, is no more. I could fill this sheet, and many more: but oh! my anxiety of mind is so great that I can hardly write; and yet I must tell thee that on Friday, July 2d, our dear friend Lord Petre was carried off by the small-pox, in the thirtieth year of his age. Hard, hard, cruel hard, he taken from his friends, his family—his country—in the prime of life: when he had so many thousand things locked up in his breast, for the benefit of them all, are now lost in embryo.

"I can go no further, but to assure thee that I am thy friend
P. COLLINSON.

"All our schemes are broke.

"Send no seeds for him, nor for the Duke of Norfolk; for now he that gave motion is motionless—all is at an end."

This is followed by an estimate of Petre's character, which concludes with a note that indicates the strong personal attachment existing between them: "For his virtues and his excellencies and his endowments I loved him, and he me, more like a brother than a friend." A note bearing the same date occurs in the catalogue of Thorndon plants by Philip Miller to be referred to later: this is practically identical with the printed estimate, and I reproduce it as it shows Collinson's spelling, which is not retained in the printed copy:

"The Character of Right Honble Robert Lord Petre.
By his Fr^d P. Collinson. July 3: 1742.

"He was a fine Tall Comely Man, Handsome, had the presence
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of a Prince, but so happily mixt that Love and Aw was begat at the same Time. The Affability and sweetness of his Temper is beyond Expression—without the least Tincture of Pride or Haughtyness, with an engaging Smile He always mett his Friend. But the Endowments of his mind are not to be Described. Few excelled Him in the Liberal Arts and Sciences—a great Mechanic as well as a Mathematician, ready at Figures and Calculations, a fine Tast for Architecture and Drew and Designed well Himself—a great Ardour for every Branch of Botanic Science—whoever sees His vast Plantations and this Catalogue will not doubt it—which was greatly increased before his Death. In his Religious way, an Example of great Piety, Charity and Chastity, Strict in his Morals, of great Temperance and Sobriety, no Loose Word, no Double entendre, ever drop'd from his Lipps.

“Lord Petre Died of the Small Pox July: 2: 1742; this was Drawn the Day after his Death by his Disconsolate Friend

“ P. COLLINSON.”

Collinson's lasting sense of loss other than personal finds expression in other of his letters. Writing to Linnæus, January 18, 1744, he says:

“The death of the worthiest of men, the Right Hon. Lord Petre, has been the greatest loss that botany or gardening ever felt in this island. He spared no pains nor expence to procure seeds and plants from all parts of the world, and then was as ambitious to preserve them. Such stoves the world never saw, nor may ever again.” *

Collinson proceeds to describe the numerous hot-houses—then called stoves—and the principal plants grown in them:

“The back of these stoves had trellises, against which were placed in beds of earth all the sorts of Passion-flowers, Clematis's of all kinds that could be procured, and Creeping Cereus: All these mixed together, and running up to the top, covered the whole back and sides of the house, and produced a multitude of flowers, which had an effect beyond imagination; nothing could be more beautiful or more surprizing.”

* J. E. Smith, *Correspondence of Linnæus*, i, 9.

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He concludes:

"As this young nobleman was the greatest man in our taste that this age produced, I thought it might not be unacceptable to give you some account of the greatness of his genius; but his skill in all liberal arts, particularly architecture, statuary, planning and designing, planting and embellishing his large park and gardens, exceeds my talent to set forth."

The name of Petre was already known to Linnæus, who had in 1737* adopted the name *Petrea* already conferred by Houstoun† on a handsome genus of Tropical American shrubs allied to, although in no way resembling, the Verbenas of our gardens, which he sent to Philip Miller from Vera Cruz.

The fullest account of the gardens at Thorndon is that given by Collinson in a letter to Bartram dated September 1, 1741. It gives an interesting picture of the most advanced horticulture of the period, and of the scale on which Petre developed his estate:

"Last year Lord Petre planted out about ten thousand Americans, which, being at the same time mixed with about twenty thousand Europeans, and some Asians, make a very beautiful appearance; great art and skill being shown in consulting every one's particular growth, and the well blending the variety of greens: dark green being a great foil to lighter ones, and bluish-green to yellow ones, and those trees that have their bark and back of their leaves of white or silver make a beautiful contrast with the others.

"The whole is planted in thickets and clumps, and with these mixtures are perfectly picturesque, and have a delightful effect. This will just give thee a faint idea of the method Lord Petre plants in, which has not been so happily executed by any; and indeed, they want the materials, whilst his lordship has them in

* *Genera Plantarum*, p. 347.

† William Houstoun (1695-1733) made important collections in Central America, where he was succeeded by Robert Millar, in whose appointment, as we have seen, Petre was interested; it is probable that Petre was also a patron of Houstoun. Houstoun's plants and MSS. are in the Natural History Museum.

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plenty, his nursery being stocked with flowering shrubs of all sorts that can be procured. With these he borders the outskirts of all his plantations, and he continues annually, raising from seed and layering, budding, grafting, [so] that twenty thousand trees are hardly to be missed out of his nurseries.

"When I walk amongst them, one cannot well help thinking he is in North American thickets, there are such quantities. But to be at his table, one would think South America was really there—to see a servant come in every day with ten or a dozen Pine Apples, as much as he can carry. I am lately come from thence, quite cloyed with them.

"Thee will not think I talk figuratively, when I tell thee that his Pine Apple stove is sixty feet long, twenty feet wide, and height proportionable; and if I further tell thee, that his Guavas, Papaws, Ginger and Limes are in such plenty, that yearly he makes abundance of wet sweetmeats, of his own growth, that serves his table and makes presents to his friends. Finer I never saw or tasted from Barbadoes, nor better cured; but these trees grow in beds of earth, in houses some twenty, some thirty feet high. It is really wonderful to see how nature is helped and imitated by art: but besides, his collection of the West and East India plants is beyond thy imagination.

"Here I must end; because it is endless to mention the great variety of contrivances in his gardens, to produce all fruits and plants in the greatest perfection." *

Collinson in his letter to Linnæus says:

"The collections of trees, shrubs, and evergreens in his nurseries at his death I had told over: and they amounted to 219,925, mostly exotic."

There is in the possession of the family at Thorndon a catalogue of Petre's plants in Philip Miller's hand which, by the kindness of Audrey Lady Petre, I had in 1909 an opportunity of inspecting. It is an octavo volume of 310 pages, the right hand only being occupied. The plants are arranged under 696 genera. A note inside the cover in Collinson's hand states that the list was "drawn

* *Memorials of Bartram*, p. 145.

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up by Mr Philip Miller, gardener to the Physick Garden at Chelsea, anno 1736": Petre largely availed himself of Miller's advice on horticultural matters. At one time the Thorndon gardens were under the charge of James Gordon (*d.* 1781), who subsequently established an important nursery at Mile End.

Yet one more quotation from Collinson deals with Petre's work in the park at Thorndon, and shows, incidentally, that his earlier years were spent at Ingatestone.

"He went from his house at Ingatestone to his seat at Thorndon Hall to extend a large row of elms at the end of the park behind the house. He removed, in the spring of the year 1734, being the 22d of his age, twenty-four full grown elms about sixty feet and two feet diameter: all grew finely, and now are not known from the old trees they were planted to match. In the year 1736 he planted the great avenue of elms up the park from the house to the esplanade: the trees were large, perhaps fifteen or twenty years old. On each side of the esplanade, at the head or top of the park, he raised two mounts, and planted all with evergreens in April and May, 1740. In the centre of each mount was a large cedar of Lebanon of twenty years growth, supported by four larches of eleven years growth. On the same area on the mounts were planted four cedars aged twenty years each, supported by four smaller larches aged six years; on the sides Virginian red cedars of three years growth, mixed with other evergreens, which now (anno 1760) make an amazingly fine appearance. In the years 1741 and 1742, from this very nursery he planted out forty thousand trees of all kinds, to embellish the woods at the head of the park on each side of the avenue to the lodge, and round the esplanade. It would occupy a large work to give a particular account of his building and planting." *

The work of plantation in 1736 was attended by a somewhat startling episode. It was the year of the anti-Irish agitation which "finds little or no place in our standard histories," but which is described by Father Thurston (whom I have to thank for calling my attention to his paper) in the *Month* for October, 1913. In the course of

* *Transactions of the Linnean Society*, x, 274 (1811).

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the paper an extract is given from the *London Evening Post* of August 13, which runs as follows:

"The Right Hon. the Lord Petre having for some time past employed a considerable number of labourers to make canals and gravel-walks in his gardens at his seat in Essex, on Monday last several of the country people assembled in a tumultuous and riotous manner and assaulted the said labourers suspecting them to be all Irishmen, so that a battle ensued in which heads were broken and many bruises received, and his Lordship was forced to order fire-arms to be brought out before the rioters would withdraw."

Collinson's fear that "now Lord Petre is gone, all stove plants would go down," expressed to Richardson in 1742* was not unreasonable, but for a time the celebrated "stove" retained its beauty, although the collections were in part dispersed. While on a visit to Thorndon in 1746, Collinson writes:

"Since our dear lord's death, my lady is so respectfull to his memory that the stoves and nurserys are kept in good order; but as there was great numbers of a sort, an abundance has been sold or disposed of; and yet there is not such a collection in England, except Oxford or Chelsea: but yet there is a great many plants that they have not."

A description of "the great stove" follows, identical in the main with that already cited from the letter to Linnæus. In 1760, however, Collinson wrote that "the vast collection of rare exotic plants and his extensive nursery was soon dispersed."† Collinson always retained his intimate acquaintance with the family; it was while he was "on a visit in Essex, to his excellent friend Lord Petre, a nobleman for whom, and for his father, both distinguished promoters of botany, Collinson had the

* Correspondence of R. Richardson, 391, 392 (1835). In this letter, Collinson styles Petre "the Phenix of his age."

† *Trans. Linn. Soc.*, l. c.

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highest regard,"* that he was seized with the illness which terminated fatally on August 11, 1768.

Another of Petre's correspondents was a conspicuous figure among the naturalists of the period. This was Dr Richard Richardson (1663-1741) of North Bierley in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a selection of whose *Correspondence* was edited by Dawson Turner and published in 1835; other of his letters are published in Nichols's *Literary Illustrations* (i, 327-330) and elsewhere. Nichols gives letters from Petre ranging from October 30, 1734, to February 5, 1738, relating chiefly to exchanges of plants. In one of them he excuses himself for delay in corresponding on the ground of "multiplicity of business which my building and other works give me"; in a subsequent letter (May 13, 1737) his writing was hindered by "the death of my very worthy and esteemed friend Mr Tempest."†

Incidental references to plants distributed by Petre or introduced by him occur in horticultural literature. Thus we read‡ that a Palm (*Sabal Blackburnia*), the flower-

* Sir J. E. Smith in Rees's *Cyclopædia* (s. v. Collinson). The allusion to the ninth Lord Petre's interest in botany is, I think, merely complimentary; the only indication of it, so far as I know, is that he bought two boxes of Bartram's seeds in 1764.

† This was the Rev. John Tempest, S.J., who had been chaplain to Lord Petre at Thorndon from about 1731 and was evidently in keen sympathy with his pursuits. He was buried in the church at West Horndon which Petre had built in 1734 on the occasion of the union of the parishes of West Horndon and Ingrave, where a tablet was erected by Petre to his memory, with the following inscription:

D . O . M .

HIC IN PACE EC. CATH.

DEPOSITUS EST JOHANNES TEMPEST, STEPHANI
TEMPEST, ARMIGERI, DE BROUGHTON, PROVINCIAE
EBOR, FILIUS, DOCTRINA, ET SUAVITATE

MORUM OMNIBUS DILECTUS. VIX. ANN. XLIV.

THORNDON OB. D. XXII FEB. A.D. MDCCXXXVII.

ROB. JACOBUS PETRE, BARO DE WRITTLE, AMICO
CARISS. MÆRENS MONUMENTUM POS.

(Nichols. See also Kirk's *Biographies*, p. 231.)

‡ Loudon's *Gardeners Magazine*, v, 53.

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ing of which at Hale Hall, Lancashire, in May, 1818, excited much attention, was presented, when a small plant, by him to John Blackburne (1690-1786), who, like Petre, built hothouses and grew pine-apples. But the most familiar plant among Petre's introductions is undoubtedly the *Camellia*,* the earliest reference to the cultivation of which states that it "was raised by the late curious and noble Lord Petre, in his stoves at Thorndon Hall in Essex."†

It appears somewhat strange, considering his acquaintance with Sloane, that no plants from Petre appear in the vast Sloane Herbarium, which, in 334 volumes, is preserved in the Natural History Museum. It would, however, be a mistake to assume from this that the botanical aspect of horticulture did not appeal to him; the exact opposite was the case. Mr Francis Owen, who for so long a period was master of the Catholic school at Thorndon, informs me that when he arranged and catalogued the books after the fire at Thorndon Hall in March, 1878, there were in the library fourteen large thick folio volumes full of dried specimens, as well as a catalogue of the plants in the gardens—probably that already referred to—and a large number of herbals and books relating to gardening.‡ A handsome mahogany cabinet with twenty drawers divided into compartments and filled with botanical specimens was saved from the fire, but in the

* All may not be aware that the name of this popular flower commemorates a Jesuit lay-brother, George Joseph Camel (or Kamel), (1661-1706), a Moravian by birth, who went to the Philippines in 1668, and may be regarded as the pioneer of Philippine natural history and especially of botany. He corresponded with the leading naturalists of his time; several volumes of his admirable drawings of animals, as well as of plants, and specimens of the latter, are in the British Museum.

† *Natural History of Birds*, by George Edwards, ii, 67 (1747).

‡ The library, which contained about 15,000 volumes, was disposed of by the late Monsignor William Lord Petre in 1885-6 for £1,000—a ridiculously low figure, as may be gathered from the fact that it contained a copy of Caxton's *Boke of the Chesse* which subsequently realized over £600: Mr Owen's catalogue and book of notes went with the library. All attempts to trace the volumes of specimens have failed; they were probably destroyed as of no value.

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constant shifting the specimens were scattered and the labels lost, the cabinet itself being converted into a wardrobe. The loss to science was considerable, for the collection would have thrown light upon the introduction to cultivation in England of many plants. William Aiton (1731-93), "gardener to his Majesty at Kew," who in his classical *Hortus Kewensis* (1789) gives as far as possible the dates of such introduction, writes:

"Some Plants are by tradition known to have been introduced by Robert James Lord Petre, but the times when are utterly forgot; to remedy, as much as possible, this inconvenience, they are always stated as having been introduced before 1742, the time of his Lordship's death." (I, p. xi.)

The Sloane Herbarium already contained the valuable "hortus siccus" of that remarkable woman Mary Somerset, Duchess of Beaufort (1630?-1714), whose gardens at Badminton and at Chelsea seem even to have surpassed Petre's in importance; and to this Petre's volumes would have been a valuable adjunct.

JAMES BRITTEN

SAMUEL BUTLER OF "EREWHON"

The Note-Books of Samuel Butler. Arranged and edited by Henry Festing Jones. London. Fifield. 1913.
And his other Works.

UNDER a sapphire blue sky, although the month is September, and with trains rushing across the little stream in front of one's garden—trains carrying troops all day to the south and the line of battle—it is not easy to fix the mind upon a dead humorist, even if he were Dean Swift the second. Not without astonishment do we read how the greatest of modern Germans, Goethe, deliberately sat down on the day when his country was agonizing at Leipzig, in October, 1814, to study—the geography of China. "Far from me and from my friends," will every feeling man exclaim with brave old Dr Johnson, "be such frigid philosophy!" Our imagination will haunt the Falaises de Champagne—the downs and hollows of France where the world's mightiest forces are locked in combat, our friends striking and being stricken while the pitying heavens look on. Yet a deeper reflection will teach us that battles pass and thought is immortal. Behind all forces the spirit lives and rules. These very death grips are thoughts put into act; the truer thought must overcome; for, as we learnt on the first page of our schoolboy Iliad, in and through the wrath of Achilles the will of God was finding its accomplishment, *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή*. As then, so now, "God reigns." The question for us all is "What God?" Is it blind matter, chance, luck, hazard in the maelstrom of whirling atoms? Or the Power that sees, the intellect that guides, the love of the best that draws and is drawn to realize some law of perfection? The question of God is always actual, though it may wear many disguises. Never, perhaps, did it show itself in less conventional trappings than in the works—"Opera"

Samuel Butler of "Erewhon"

the man called and reckoned them—of Samuel Butler, to whose name we add "of Erewhon" by way of distinction from other notable Samuels; from the wit that laughed in *Hudibras* and the sad-browed philosopher that mused in the "Analogy" on subjects advanced, it may be, one stage farther by his nineteenth-century namesake.

For Samuel Butler of "Erewhon" counts; not a doubt of it. We meet him among the entertaining company who discovered Utopia, thus quaintly Englished by his anagram of "Nowhere"—the Lucians, Mores, Pantagruels, Gullivers, famed for their lying truth and sarcastic showing up of their dear fellow mortals. Butler has given us a motive as peculiar as mirth-provoking for considering the countenance of our nativity in a crooked glass. He will survive with Lewis Carroll, creator of *Alice in Wonderland*, as a genius of the uncanny, as the logical madman, the humorist whose grave turns lead you to argue with him that such things cannot be, while yet you say to yourself that, after all, they might be. He has made Gulliver credible in a modern way; "over the range," out there in New Zealand, the Erewhonians dwell. This, even for the wary critic who delayed till grey hairs before he would own Butler, is now an achievement not questionable, and he supports his judgment on Mr Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*, revised edition. But more praise is waiting, spread in a lordly dish. For Mr Bernard Shaw, with an Irishman's daring, has claimed filiation from Samuel Butler, scornfully denying that the Norseman Ibsen did or could inspire the stageplays and printed philosophy by which two Continents have been amused. Mr Shaw prefers not to be thought original, if only Butler gets his due. We can never be safe with these masters in irony; and we had better grant the affiliation order. Two originals we would gladly welcome; but in any case the one "favours" the other unmistakably—with a transcendent difference. I speak it against the grain; yet, while I cannot refuse to Mr Shaw his innumerable brilliancies, I am compelled to distinguish

Samuel Butler of "Erewhon"

between literature and journalism. That *Erewhon* is literature and will be a classic, it needs no town-crier's lungs to assure us. Journalism to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. *Erewhon* has come out of the fire like *Omar Khayyám*, which in a curious fashion it recalls. Long neglected, it stands secure above the floods of change. As *Omar Khayyám*, in Fitzgerald's judgment, rendered a mood of our nature musically, so does *Erewhon* with its unpretending but clear strong prose correspond to an instinct, suppressed yet most powerful, which finds human perfection in the Greek idea of health and beauty as the Highest Good. So much by way of prelude.

For we have not done with Butler's acknowledged claim on posterity, when we call him a Utopian satirist. By no means. I hasten to record his other titles, one certainly not inferior, let the rest fare as they may. Utopian, yes; but also adventurer beneath the Southern Cross, sheep farmer, painter, musician, writer of romance, scholar, essayist, and with high good fortune biologist. The man's life and character, had he composed not a line, would have deserved a biography. I have left out something, which I am bound to state without delay. Samuel Butler was one of the many Englishmen who, about the middle of the last century, put from them with a kind of passion the Christian creed. Nay more, he became fiercely anti-Christian on many points of ethics no less than of dogma. His writings, including these *Note Books* which I am reviewing, are often offensive to pious ears, plausibly incredulous, slyly mocking, and not to be given to the weak or ill-trained believer. Such an attitude towards the faith of Christendom, which accounts in part for their acceptance by the same sort of literary coteries that celebrate "Omar's" feast with wine and roses, will, I dare say, have been a reason why Catholic students and readers appear to have overlooked the works of Butler even to this day. It is always a moot point whether we should call attention to dangerous books, so long as they have not come into the foreground of publicity. And as that very question will guide us

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near the centre of Butler's most intimate views, we may for an instant touch upon it.

To most non-Catholics the doctrine and practice of the Church with regard to forbidden books is well-nigh unintelligible. We can hear them rebuking our authorities loftily. "Do you," they seem to say, "fear the truth, or for the truth, since you will not give objections fair play? Is your religious conviction so feeble that it will not stand assault? And is reason a deadly weapon against the faith which you term divine? That moral purity should be defended in the young and innocent from occasions of danger, may be granted within limits; but cannot the intellect take care of itself? At any rate, how shall a man not think that which he does think? We are answerable for our acts; we cannot be expected to answer for our thoughts."

Thus they—disputants rather proud to be known as Rationalists. Without replying to them directly now, I would observe that the problem raised is one of fact and psychology; to my thinking, not less profound than any the most abstruse imaginable. For when we ask how the will is related to the intellect, and our whole personality as a sovereign substance to both, do we not go down into the deeps of man? Experience of life does not warrant sanguine hopes of convictions wrought by mere verbal reasoning; too often, however, it proves that one word adroitly placed will destroy confidence or blast a reputation. The rationalizer seems too simple for a world like ours. At this point, enter Samuel Butler, psychologist.

His view is coherent, not in its implications mechanical, and it grew up in him slowly after reading, out in the Far Eastern archipelago, Charles Darwin on the *Origin of Species*. Note the Christian name Charles. It is among the fine ironies of the history of science (which none except fossils and pedants like the present writer attend to) that, in the very hey-day and whirlwind of Charles Darwin's fame, a still small voice should have opposed to him the memory of his grandfather, Erasmus. In Scripture language, while "all the world wondered after the beast,"

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and Natural Selection supplanted God, to the great joy of unbelievers searching for a First Cause, from New Zealand there came an odd grotesque imagination, roughly to this effect, that if mechanism without a directing principle to make or guide it, could produce the species beyond counting which we now see spread over the face of the earth, as in sky and ocean, no reason could be suggested why machines should not, by and by, govern mankind. This was humour *in excelsis*, at a flaming height; but it was likewise sound reasoning. The people of Erewhon, a little later, being pure Darwinians, told their discoverer how they had, ages before, taken measures in that sense, and put their machines to death, by a revolution which they accounted the first day of freedom restored.

I hope the acute reader will see how just was the inference. When his thought had ripened, Butler, not without a cold energy of reiteration, pressed the point of his sword into the very heart of what he provokingly designated "Charles-Darwinism." The point was this, "Luck or Cunning?" Did living species originate, vary, and flourish, by the chance accidents of a Natural Selection happening without type and direction; or by virtue of a mind seizing its opportunities to make the best it could of matter, space, and time? Unluckily, these three fail me at my need, so that I cannot quote Butler as I should like to do, in illustration of his bold attack on the new Bible. That Bible had its defenders in every Royal Society and Academy of Sciences; but now it has been solemnly repudiated in the last, the Australian meeting of the British Association, by its President, Professor William Bateson. "Darwin dropped" is the ominous rubric under which the most widely-read of English journals announces the Presidential discourse. If Butler, in any stage of his unseen development, has been so far graced as to receive an authentic report of the Bateson speech, we can imagine his enigmatic smile. May one or two brief quotations be permitted?

"In the face of what they now knew," said the President, "the scope claimed for Natural Selection must be

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greatly reduced. We went to (Charles) Darwin for his facts; but he no longer spoke with philosophical authority. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest helped scarcely at all to account for the diversity of the species. There was no proof that the domestic animals had been developed from a few wild types. Fowls presented innumerable difficulties as to ancestry. Dogs, horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, wheat, oats, rice, plums, cherries, had in turn been accepted as derived not from one, but from several distinct forms." Another report sums up the conclusion thus. "Speaking as a Mendelian, Professor Bateson said, in fact, that the results of experiment and observation show that there are no causes within the cognizance of science which explain the facts of evolution. Natural Selection and environment have been shown to have only superficial results; and, as regards embryology and physiology, the workings are beyond our ken. When once fertilization has taken place, the die has been cast."

In every great movement of progress we may find laggards; while eccentrics never fail. If, however, we open Butler's polemical essays on evolution (which as fact and principle he takes to his heart), we shall not meet with any argument which stamps him as what the French expressively call a *frondeur*; and, as regards the charge of eccentricity, it lies rather against Charles Darwin, who indulged the most unlikely suppositions to bolster up his ideas, than against Butler. Butler took his stand on two very important fronts; with Paley he held to an argument from design which was manifest in the structure and functions of living beings; and he maintained, as a matter of history, that the credit attaching to a theory of evolution should be given to Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck; whereas, by the universal adulation of scientific societies, the world had been led to think that Charles Darwin alone could claim that glory. With steady persistence he tracked, through the various editions of the *Origin of Species*, changes in text, concessions to his arguments in favour of Lamarck, and silent (that is to say, unnotified) admissions, from which

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he drew a heavy indictment against the author's candour. All this may appear startling at first sight, or even incredible. The proofs, however, still exist in black and white as Butler left them. His indignant remonstrances have compelled attention to the merits of these undoubted pioneers on a path from which Charles Darwin wandered into the cul-de-sac, as it now appears to be, of Natural Selection when viewed as the chief, not to say as the exclusive, agent in determining the existence of species. To put the matter succinctly, Butler forced Darwin to set in front of his "Origins," however briefly and with reluctance, the historical prelude which his disciples were more than content to forget. Buffon's clear intimations were recognized; the pregnant and remarkable hints of Erasmus Darwin could no longer be ignored; and with Lamarck there came on the scene, in however strange a set of properties, a veritable *Deus ex machina*, who should restore the element of purpose to a Lucretian universe, from which with shouts of triumph it had been driven into chaos. For, when Natural Selection ousted mind, the whirligig of accident was King. In the poet's words, *Δίος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δί' ἐξεληλακώς*.

It will be evident that, with swift strokes, I am pointing to the arguments of a large controversy, which ran into volumes. Butler was not a polymath, or omnivorous reader; speaking by the card, he was not a scientific man. His victory, for we must account it nothing less, sprang from the peculiar gift he enjoyed of seeing what an argument really carried with it, and from the bull-dog courage that would not let go any particle of fact already seized upon. Charles Darwin had no particular endowment as an historian of science; he was much too modest to describe himself as a philosopher. Of capacity to grapple with problems of pure thought he never showed a trace. I do not intend to cumber this light sketch with quoted passages, or I might perhaps attempt some illustration of the limits to so great a man's powers by dwelling on certain differences which Darwin apparently failed to perceive or to value aright, between his own

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doctrine and that, by no means identical with it, which Herbert Spencer upheld on the same subject—viz., how the fittest survive. It will be more to the purpose if we note that Butler, and until the winds of fashion changed, Butler alone, demonstrated, citations in hand, how greatly Charles Darwin's own position varied; how confused and indefinite were his relations to Lamarck; how little he understood what admissions were fatal, and what indifferent, to his wished-for maintenance of Natural Selection as the originating cause of species.

When the vicissitudes of opinion among physical philosophers during the nineteenth century have passed into a tale that is told, the appeal to experience and first principles by way of quelling a Darwinism which ran counter to facts of life as well as to laws of thought, will be associated with names like Mivart, Mendel and Butler. Mivart's grasp of logic and extensive acquaintance with plants and animals enabled him to demonstrate that Natural Selection could never be the adequate cause of species or their variations, although in the Garden of Eden it might serve as a pruning-knife to eliminate the unfit. Mendel, by trial of facts no less elementary than conclusive, showed how types were preserved in descent, and could be definitely fostered or checked in multiplication by crossing. Butler took a third path, which at first might provoke a smile, as if some reverse or topsyturvy method of reasoning had been applied to the serious phenomena then in debate. Since man made machines, said Butler, was it not possible to view his body as the primary machine which he had made? The analogies registered, for instance, in Paley's *Natural Theology*, were abundant, obvious, and verifiable. Divines (I may remark in passing) had complicated their argument needlessly by bringing in the word "omnipotence"—a term transcending the experience under their eyes, and at that stage perplexing the issue. But mechanical and other contrivances or adaptations exist in every organism known to us. Such is the fact. How shall we account for it? Darwin replied, in effect, that it came to

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pass through a struggle for existence among individuals; but what determined the forces struggling he did not know. The thing happened; that was all. Every species depended on variations; how variations arose was a mystery. Yet no philosophical mind would admit that the purely negative limit, baptized Natural Selection, could execute the office of a real positive cause. To start with man as a mechanism and to inquire how he came to be so, was in Butler's view the "strand of the knot" that he could pick at most easily. Of course, if all plants and animals were machines they must have had, like the machines which we ourselves contrive and work, a designer. Paley's premisses (so to call them briefly) would be vindicated, whatever precise meaning should afterwards be put on his conclusion. Who or what was the designing mind is not the first question, but whether facts dispassionately considered do not drive us upon the admission of a plan or an idea, to which the organism machine owes its existence. To italicize this with an epigram, though not a definition exhausting its contents, let us say that life is purpose, and purpose is life. In Butler's own language, "the development of the steam-engine and the microscope is due to intelligence and design, which did indeed utilize chance suggestions, but which improved on these, and directed each step of their accumulation. . . . And so is it, according to the older (previous to Charles Darwin's) view of evolution, with the development of those living organs, or machines, that are born with us, as part of the perambulating carpenter's chest we call our bodies. The older view gives us our design, and gives us our evolution too."

Life, then, is certainly purpose, "mainly due to intelligent effort, guided by ever higher and higher range of sensations, perceptions, and ideas." But now comes the question, what is it that feels sensations, enjoys perceptions, and combines ideas to an end? When we have used the Darwinian pruning knife relentlessly, something is left which handles the opportunities afforded, and does so as an artist provided with colours,

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brushes, canvas, keeping the organic design in view. Lamarck attributed the pressure which calls out contrivance to a sense of need, or in Butler's phrase, not to luck alone but chiefly to cunning; for necessity is the mother of invention. Now the author of *Erewhon* took a step in advance, where not every one will follow. He said "practice makes perfect," and thus evolution will depend on habit—habit continued through vast periods of time, in myriads and myriads of individuals which form together one living series. But habits tend to become automatic and unconscious. We learn painfully how to do things with ease; the process drops into the background of our minds; we cease to reflect on it, go through it without thinking, and at last, if we stop to think, baulk our performance. We never truly forget, but pay no attention to the remembrance; it may sink so deep that to recall it is an agony of effort, yet all the while it is there. What, Butler asks, is the inbred, long inherited habit, to which species owe their modifications, permanently established, in the scale of being? He answers that it is "unconscious memory."

Here we look upon the complete Butler, as a man of science. He had stated a problem; in this manner he proffered its solution. The combination of design with unconscious memory in the living organism was entirely his own. With what felicity of illustration, what fun and freshness, what fighting vigour, he drove the battle onward, those will not require to be told who have laughed and meditated over his pages. He laughed at himself, too; "above all," said this ironical genius, "let no unwary reader do me the injustice of believing in me. In that I write at all, I am among the damned." That, one would fancy, was pure Bernard Shaw; but when the sentence appeared in print, Mr Shaw was not the original he has since become in his own despite. Was Butler himself original as regards the idea of unconscious memory? Some German had surely gone before. There happened to be a Professor Hering in 1870, who gave an address at Vienna thus entitled, "Memory as a Universal Function of Organized

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Matter." Hering anticipated the English writer; but though prior he was not cause or occasion of Butler's theory, and, at least, honours are divided. In fact, however, the Englishman flung this otherwise neglected germ into the medium where it could best thrive and be fruitful. He made of the suggestion a living power. Not that he had ever heard of the Austrian address until his own work on "Life and Habit" was published. Hering's views had fallen obsolete, so far as the great world knew or cared. Butler's paradox of unconscious memory transferred the immense problem of descent, identity, modification, and inheritance from the outside of life where Darwin had given it up, to the very core of substance and the springs of action.

Paley, says Butler, once more, "had long since brought forward far too much evidence of design in animal organization to allow of our setting down its marvels to the accumulation of fortunate accident, undirected by will, effort, and intelligence." It remained, nevertheless, a perplexity in the minds of many that failures and useless relics of earlier stages should mar this evidence; for omniscience could not be at a loss, nor omnipotence come short of its effect. Hence, the argument from design (which even Kant was unable to dissolve by his antinomies) did not figure, as we know, among the grounds of Theism set forth by reasoners like Cardinal Newman. We may not, indeed, please ourselves with any dream of Butler as an orthodox theologian; he would have smiled at our simplicity. Neither, again, do I pretend that his "unconscious memory" throws wide open the door of wonder closed to our knocking hitherto. If, however, to state a problem is the indispensable step towards finding an answer; and if truth is drawn more speedily out of error than out of confusion; his merit will not be small who has fixed on the precise difficulty which has clung to Paley's otherwise convincing demonstration of mind from living mechanisms. For instance, let us take the following passage, "The nervous system," Butler observes, "is a device which living beings have gradually perfected . . .

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through the will and power which they have derived from a fountain-head, the existence of which we can infer, but which we can never apprehend." And again, "between the 'me' of to-day and the 'me' of yesterday lie night and sleep, abysses of unconsciousness; nor is there any bridge but memory with which to span them. Who can hope after this to disentangle the infinite intricacy of our inner life?" Once more, "There is design or cunning . . . not despotically fashioning us from without, as a potter fashions his clay, but inhering democratically within the body which is its highest outcome, as life inheres within an animal or plant."

Thoughts akin to these, formally, perhaps, not admissible, were pouring in from many sides, even while "mindless evolution" cried its dogmas on the house-top. Schopenhauer had made of "the Unconscious" a new chapter in philosophy; Mesmer and his disciples, adepts or charlatans, stumbled upon the hypnotic trance; E. von Hartmann's "all-ruling, all-creating personality," which in all things appeared as automatic yet purposive action, had been offered to German universities with a flourish of trumpets. The debate was begun, and Butler gave it an issue more precise than science had yet been ready to entertain, by his inquiry into the nature of the mechanician behind the machine. Action automatic, reflex, unconscious meant nothing else than action repeated by habit, and habit was—shall I venture on the Platonic word?—reminiscence. "Bodily form may be almost regarded as idea and memory in a solidified state." Such was the real value, at all events, in understandable terms, of Mr Spencer's vague "accumulated experience of the race." Here, one must allow, the question had been so put to the jury as to point and guide whatever facts were available. The relations of "conscious" and "unconscious" activities might henceforward be studied on the calculus of thought rather than of motion, as a key to the universe. We have seen—is it too much to say now?—materialism staggered, silenced in its clamour, and losing credit among the crowd, thanks to this definite movement

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from molecules to states of mind above and below the threshold. For luck and molecules explain nothing; but with design we pass into an unseen yet actual world, where we not only can but must inquire how each particular mind is related to the mind controlling all, and to the several effects produced. I throw out for consideration a striking analogy. Is not this the problem of "inspiration" brought down to general terms?

That perils lurked on the slope of "unconscious memory," by which an explorer might be flung head foremost into the bottomless pit of Monism, was all too evident. When Butler had arrived at the plausible monster, fabricated by his own imagination, which enfolded every life within it, a sort of world-polypus or "Bestia trionfante," his reason toppled over, and he declared himself a convinced Unitarian—I mean a believer in the All-and-One, not indeed simply matter, for it was conceived as also the universal mind. These extravagances certainly did much not only to lessen his authority, but, still worse, to confuse his argument. He gave up, as Professor Hartog says in his valuable comment, "the strong logical position which he had hitherto developed," by reducing organic and inorganic to the same level; and not a little of Butler's most effective reasoning went overboard with that distinction. As the reader perceives, I have been all through engaged on a work of salvage from this costly shipwreck. Wedges of gold lie scattered on the floor of the ocean, among them the resolute assertion of mind, for ever mind, as the great master-key that alone unlocks the mysteries of living things. Moreover, the height and depth of such intelligence, its powers as soul or spirit, had been so belittled and so formalized in a sort of mental anatomy that thought, even by its defenders, was looked upon as a ghost, the shadow rather than the cause of real being. It could observe and register; it could not create. I know well that in so describing thought, I am arraigning Locke; but the temper which made this English philosophy prevail two hundred years ago has infected far and wide beyond the lecture-room. Life, in

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the largest sense, no longer ruled the categories, but a pale moon-like thing aptly named reflection. The riches, the energies, that gave to the world its charm no less than its wonder-working magic, fell to the grasp of matter. The empty spirit became superfluous. God was dead.

But now my dwindling space warns me to tell who Samuel Butler was, how he fared in his journeys through life and in his books, and especially what happened to *Erewhon*. Two things make me a little apprehensive lest, even though I quote without approval, I should seem to be art and part (which no Catholic could be) in this perverse man's eccentricities. One is that he came of an old English clerical family and meant to take Anglican orders, though he did not do so; the other, that he used the knowledge thus acquired to turn his rare abilities against the doctrines he rejected. I do not say against the Church he left, for Butler always maintained that he was a Broad Churchman. In what follows I must be regarded as *historicum agens*; just as if I were recounting the life and opinions of M. Arouet de Voltaire. I consider that the views which Butler held in philosophy make his assaults on the facts of the Gospels—*sit venia verbo!*—ridiculous. I do not share his cynicism, though it may crinkle one's too grave features into a smile; often I feel shocked at a certain cool enormity of sarcasm which, in his more deliberate meditations, he confuted by the common sense on which he prided himself. At no time, probably, has Butler equalled (he could never surpass) the measure of Swift's profane trifling in *The Tale of a Tub*. That work of truculent genius keeps its place in literature. It has a wit so wonder-striking and glances of wisdom so dazzling that we are unable to exile it from the English classics. Butler gave to the world four or five books of which the renown is growing, besides his anti-Darwinian polemic. If we ignore them, others will not. Suppressed they cannot be. We must handle them as we do *The Prince* of Machiavelli, or Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, with courage, and, of course, with discrimination. They will afford us matter by their sheer audacity for a

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more profound understanding of the religion which they attack from a new and peculiar point of view.

Samuel Butler, then, was born at the Rectory of Langar, Notts, on December 4, 1835, and died in St John's Wood, London, June 18, 1902. His father was the Rev. Thomas Butler, afterwards Canon of Lincoln; his grandfather, Samuel, had won a great reputation as master of Shrewsbury School, and ended his days as Bishop of Lichfield. On the mother's side he came of the Worsleys of Bristol, whose occupation it was to refine sugar. These antecedents may be deemed symbolical, or even prophetic. What our Samuel thought of the advantages attending on birth and breeding in a rectory is set down, but scarcely for edification, in his realistic novel, *The Way of all Flesh*, where he describes with pitiless calm the pedigree, fortunes, and religious practices of the family named Pontifex. When Anthony Trollope gave us the Barchester stories he was drawing on his invention, which yielded the immortals of satire in this branch, Archdeacon Grantley and Mrs Proudie. I should not like to predict the future of Butler's creations; true to life they may be, yet so cruelly handled that something in us cries out against keeping them for remembrance. Why did this gently nurtured, not unkindly man hate the parsonage with its charities, parochial and domestic? Why does he scorn "family affection" as a myth in *Erewhon*? He believed, more than most of us, in what he calls the "Tree of Jesse," bestowing on it an identity of substance and individuality which we do not readily grant. But, to his feeling, father and mother seem natural enemies of their offspring; he prefers the ostrich to the devoted parent. Not ironically; those who know their Butler can guess where he is in earnest, and where at play. He went to Cambridge, "coxed" the Lady Margaret first boat, took his degree, "bracketed twelfth in the classical tripos"; and by way of thanks pictures the English Universities as "Colleges of Unreason," whose main teaching lies in the science of hypotheticals. However, his Latin and Greek clung to him; perhaps they had their revenge on the day when he pub-

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lished his own "hypothetical" venture, and announced that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman, probably the Princess Nausicaa. Let us draw the conclusion. Even so early was Butler resolved, come what might of it, to be "a wild ass alone by himself." He puts the matter thus, "I had to steal my own birthright. I stole it and was bitterly punished. But I saved my soul alive." Mr Festing Jones remarks, "It had always been an understood thing that he was to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, and become a clergyman." He did his best, clearly without being called. For a while he was lay-assistant at St James's, Piccadilly; but he could not believe in the doctrine of infant baptism (although, by and by, the transmission of hereditary qualities, good and bad, was to be one of his strongest positions). Orders were out of the question; what should he do? After much correspondence with his father, sketched and, we will hope, darkened in the novel, it was decided that he should emigrate to New Zealand. He was to sail in the "Burmah," changed his mind and went in another boat. The "Burmah" left England, but was never heard of again.

In New Zealand, as a sheep farmer, he made money during the four years and a half he spent there. Health and good spirits waited on him nearly all through life. He had no deep sorrows, not much of a turn for the specially Christian virtues of self-diffidence or humility; he liked to be well off, but would be called a Stoic (if he did not laugh you out of such fine words) in the conduct of life; and he grappled his friends to him with links of steel. His published writings, after some college exercises, began with a dialogue on Chas. Darwin's book, in the *Press* of Canterbury, N. Z., December, 1862. The list closes with his *Note Books* (posthumous) in 1913, which may well prove the most enduring, so rich is it in pregnant hints, so versatile in subject, and so utterly, not to say amusingly, frank, whether as delineating Butler's moods or as a criticism on highly respected authorities, philosophers, poets, musicians, painters. The genius of Butler was, if I may use the term, unrelated. He had few ancestors and

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he imitates none. For style, his maxim was to think as clearly as possible, then to let the writing take care of itself. But he wrote his thoughts over and over again. The germ of *Erewhon* is discoverable in a skit which he contributed to the *Press*, June, 1863, entitled "Darwin Among the Machines." He came back to England in August 1864, with an acquired capital of about £8,000. This, put out on mortgage in the colony at 10 per cent, gave him all he wanted. He settled down in London at Clifford's Inn, and never changed his rooms, neither did he marry, during the thirty-eight years that remained to him.

Adventures were not wanting, however. Besides attempts at painting, which failed to convince the world, he travelled in Northern Italy, with good results for literature; and he published *Erewhon* in 1872, after it had been rejected by Messrs Chapman & Hall, "under the advice," he observes mildly, "of one who has attained the highest rank among living authors." This was George Meredith, himself not unknown as the creator of a fine extravaganza, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, but still unpopular, perhaps therefore despondent. *Erewhon* took immediately, bringing some cash and a promise of fame to the author, who remained anonymous. Nothing else that he wrote had even a shadow of success during his lifetime. From his private balance-sheet, which we read not without smiles and the suspicion of tears in these "notes," later folk may learn how much England paid him for choice originality between the years 1872 and 1899. On two of his publications Butler gained £77 2s. 11½d.; on all of them together he lost £960 17s. 6d. in cash; and a certain amount of stock was left on his hands. He wanted, as a librarian with uplifted finger told him, to be "useful"; he could not refrain from joking and giving readers an uncomfortable sense that he was aware of something comical in them. He also judged it fair that they should exercise their minds a little. That was too much. The great serious British public preferred—let us not gratify the curiosity of ages to come by saying

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whom they preferred before Butler, and bought in tens of thousands. Remark, meanwhile, that the shyness of John Bull and his daughters was not due to their taking offence at the man's heterodoxy—unbelief reigned in science as it awakened echoes all round in literature—but they declined to acknowledge heresies cast out by the Royal Society and far too wittily expressed. Voltairian mocking at the Christian religion did not scandalize them. The new thing which turned many away was Butler's bold uprising against the Sanhedrin over which Professor Huxley ruled with a rod of iron. He dared to think himself, in his own presumptuous words, "a match for the most powerful literary and scientific coterie that England has ever known." He walked about, a heretic among heretics, with unexpected returns towards the doctrine of a soul or a vital principle which, though it were but an *Anima Mundi*, would reduce the whole Darwinian scheme to be merely instrumental and secondary, who knows with what frightful consequences?

So the journalist, taking his cue, treated Butler's ventures into science as an enormous jest, adding that his humour was becoming forced. "Sneer, snarl, and misrepresentation" did their work. His public, never a large one, declined. Even the delightful (I would say brilliant, were the adjective not worn out), the charmingly sketched life of Dr Sam. Butler, of Shrewsbury, sold no more than 201 copies. What are we to think of the old Shrewsbury boys who refused to look at it? Had they anything better in English to show? By way of crowning this paragraph, I must record the loss of Butler's little fortune in unlucky investments, which brought him years of discomfort, all the more that he was not in love with poverty, perhaps because he knew it well on its seamy London side.

The modest competence came back to him under his grandfather's will; he could travel once more where he liked; his quaint notions touching the Odyssey, its origin and "authoress," led him year after year to Sicily and the beautiful landscape round Mount Eryx or Trapani, which he identified with Ulysses' wanderings.

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Music for Butler was a hobby or a passion, and its greatest name was Handel, whom he did all that in him lay to copy; how ill or well, another than I must pronounce. He yielded to the fatal allurements of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, upset all received interpretations, and started a fresh one. I believe that the Patents Office at Washington no longer accepts proposals for squaring the circle or establishing perpetual motion. The hint should be taken elsewhere, and books forbidden that tamper with Junius, Shakespeare, Homer; there ought to be prescriptive rights in authors with no new pleadings after a few centuries. Butler's Lady of the Odyssey added spice to his day's enjoyment; he secured to this mythological being a name, if not a local habitation; and she will hang ghost-like over the poem until Greek professors feel tempted to believe in her. By these freakish enterprises, one confesses with sorrow, Butler qualified for a chair in those very "Colleges of Unreason" that tickled his fancy to scorn and laughter.

In another balance-sheet, which is superscribed "My Work," the cheery old Stoic at fifty-five reckons that he has done, of things great and small worth noting, seventeen—an odd number as well as a mixed and unequal catalogue. It does not include the novel left by him finished, *The Way of all Flesh*, that some will compare with Balzac, others with Gissing or Zola, for its "withering" study of life and character, applied on Butler's own principles to three generations of Englishmen. The book is dull, without relief, and sad as a prison chronicle, but great and grim. Its humour reeks of sordid tragedies; its moral was intended to promote the ideal of *Erewhon*, an upward-moving humanity. The author put faith in nature, bent on its own improvement under sense of need—the Lamarckian hypothesis already dwelt upon; he could not bear the advancing "social reformer" who, in the name of his only God, science, undertook to fashion over again all men and women, thereby to create the golden race. Affinities with such heralds of perfection Butler was, despite his repugnance, constrained to admit.

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For *Erewhon* is the epic tale of eugenics. And it remains the best of his works, because the gayest, the most human. It stands just enough out of proportion with our habitual thought to be profoundly humorous; the satire of its persons and opinions touches us nearly; for we are those persons, alas, too often; and we hold those opinions, without knowing how queer many of them look in the eyes of reason. To invent the pleasantries of *Gulliver's Travels*, said Dr Johnson a bit snappishly, Swift had only to think of little men and big men, the rest was easy. Dear growler, precisely in that simple thought lay Swift's immortal success! He varied the world by a point, and lo, it was a new world, infinitely diverting. In the same way Butler came to *Erewhon*. He lighted on a people to whom crime was disease, and disease crime. He had found his Utopia. The slight undeniable analogies in our actual state gave him all he wanted; let them grow to full height and breadth, the thing ran of itself on wheels. He could throw in subsidiary notions, taken from our British (not Catholic, mark you) one-day-in-the-week religion; from the cant of Puritan and Pharisee; from the Oxford or Cambridge "atrophy of affirmation" which quotes, criticizes, but will not "give itself away"; from the worship of Mrs Grundy, a recognized cult, here travestied as High, Low, or Broad Ydgrunism; from the vegetarians, the anti-machine idealists, and from the inevitable faults of any believers, but especially of Christians, when confronted with their own standards, ethical and dogmatic. "There is no central idea underlying *Erewhon*," said Butler. I think that there is one, freely dealt with as in a dream, loose-floating but returning on itself, and so the more persuasive; unlike *Erewhon Revisited* which moves by a frontal attack on the origins of Christianity, without disguise. *Erewhon* may fairly be likened to Gulliver's adventures among the Lilliputians, with harmless fun glancing round in every direction. The sequel is savage and direct; it is Gulliver ashamed to belong to the race of Yahoos, precisely as Higgs nearly suffers martyrdom rather than be worshipped under the halo of the "Sunchild," by the deluded people

Samuel Butler of "Erewhon"

who have transformed his story into a legend and set him up for the Deity. Invention springs up exuberantly in the first tale "over the range;" it drops in the second to a novel of danger and escape, with pretty touches, "a vivid narrative," certainly, but not the wild romance we hoped to see continued. *Erewhon* has many points in which it resembles Lytton's futurist underworld, *The Coming Race*, but this in particular, that neither would bear a sequel. You cannot discover an unknown country more than once.

Butler had eyes that looked before and after, which he used to some purpose on the world as it moved along. I do not mind his "Musical Banks" with their much respected but worthless currency; though I remember a distinguished Catholic man of letters taking alarm at the mockery, as he feared it was, of religion concealed under this figure. Ideals never can be current coin; their exchange value must be sought in the Kingdom of God. Butler knew that well. He was only hinting after his whimsical fashion at M. Renan's thought, "The real is a vast outrage on the ideal." Women and children make the best Christians; and how hard it is for men of the world with possessions to get past that Eye-Gate at Jerusalem! I will forgive Butler his "Musical Banks," were it only that his "Colleges of Unreason" stand over against them to his credit. Better still, and incomparably good, is the trial of the young man charged with pulmonary consumption, the judge's summing up, and the guilty prisoner's acquiescence in his doom. On the other side, Mr Nosnibor's (read Robinson's) fall into the disease of embezzlement, his alarm when he finds himself ill, the straightener's handling of a difficult case, the neighbours' sympathy, and their congratulations when a successful cure has been wrought by stern treatment, are properties of Molière and all worthy of him. More uncanny, if not bordering on the insane, even though deliberately willed, is the philosophical manifesto which led up to the Erewhonian outbreak against machines. Uncanny, not quite unjustified. Ruskin would have applauded with both

Samuel Butler of "Erewhon"

hands, throwing his last thousand into the war-chest. We, too, perhaps, feel during this present nightmare that we could have been happy without Zeppelins and aeroplanes, floating mines and siege guns that pierce through eight inches of steel. Our inventions have mastered us.

Not wishing to be shut up in the Hospital for Intolerable Bores, I will here make an end. Of Butler's seventeen achievements I have left some in the shade, partly because I am not concerned with his music or his pictures, and again because it would be impossible to report on a purely anti-Christian tract, like *The Fair Haven*, without controversy, for which this is not the arena most fitting. Butler as a Voltairian born out of due time, is likewise out of date. The world has swung round violently to miracles; and his own theories would furnish a valid defence to mysticism. Some doctrine of incarnation he could not but entertain, as in fact he did, though not on the orthodox view. Always sincere, he wrote the following: "By religion I mean a living sense that man proposes and God disposes, that we must watch and pray that we enter not into temptation, that he who thinketh he standeth must take heed lest he fall, and the countless other like elementary maxims which a man must hold as he holds life itself if he is to be a man at all." That is not Voltairian; it belongs to the foundations of belief.

Humour, again, is not a sin, though fatal to high poetry, and, if on no other account, somewhat dreaded for that reason by religious-minded persons. As the French say of imagination, it is *la folle de la maison*, requiring to be kept in check. Now Butler was, before all things, a humorist. He represents, almost to a proverb, the eccentric Englishman of strong common sense, who grips reality with might and main, but who laughs over his shoulder while he is doing it. He had, quite as much as Darwin, an eye for facts, and something more. If he saw adaptations in the structure of plants and animals, his common sense told him that they could never be accidents. Paley's watch went with him into Erewhon; he did not give it up when he entered the Zoological Gardens. His sense of

Samuel Butler of "Erewhon"

humour, acting on his vision of man as a machine, bade him ask whether, if design were necessary to make a steam-engine, it could be absent from the making of man. Whether, in consequence, to explain the world of life without mind as its postulate was not all one with denying both life and mind? Evolution, whatever else it might be, was then a mental process. The "omnipresence of intellect" must be granted. Hereupon, exit from the stage Natural Selection, to come back as a maid of all work, no longer as mistress of the house.

Butler has laid down, in clear terms, with suggestive, though not in any way demonstrated solutions, the problem of organic life. He has refuted Darwin and Wallace, so far as they maintained the adequacy of their respective theories to account for facts as we see them. He has anticipated, ironically, the Elmira system of treating criminals for disease, and the Galton doctrine of eugenics, by which health would be identical with genius and virtue, itself to be secured by scientific breeding. He has directed attention to the mysteries of habit, the deeps of memory, the exact significance and bearing on action of "the unconscious." He has left much matter for jest, biting rebuke of our false conventions, our High or Low Ydgrunism, and has proved himself a "straightener" of the first quality, not, he would say, without personal experience of those faults which he was laughingly correcting. We will not charge him with the virtues of his imitators to the third and fourth generation. His own are patent enough to make Samuel Butler of Erewhon a great English writer, known to few while he lived, but now, like the melancholy Burton, "to fewer still unknown."

WILLIAM BARRY

A CATHOLIC CRITIQUE OF CURRENT SOCIAL THEORIES

TO all students of the social problems of to-day, and to Catholic students more particularly, Father Day's recently published work, *Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism*, may be commended as possessing a very singular interest. His subject divides itself broadly into two parts, one being the relation of modern schemes of reform, revolutionary and otherwise, to the facts of secular life; the other being their relation to religion, and especially to religion as interpreted by the Catholic Church. For the task which he has undertaken he possesses remarkable qualifications. As a student and historian he has a wide and intimate acquaintance with the literature of economics and sociology from the days of Rousseau and the physiocrats down to the present time. As an economist and sociologist himself, he has a keen and critical insight into the merits or defects peculiar to the various schools of thought of which that literature is the expression; and although, as an independent thinker, he has definite views of his own, his fairness to his opponents is such that he may, on certain occasions, be thought to concede too much to them, rather than too little.

He begins with a discussion of the modern conception of democracy, the term democracy being taken in its most general sense; and, emphasizing the fact that for the last century and a half the so-called party of progress has on the whole maintained that that democracy, or the welfare of the people, has no more inveterate foe than religion in general, and the Catholic religion in particular, he proceeds to test this statement by reference to the broad facts of history.

Religion for the western world being practically synonymous with Christianity, and Christianity for three-fourths of the period for which it has thus far existed, having been the same thing as Catholicism, the

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relation of religion to democracy, Father Day rightly assumes, must in the first instance be tested by the relation to democracy of Catholicism during a period of fifteen hundred years. Up to the time of the Reformation it can be tested by nothing else. If, then, so his argument continues, the principle of democracy, taken in its most general sense, stands for a solicitude for the welfare of men as men, and the care of those who individually are least able to care for themselves, it is a fact of history that Catholicism, from the day of its foundation onwards, instead of being opposed to democracy, was both in theory and action its main champion and advocate. That the gospels are on the side of the poor is not denied by anybody. What modern secularists maintain is that the Church, as a working institution, very soon ceased to be on the side of the gospels. The fallacy of this statement, says Father Day, may be very easily seen by turning to the period when the Church, as a corporate body, was for the first time in a position to play a part in public affairs. The reign of Constantine was, owing to various causes, marked by a distress amongst the masses which became so acute and general that the State was compelled to organize a vast system of relief. And to what class of officials was the administration of the relief entrusted? In preference to all others, it was entrusted to the Christian Bishops. Nor does this event stand alone. That the officers of the Church were proverbial for their zeal in behalf of the poorer classes is further testified by a letter from the Emperor Julian, in which "he exhorts the pagan priesthood to emulate the Christian clergy, and not allow themselves to be outdone by them in the field of popular action." Similarly, when the system of feudalism first began to shape itself out of the ruins of the Western Empire, the great advocate of the claims of the masses of the population was still the Catholic Church—a fact the records of which may be found in the laws of Charlemagne. Again—and the evidence here is of a yet more obvious kind—whereas under the feudal system the stations and opportunities of men were

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otherwise determined by their birth, the Catholic Church offered equal opportunities to all: and since statesmanship as an intellectual force was mainly in the hands of ecclesiastics, peasants, no less than nobles, were the councillors of kings, and were not infrequently their masters. Nor, so far as the Church was concerned, was this realization of democracy a mere secular accident. It was the realization of a formal and indwelling principle, as, says Father Day, anyone may see for himself by consulting St Thomas Aquinas, or the doctrines more modern, and to modern ears yet more uncompromising, which the Spanish theologian Suarez enunciated as to the rights of the people, at a time when, so far as the secular world was concerned, the autocratic power of kings, and the privileges of nobles were unquestioned. Finally, even Socialists admit that in respect of their relations to the poor, the Catholic monasteries as a whole were models of democratic action. The author points out also that action of a similar kind has been a fruit of monastic devotion down to the present day, and that the claims and rights of the masses have never by any government been asserted with greater emphasis than by the late Pope and his predecessor.

It is, however, true that for the last four hundred years the democratic influence of Catholicism has, in the practical sphere, become not only less obvious, but also less widely effectual; and this result, says Father Day, is to be accounted for by the following causes. One is the fact that, as a consequence of the Protestant Reformation, the Roman Church lost much of the direct power which it had previously exercised over the political government and the economic life of nations. Another cause was a change in the methods of economic industry, which has gradually substituted for a system of reciprocal duties, the basis of which was status, a system of contract or bargaining between otherwise unconnected individuals, the basis and object of which was purely individual gain. A third cause was a parallel change, of which too the spirit of Protestantism was an expression, but which,

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far from being directly identifiable with the details of Protestant theology, profoundly affected the thought, without touching the faith, of Catholics. This change has consisted of a novel and revolutionary development of an idea or principle of action which is indeed always necessary, but which had previously been subordinated to, or profoundly qualified by, another. It consisted, that is to say, of the development of the idea of individual freedom, as opposed to, and subversive of, the principle of organized authority. In the sphere of faith and religion it expressed itself as the principle of the supremacy of private judgment, and appears as Protestantism. In the sphere of politics it expresses itself in the doctrine that every adult is the master of his own vote, every vote being of equal value; and is known by the name of Liberalism. In the sphere of economics, it expresses itself in the principle of unrestricted competition, all consideration of the rights or interests of others being reduced by law to an unfortunately necessary minimum, and all men, rich or poor, being so far fundamentally equal that they are connected with one another only by an impersonal "cash nexus." In a word, Protestantism, Liberalism, and unrestricted economic competition are all forms of what in these days is called "Individualism" exaggerated to an extreme degree. Now though Catholics naturally, so far as religion is concerned, cannot adopt for a moment the false Individualism of Protestants, they have been largely affected by Individualism in the sphere of economics and politics. Consequently Catholic opinion with regard to secular matters has lost the unanimity which distinguished it in the days when Catholicism was supreme; and not only has the Church less power than in former ages to exert any practical authority on behalf of the poorer classes, but the method of external authority, whether exercised by the Church or otherwise, has come to be regarded by many Catholics as obsolete.

That the essential attitude of the Church, however, is still what it always has been is shown, says Father Day,

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in a very remarkable manner, by a change which has developed itself during the course of the last half century amongst those who had previously been foremost as professors of secular Individualism. Individualism, as a protest against all systematized authority, having alike in theory and practice been carried to its utmost limits, multitudes began to discover that, relatively to their enlarged expectations, they were farther off from the object of their desires than ever. Hence a reaction took place of a kind so violent that from the extremes of a false individualism they rushed to another extreme, no less false, which is known by the name of Socialism. That is to say, whilst democracy, as interpreted by Liberalism, meant that each, in respect of his own actions, should be independent of all others individually, democracy, as interpreted by Socialism, means that, in respect of his own actions, each shall be the slave of all the others collectively. For the Church, says Father Day, as may be seen both from her conduct and her principles, both these extremes are equally false and mischievous. Catholic democracy is a mean between the two; and whilst its aim, so far as the people are concerned, is the aim of both, it is in its practical details profoundly distinct from either.

For many Catholic readers the main interest of his volume will be due to the light it throws on the relation borne to modern social politics by the Church; but quite apart from its theological bearings it will appeal to all in its character of a purely secular criticism. If it be thus viewed, the most important conclusion which the preliminary chapters elucidate is that democracy is a word which may be used in widely different, though partially overlapping senses and that before it can be criticized as standing for any concrete working system, it is necessary to realize how, in respect of its main details, one system differs from another. Accordingly, what democracy means to-day, and what it has meant, for the various schools of thinkers, is one of the chief questions to which, in the body of his work, Father Day addresses himself.

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His survey of this question is substantially to the following effect.

Of democracy as a theoretical system, deliberately realized in practice, the earliest examples are to be found in the republics of ancient Greece, notably in that of Athens. Greek democracy, however, if judged by modern standards, was not so much democracy, as a more or less extended oligarchy. The majority of the population in each of these states were slaves. They had in a political sense no rights or powers whatever; and even of the freemen large numbers were in the same condition. In Athens, for example, nobody had a right to vote "unless he were the son of an Athenian father, himself a citizen, and an Athenian mother." Greek democracy was based not on the rights of man, but on privileges which, determined by pedigree, were confined to one special class. Even the Roman Plebs was an oligarchy as compared with the army of slaves which very greatly outnumbered it; whilst democracy in the case of the free mediaeval towns meant government by a handful of burgesses who met together in the same room. The modern conception of democracy, as government representing the will of all human beings alike, first found formal expression in the writings of Hobbes and Locke; but the first writer to present it in a popular form was Rousseau. The root idea of democracy was, according to Rousseau, freedom—personal freedom as equally enjoyed by all. All men are born equal, all men are born free. Each man naturally, in respect of his own actions, has inalienable rights as against any or all of his fellows. It has been found, however, as a matter of unfortunate experience, that in order to prevent these rights being violated, each individual must surrender a portion of his natural freedom to the State. The State in return will conserve for him as much of it as is practically possible; and moreover since the power of the State is in the last resort merely the sum of the powers of the individual units, each individual in submitting himself to the will

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of the State is really being governed by his own will at second hand.

Here we have the idea of democracy which found expression in the French Revolution. The object of that movement was the recovery, to the utmost extent possible, of a personal freedom assumed to have been man's original birthright. This object was essentially personal or it was nothing. It was to be achieved through the demolition of all class barriers which shut the individual out from a career in accordance with his talents. It involved no direct attack on the principle of property generally, or on the prevailing economic system. On the contrary, as the events of the next half century showed, the Revolution, by releasing energies which had been hampered under the old regime, resulted in the rise of a new governing class, the foundation of whose power was not birth, but wealth. So far, indeed, as private life was concerned, the individualism of political democracy seemed to have left the majority less free than ever. The rule of a mushroom capitalist soon threatened, in the opinion of many, to become more onerous than that of the feudal lord: and these unlooked-for experiences found an intellectual counterpart in an attack on the principles the adoption of which had been followed by such disappointing consequences. The democratic ideals of the Revolution were not, indeed, avowedly discarded, but they were extended in such a way as entirely to reverse their character. The fundamental contention of the post-revolutionary democrats was that, if democracy is to ameliorate the lot of the human race generally, political democracy (its object being to equalize men by liberating all from the fetters of legal status, and thus restoring to each his birthright of private freedom) must so enlarge its scope that this private freedom which it secures shall be in its turn controlled by it; and this it can only do by making itself the controller of each man's material circumstances—or, in other words, of his economic activities and the products of them. Thus the

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"natural freedom" which it was the object of the earlier democrats to secure, it became the objects of the new interpreters of the democratic principle to destroy. So far as popular opinion is concerned, the change developed itself gradually, and did not become generally apparent till the middle of the nineteenth century. Its progress, however, can be traced in the works of a series of thinkers, and in the practical activities of some of them, from Saint Simon, Owen and Fourier, down to Louis Blanc, Lassale, Rodbertus and Karl Marx. All these thinkers alike differed from the earlier democrats in maintaining that the true objective of democracy was not political but economic: and it was through the influence of Marx, who intellectually was the most able of them all, that this idea was first diffused widely amongst the masses, instead of remaining the peculiarity of more or less numerous sects. In the doctrine of Marx, however, so far as its details are concerned, although it was accepted for a time without question by democrats throughout the world, there proved to be no finality. It has of late years been radically revised; and if we wish to understand the democratic idea as actually operative to-day, we must consider it, not as expressed by Marx himself, but as reinterpreted by his successors. This point, however, being for the moment waived, the results of Father Day's historical analysis may be briefly summed up in the following broad conclusions.

Since the beginning of the Christian Epoch, democracy has meant successively three different things:

(1) An authoritative care, exercised by the ruling body, for the individual needs, moral and physical, of all; which end involves a respect for private freedom on the one hand, and a limitation of it on the other, mainly in the interests of the weak.

(2) The abolition of all limitations of private freedom whatsoever, except such as are absolutely necessary for the maintenance of law and order.

(3) The imposition of limitations on private freedom to such an extent that practically it will no longer exist.

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The first, namely private freedom modified, is the object of democracy as understood by the Catholic Church. The second, namely private freedom absolute (or, as Carlyle called it, "anarchy plus the police constable") is the object of democracy as understood by Liberalism. The third, namely the abolition of private freedom in respect of all activities on which subsistence depends, is the object of democracy as understood by Socialism.

Such being essentially the three kinds of polity which the term "democracy" is used, or has been used to indicate, the question arises of how far each is in accordance, first with the principles of religion, and secondly with the actualities of concrete human nature. With regard to the religious question, one aspect of it has been discussed already—that is to say, the attitude of the Church towards democracy. At this stage of the argument a converse question suggests itself—namely that of the attitude of democracy, in the Socialist sense, towards religion. We will recur to this point presently; and for the moment, following Father Day, we will consider each type of democracy as a possible working system.

With regard to the first, there is not much to be said. There is no need to ask if it is practicable; for it was in operation, under the auspices of the Church, for fifteen hundred years. With regard to the second—namely the democracy of Liberal Individualism, it is obviously practicable in the sense that it is still in practical operation, having begun to develop itself five hundred years ago; but, instead of fulfilling, it has falsified in the most violent way, the confident expectations of its advocates. With regard to the third, namely the democracy of economic socialism, it has never yet been tried on any extended scale: wherever it has been tried—and it has been tried often—it has failed; therefore, whether it is practicable in a general way or no, can be determined only by an examination of its general principles. Accordingly, two questions which require consideration are these: Why has democracy, in the Liberal sense of the word,

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failed to do anything that, according to democrats, it ought to do?—and is it possible that democracy, in the Socialist sense of the word, could operate so as to maintain any permanent society at all?

To both of these questions Father Day's answer is fundamentally the same. Liberal democracy fails to fulfil the expectations of its advocates, and Socialist democracy has failed, and always must fail, as the basis of a practical and a tolerable polity of any kind, because the primary assumption of both the one and the other is totally out of accordance with the actualities of human nature.

Having brought his argument to this point, Father Day proceeds to justify it, beginning with a critical analysis of the democratic philosophy of Rousseau. The fundamental proposition of Rousseau, as laid down by himself, was that "all men are born free" and that "all men are born equal." Now this, says Father Day, is true of men in the abstract, or in other words of men as embodying those special attributes in virtue of which they differ from other animals. The last people in the world to deny this will be Catholics; for all men, according to Catholics, are alike as immortal souls, and as morally free agents who are equally responsible to God. But with regard to terrestrial life men are not abstract beings, but concrete. They are compounds of certain equalities with all kinds of individual diversities. This is true of them from the very moment of birth. Some are born with strong, some with weak constitutions. The shape of their heads is different. Their brain capacities differ likewise. Neither are they born free. In what practical sense can freedom be ascribed to a new-born baby? All its actions are controlled by nurse or parent. Were this not the case, it would very soon be dead. When does equality, when does freedom, begin? So far as equality is concerned, as babies grow into men, what becomes plainer and plainer is not their equality, but their differences. So far as freedom is concerned, the only free man conceivable is a solitary on a desert island. Even when two human beings begin to

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live together, the freedom of the one is more or less modified by the other. When many human beings live together, it always becomes apparent that some are stronger than the rest, that they do more, and that they exercise a greater influence; and this fact becomes more and more apparent in proportion as we extend our purview from the political sphere of action to the economic.

It is true that democracy, as understood and analysed by Marx, unlike the philosophy of Rousseau, is not concerned with abstractions. It is concerned with men in the concrete, engaged in producing wealth under modern economic conditions. It is true also that, if the primary proposition as to fact, on which Marx based his conception of economic democracy, be correct, the doctrine of human equality would in certain respects be vindicated, and such a conception of democracy would have a logical basis in reality. This proposition was to the effect that all wealth is produced by manual labour; and, so far as the performance of mere manual tasks is concerned, all men are, if not absolutely, yet at all events approximately, equal. Marx himself admitted that in certain special dexterities a few men might be superior, indeed greatly superior, to most; but if labour be taken generally and men be taken in the mass, it may be conceded to Marx that any one man does as much and as well as another in any kind of industry to which he becomes habituated. But though Marx avoids the fallacy of confusing the abstract with the concrete, he avoids it only by taking refuge in another, of a kind even more profound. His primary proposition as to concrete fact is false. It is false even if tested only by the implications of his own logic: for he admits that his equal labourers, to whose efforts he ascribes all wealth, can only achieve their present rate of efficiency by working collectively in very numerous groups; and if this be the case, it is obvious that each group must be organized. But the work of organization, no matter who performs it, is quite distinct in its nature from manual labour itself. Therefore, to say that all

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wealth is produced by manual labourers is inconsistent with the necessities of his own position. In order to make his position complete, it would have been necessary for him to enlarge his formula, and say that all wealth is produced by manual labourers, plus another class of men who are not labourers, but organizers. And even so the facts of the case would have been only half stated. The modern industrial process depends for its present efficiency, not only on the talents of the organizer, but on knowledge, intellect, and inventive genius also; and to say, in respect of these last, that all men are equal is an absurdity. Indeed that the democratic theory of Marx is incomplete, that it does not coincide with actualities, and cannot form, as it stands, the basis of any practical reasoning, is now admitted by the exponents of Socialist democracy themselves. They have had, therefore, to devise a substantially new system, the details of which, as formulated by different modern thinkers, differ; and what democracy means, according to its contemporary exponents, is the next question to which Father Day devotes himself.

Here we come to what, for the general reader, is the most interesting part of his work. He has, with studious fairness, selected and brought together a number of passages from the works of the latest democratic leaders, in which the principles and objects of democracy at the present day are described; and these for purposes of reference will by many people be found most valuable.

All such thinkers, as Father Day points out, are in agreement with the general statement set forth by one of their number, that the full expression of democracy is to be looked for in the domain of economics and that "democracy is, on its economic side, Socialism." What then is Socialism as understood to-day by its leading and most intellectual advocates? Here are some of the answers which Father Day quotes. According to Prudhon, it comprises "every aspiration towards the amelioration of Society." According to Mr H. G. Wells, "it is a great intellectual process, a development of desires and ideas

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that take the form of a project for the re-shaping of human society upon new and better lines." According to the Rev. R. J. Campbell, it means "all for each, and each for all. For the community it means the best for the weakest." According to Adolph Helm, it means "every tendency which demands the subordination of the individual will to the community." According to Mr G. B. Shaw, it means "the interception of the capricious gifts of nature" in such a way "that each may have a just share of them according to the work done by each." According to Mr T. Kirkup, "the essence of Socialism is that industry shall be carried on by associated workers, jointly owning the means of production (land and capital) . . . with a view to an equitable system of distribution." According to Mr Sidney Webb, it means "the control of the main instruments of wealth-production by the people themselves, and the consequent recovery, in the only possible way, of what J. S. Mill calls 'the enormous share which the possessors of industry are able to take of the produce.'"

Father Day's general criticism of utterances of this kind is to the effect that they are divisible into three classes. Those of the first class—namely the most comprehensive—are so vague that they may mean anything. Those of the second class, such as that of Adolph Helm, are admissions of the fact which many Socialists try to evade—that in proportion as Socialism is complete, every individual freedom of private life will disappear. The third class of utterances alone, such as those of Mr Kirkup, Mr Shaw, and Mr Webb, indicate any principles or ideas which are at once distinctive and definite. They indicate that Socialism means the conduct of the productive process, and the consequent distribution of the products, under the orders of the population as a whole, to the exclusion of any orders emanating from one particular section of it. Here the modern Socialists occupy precisely the same ground as that occupied by Karl Marx. They identify Socialism with something which, in the modern language of America, would be rightly described as a pure "business proposition." But

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in what way does their "proposition" differ from that of Marx? It differs from it in being so far nearer the truth that it rejects the fundamental doctrine—namely that all wealth is created by manual labourers—which, ludicrously false as it is, would, if accepted as true, give to the scheme of Marx a real logical consistency: but is unable to put anything consistent or even intelligible in its place. It recognizes as a factor, no less essential than labour, in respect of which most men are equal, "the special energy, or special business ability with which," as Mr Webb says, "some men are born, and most men are not born," but it contains no hint of any means by which faculties, admitted to be unequal, shall be re-endowed with the character of democratic equality. Of the attempts made to accomplish this impossible feat, Father Day quotes one as typical—namely the statement that Socialism means "collective production by all under the leadership of the best and wisest." If Socialism means this, it no longer means democracy. It is a form of oligarchy disguised under another name. Thus the modern theory of Socialism, or economic democracy, is refuted by its own logic, just as the economic democracy of Marx is refuted by facts which are now admitted even by the modern Socialists themselves.

From criticisms such as these Father Day passes on to a fresh consideration of the question of democracy in connexion with the question of religion. With the attitude of the Church towards democracy he has dealt already. He now proceeds to investigate the attitude of Socialism towards the Church. He observes that many Socialists are peculiarly sensitive as to this point, and resent the assertion that Socialism and religion are incompatible; and in strict logic Father Day admits they are not so. The question, however, he proceeds, is not one to be determined by strict logic, but by facts; and he shows by a large number of quotations that the great body of Socialists all over the world are, as a matter of fact, avowedly hostile to religion, by ethos or temperament, as well as by definite belief. Indeed, even as a

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matter of logic it is difficult to accept Socialism as a fully developed system without coming into conflict with the Christian religion at all events, and more particularly with Catholicism, in connexion with the basic social questions of the family and the sanctity of marriage. Nevertheless, he observes, it would be the greatest of mistakes to suppose that Socialism, whatever its fallacies, has no element of truth in it. Socialism being essentially a protest against something, the mere fact that its doctrines are meeting with assent and sympathy wherever the modern economic regime has established itself is enough to show that certain real and widespread evils are associated with that system; and Socialism deserves to be considered by every serious reformer, not as a cure for these evils, but as evidence that they actually exist. What the true character of these evils is, their connexion with modern changes in the industrial life of nations, and in what direction a true cure for them may be sought, are questions which Father Day discusses in a manner equally incisive and temperate; though when dealing with "the industrial revolution" and the change which during the last two hundred years it has produced in the character and conditions of various social classes, it appears to me that he gives too ready an acceptance to the historical exaggerations of Marx, and other writers who have followed him.

It is needless here to say that the kinds of social reform which Father Day indicates as appropriate to the modern world are reforms which accord both with the historical ethos and the social philosophy of the Church; and the reader who examines his pages will find the peculiarity of such reforms to be this—that, unlike those advocated by extremists of any school, they are based on a recognition that all social life, whether political or economic, is a process of extreme complexity; that it is not the result of the predominance of any one principle, but of the interplay and opposition of many: and that—in any sane schemes of reform—this complexity must be reflected. The democracy of Liberalism is false because

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it exaggerates the principle of individual freedom. The democracy of Marx is false because it is based on an exaggerated conception of the functions of manual labour. The ideas of socialist democracy current at the present day are false because, in proportion as they were realized, they would tend to abolish individual freedom altogether.

One of the highest tributes that can be paid to Father Day's book is to say that it is a study of terminology; and one of the most significant reflections which a thoughtful reader may derive from it is that a very large part of the social controversies of to-day would be no longer possible if all those engaged in them would define precisely the more important of the terms which they employ, and would all agree to employ them in a substantially similar sense.

W. H. MALLOCK

THE MODERN FRENCH TEMPER

THE mass of ephemeral writing to-day, and even much of political writing pretending to more permanent value, is so occupied with advocacy that the presentation of what a writer believes to be the truth, even upon a matter of urgent importance, suffers from suspicion.

If I write these few lines upon what I believe to be the modern temper of the French people that kind of suspicion may attach to them which will proceed from my name, and from my having served for some months in the French army, as well as from my long experience of French travel and from my certain sympathy with the French people. Nevertheless, I will attempt to put the matter as impassionately and exactly as I can, and to beg my reader to believe that if advocacy is present it is not a conscious advocacy. This somewhat incongruous personal apology in an impersonal and general matter must be admitted at the outset of my remarks or they will have no value.

The temper of the French people is a matter of supreme importance to all those throughout the world who desire to understand the present and to forecast, to guard against, or in their degree to mould the future. It has always been so since the Roman Conquest of Gaul and will always be so until European civilization shall be something utterly different from what we know to-day; for the people inhabiting the quadrilateral of Gaul between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Atlantic, by their situation and much more by their united temper continue to affect beyond all others the history of mankind. To Englishmen at the present moment the matter is of more immediate and practical importance, because in the modern form of that temper will be discovered much of the conduct of this most decisive war, and still more of the settlement which will conclude it. I use the adjective "modern" because

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national temper is a thing subject to perpetual modification and because, though the stuff of the Gallic temperament is singularly simple and permanent in quality, the present generation of Frenchmen has, under the stress of a fundamental defeat from abroad and fundamental conflict in ideals at home, moved somewhat from the happier position taken up by their fathers.

The leading characteristic in the modern temper of the French, that one in which France most differs from every nation around, and yet that one which has so far made least impression upon the neighbours of France, seems to me everywhere to turn upon a desire for reality.

It may be called in one aspect a partially satisfied appetite for reality; it may be called in another a partially realized ideal to grasp reality. It may be more shortly described in the English words "practical" or "commonsense," or more lengthily described by one of those tiresome philosophical formulæ which distinguish between a subjective and an objective experience; and, in such terms, I suppose we should have to say that the characteristic of the French temper to-day was "objectivity." At any rate, the mark in every form of French activity to-day (and particularly, as I shall hope to show, in the field of war) is this characteristic search for and repose in *what is*: *What is* in spite of desire, and *what is* in those forces which the human will but slightly affects or does not affect at all.

That such an appetite must produce evil with good it will not be difficult to show: but my business is not to praise or to blame, but rather to describe it.

Look round the circle of those very varied activities in which the French mind is now occupied—more varied perhaps than that of any other nation in Europe—and you shall find evidence of this truth upon every side.

This mark accounts for that extreme insistence upon the mathematical in abstract, upon the physical in concrete learning. It accounts for the peculiar method, certain, logical, somewhat arid, running throughout the modern intense apologetic for religion in France, the somewhat

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older-fashioned, but equally intense defence of pure scepticism. It accounts for the excesses of realism in literature, as it accounts for that ruthless analysis of personal emotion and experience in which book after book of French origin shocks the easier sentiment of the North. It accounts for certain deliberate policies abroad and at home, in particular for the calculated Colonial expansion where Colonial expansion can produce a calculable good, and the equally calculated restraint exercised for so long in the international affairs of Europe. It accounts for the absence of speculative commercial adventure and for the presence of more regular investment—particularly in foreign loans. It accounts, as I shall later proceed to show, for most things apparent upon the French side in the inception and in the present conduct of the war. It accounts for much that we shall have to face at the end of the war.

I have said that this peculiarly emphasized appetite for reality must produce things evil as well as things good. And perhaps the most dangerous of its products is a certain contempt for all those processes of the mind which do not pretend to an exact and demonstrable relation between cause and effect. Enthusiasm is held in check. The powerful aid afforded perhaps by illusion, certainly by vision, to all action is too continually rejected, and (what is in practical affairs worse) the marvellous is always so suspected by this temper that this temper is unprepared for the marvellous when the marvellous turns out to be true. I should think it probable that when or if some typical Frenchman in authority was warned by rumour that Krupp had produced a fairly mobile 16-inch howitzer, that Frenchman's mind would have leaned at once against accepting the news because the news savoured of the extravagant.

There is a story told—a true story—of a worthy French academician who, when the gramophone was first experimented with in his presence, smiled wisely and said that he was too old to be the victim of a ventriloquist.

There is another story, false but comic, of a Frenchman

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who, upon hearing the tale of Joan of Arc said also with a wise smile: "If all this were true I think I should have heard of it before."

Each of these stories, the true one and the false, are examples of the weakness attaching to that temper which I describe.

It has other weaknesses proceeding from the fact that like all emphasis even the emphasis for reality produces distortion. When one neglects things prompted by one's instinct because those things are not connected demonstrably with a chain of known cause and effect, one neglects much that may be and much that certainly is as true and ultimately as real as the immediate things upon which one has fixed one's attention.

There is, for instance, no nation in Europe which has for a generation so consistently, and I had almost said so cynically, neglected moral effect in military affairs as the French. The whole of the French military organization from top to bottom has concerned itself with certain clearly appreciable major problems upon the solution of which it was bent, and has not only neglected but despised all aids to that solution which had not immediate, obvious and demonstrable value.

The main problem was how with inferior numbers to meet the assault of superior numbers. In the solution of that problem the French perpetually urged themselves to perfection in fortification and in field artillery, latterly to the increase in the term of military service, to the training of every available man and to an expectation, which I will deal with in a moment at greater length, of initial defeat. At the same time they rejected all those incalculable aids to military efficiency upon which men instinctively lay considerable stress and which, though they are always perhaps less regarded by soldiers than civilians, are with difficulty removed from an army. Fine uniforms, the artificial attitudes of parade, exact alignments, and all that goes with such things, they not only discountenanced and excluded from their military organization, but actually expelled with a sort of moral violence. They

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directed their whole energy to discovering what sort of boot it was in which a man could best march; what sort of saddle it was that saved the horse best from sores; how best the weight of the pack could be distributed, and all details of this kind. They did perpetual violence to those appetites of military pride or vision which seemed to them divorced from and inimical to military reality. They carried this excess (for it was an excess) into the political field, and thought it so much their business to produce an army exactly directed to one end—the defeat of the enemy—that they were prepared to humiliate that army whenever it seemed to forget its purpose and to approach domestic politics.

Whether upon the whole this straining for reality will or will not strengthen the French in war only the upshot of this campaign can show. But it is certain that nothing has more influenced the French in their preparations for a military struggle. It is curious to note the ill ease, the very repugnance, excited in the modern Frenchman by all the parade of an armed force. He regards it (too much) as a sign of weakness, and particularly does he think of his chief rival, the Prussian, as having wasted energy here. The Frenchman has largely abandoned even so valuable a moral asset as the regimental feeling, he has completely lost the regional feeling—we all know that he has long ago cast aside the aid of class feeling—in organizing the discipline of his army; and indeed the whole system of the French service is based upon the notion that authority attaches to things connected only with the service and in no way with the accidents of civilian life. It is the one service in which promotion from the ranks is an everyday and understood matter.

I might give other examples to show where the excesses of this spirit have led. I attribute to it the decline of Hellenism in the Universities. I attribute to it still more the attempted establishment of a neutral philosophy in education.

But while this spirit has produced excesses of the kind, which are also weaknesses, and these excesses of a sort

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particularly repugnant to the English temper, it accounts for certain elements of strength which now quite demonstrably advantage the French people.

Quite in the forefront of these should be set liberty to criticize and to call to account the public servants of the nation.

Men will dispute for ever not only on the limits but on the very nature of civic freedom, but there is one definition of its character which always stands. That society is free in which the citizens can without fear call the magistrate to account. Men differ more violently upon this question than upon any other in all political theory: from those who find no health in the State if criticism or an attack upon public servants be at all restricted and if any arbitrary sanctity be attached to their office, to those who believe all the strength of a State to consist not only in obedience to such officers (which is indispensable to any State) but in the perpetual fear of them and even in a sort of religious worship of them.

It might be arguable of societies in which such worship was sincere—where Kings, for instance, were really subject to adoration—that the restriction of freedom in the citizen was a good. But certainly as the States of modern Europe now are, with the enormous and openly immoral influence of finance, with the enormous and almost equally immoral influence of the Press, with no intact tradition of ethics, natural or supernatural, the attempt to set up uncriticized authority only weakens society. It only means that men without a moral authority behind them—now that kingship and aristocracy have for the moment gone—mere intriguers and sharpers, mere gamblers on the market, mere quacks of sensational journalism, will attain a bastard authority in the State.

Now it is the most vivid mark of modern France that these men, who have everywhere so dangerous a control over European societies, are in France alone subject to perpetual exposure. One might put it more bluntly and write thus: Those things which educated men in all countries say about the big moneylenders, the professional

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politicians, the newspaper owners, and the rest, but which educated men in most countries forbid the populace to say, and conspire to punish the populace for saying, are in France *printed* everywhere, and known and believed everywhere. The real character of men in authority is known, and the real avenues whereby power is attained under a parliamentary regime are as familiar to its victims in France as are the misfortune of bad weather or of disease. There may in the abstract be a division of opinion as to whether so universal a grasp of an unpleasant truth were better or worse for a nation than illusion—than the worship by uninstructed masses of false gods. But there can in practice, in Europe as we know it now, be no doubt at all.

The exposure of evil in a modern nation is a strength. We are all very badly ruled, but the French alone, after so long an experiment in freedom, know that they are badly ruled. Among other excellent effects of this mighty experiment in realities is, by a curious paradox, the purging of great corporations in the State and their emancipation in some degree from the contagion of what is still called "public" life. It is customary to believe that the University, the Army, the Judicature are strictly controlled in modern France by the Government. That conception is a legacy from quite other times. Public education is perhaps more controlled by the politicians than any other of the corporate activities; the judicature far less, the army less still. The very violence of the reaction produced when interference is attempted or achieved proves this. I know very well that such independent action by the great corporations, their expression of such contempt for what nominally rules them, is an element of weakness in the State; a unity in sovereignty is far better. But I am very sure that such unity of sovereignty being now quite impossible, a knowledge of its own diseases is essential to a modern commonwealth. Modern European Governments, whether nominally "representative" or no, have so escaped from national control and are so subject to anonymous financial power that

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where the thing is not ventilated and known it soon turns to be past remedy.

Quite apart from the balance of good and evil in the general effects upon modern France of this temper, is that matter of most immediate interest to all of us, what this temper will do for the conduct of the war and for its settlement.

The contrast here between the French and the German, in particular the Prussian temper, with the military advantages as well as disadvantages attaching to the latter, comes out very strongly. Just as the German is attached to a number of invisible and perhaps non-existing things, so he has risked everything in modern war upon a policy that would be a policy of adventure if it were not based upon a conviction of complete superiority. For instance, everything is organized with him for the maximum expense of energy in the first phase of a campaign. You do not do that without risking a corresponding deficit in energy later on if your first stroke fails.

This policy in particular diminishes both in strategic and in tactical value the function of a *Reserve*. It is obvious that a reserve is a waste if you put forward all your strength to win at first, whether such "winning" be on the battlefield or over the course of a campaign. Not that any army can do without reserves, either in a local field of action or in the general conduct of a campaign, but that the way in which you look at the whole psychology of war makes all the difference to the proportionate amount *and still more difference to the active use* of your reserve.

It is evident that if you are starving your reserve because you have staked everything on the first blow, you are starving it morally as well as physically. Not only have you little to bring up in numbers compared with your opponent if you fail, but you bring it up half-heartedly and without a full dependence upon such a *pis-aller*. One has but to read the German instructions upon this matter to see how true that is. Rules which in every other department are so clear and fundamentally analysed are here confused, and the Commander is left in a sort of

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doubt as to whether he should regard the use of his reserve as decisive or as an admission of inferiority. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the attitude taken towards the reserve in the German service is almost self-contradictory and that the scheme of its use involves at once action upon the wings and hesitation upon which wing one shall use it: but the wings are the opposite extremities of the line: one cannot so pick and choose.

Now the French conception of the reserve is the exact opposite of all this, and I beg my readers to follow carefully my attempt to explain it, because it explains much of the present campaign and is a test of that modern temper in the French which I am here delineating.

The French strategical conception (and to some extent the French tactical conception as well) presupposes an acquired knowledge of the enemy's plan, which acquired knowledge can only be achieved in practice at some risk of initial reverse; *it envisages the possibility and even the probability of such reverse and it maintains a large reserve to be directed, when the enemy's plan develops, against whatever point his over-expense of energy may have weakened.*

For, instance, a point of capital importance in the present campaign was the sudden swerve of the German right wing in front of Paris between the night of September 3 and the morning of September 6. It was here that the initial energy of the German advance had been most strained, and it was against this that the French had accumulated their great reserve behind and within the fortified zone of Paris. With that reserve they struck in the evening of September 6, and in the three days' battle of Meaux fought upon September 7, 8 and 9.

Why do I say that this characteristic use of a reserve is illuminative of the modern French temper in its grasp of, or appreciation for, reality? Because it is manifestly the negation of the only other alternative in war, the policy of adventure based upon a confidence in untried things. This use of a reserve goes with the determination only to act upon certain knowledge. It corresponds to secure investment in finance and to the positive spirit

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in philosophy. I do not say for a moment that this is the rule of victory; it may be, as precisely the same spirit is so often in financial affairs, the mark of over-caution and of consequent defeat. It leans towards materialism, a philosophy fatal to courage, and it leans towards the extinction of enthusiasm. It might destroy the cohesion of an army under a strain. But such a spirit when it succeeds, succeeds in a fashion singularly solid in whatever sphere that spirit manifests itself.

I might develop this purely military point at greater length. For instance, it is easy to show that from this same strategical conception would proceed an indifference to initial losses, and the acceptance of retirement as being as much a part of one general plan as the subsequent advance. There are many other aspects of the thing, but I hope I have said enough in connexion with that point of the Reserve to illustrate what I mean.

If such are the consequences of the modern French temper in the field, what are we to expect of it in the results of the war, whether those results begin to point to victory or to defeat?

If they tend towards defeat, if, for instance, at the moment of writing these lines (September 18), in spite of the pressure on the German right, the German centre makes good and takes the offensive, cutting the French line in two, the temper of which I speak will prolong the process of defeat indefinitely. Under that temper the French mind even in its civilian activities, still more in its military, has so forced itself to avoid illusion that the commonest and perhaps most necessary enthusiasms for a site or for any other symbol of national life will be repressed. It was already evident in the first phase of the war that victory or defeat would not be allowed to depend upon the fate of Paris. But the spirit of which I speak would be seen in much more than that. It would be seen, for instance, in a very pitiless discipline, and I should not be surprised if English opinion were startled and displeased when it hears of what followed the breakdown of the 15th Division in front of Saarbours: if indeed it is ever allowed to hear of this in the months to come.

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The spirit of which I speak, then, will prolong hostilities on French soil far beyond our present expectations if the fortunes of the campaign go against the French from this moment.

If, upon the contrary, the future conduct of the campaign points towards a French victory then I think we may from the same temper deduce certain plain results.

First: There will be no thought of European annexation. Nowhere is the contrast between the modern French and the modern German temper more apparent in a concrete instance than here. The French have thoroughly grasped the plain truth that an attempt to govern Europeans against their wills is an operation immensely more expensive than its returns warrant. There will be no attempt to include under French Government any area out of sympathy with that Government.

Secondly: There will certainly be a demand for the consolidation and perhaps for the extension of Colonial possessions which are the exact contrary of European possessions in that they bring in by exploitation very much more than that exploitation costs in energy. It is here perhaps that one of the most delicate points of the settlement will arise.

Thirdly: The French will attempt to erect in as great a number as possible small and more or less autonomous groups in Europe, because the experience of all our generation is that such groups make for the permanence of any settlement *on the condition that they really correspond to local patriotism*. The Balkan Settlement would have been permanent if Austria had not cut off the Servians from so much of their own, forbidden them access to the Adriatic and most foolishly urged them to occupy on the East what was purely Bulgarian territory.

Fourthly: We may be confident that, proceeding from this principle, there will be no attempt (upon the part of the French at least) to destroy the Germanic Confederation. To pretend that the German peoples are not a kind of unity, to play at believing that the war will not have consolidated that unity, would be to fly in the face of reality, but—

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Fifthly: This piece of wisdom will only be possible and the French will only be able to exercise it on a condition which will be paramount to all others, and which will be far the most difficult to achieve. That principle is, of course, the principle of disarmament.

The war has come with such startling suddenness that most of us still fail to realize it at all. It is like one of those blows which men receive in an accident and which leave them at first unmoved, though a little later they imperil life itself. There are to-day in Germany not far short of a hundred thousand French prisoners, wounded and unwounded. There are all over Belgium and perhaps in much of Northern France, hosts of families who have seen with their own eyes, and will soon be able to relate to the world, things of horror: things much more horrible than the English Press is inclined to print. There is a firm conviction in the minds of most Germans to-day—no matter how arrived at—that their enemies wickedly plotted the destruction of the German people without provocation: that in prosecution of this plot they tortured the German wounded and used unlawful weapons: that Providence rescued Germany, at first at least, by wonderful successes, And that if she fails at last, she will only fail before overwhelming numbers and the treasonable use by her white opponents of Asiatic and African mercenaries.

In other words, when the war is over (should it end victoriously for the Allies), it will leave such a legacy of hatred as even 1870 did not leave in France; and that, the chief reality of all, will mean a legacy of unending struggle, renewed and again renewed. It will mean a whole cycle of wars in which our civilization will sink from one lower level to another—*unless* disarmament be imposed by the victors. That policy beyond all others a sense of reality will dictate. But there is very grave peril indeed that not all the governments or peoples of the Alliance may show an equal sense of reality or understand the urgency of imposing a permanent peace.

HILAIRE BELLOC

BENEDICT XV: AN IMPRESSION

LESS than a year ago in the old Cathedral of Bologna I had the privilege of listening to a sermon preached by the man who now by virtue of his intellect and piety occupies the highest place of honour and responsibility to which it is possible for a man to attain. Little I dreamt I was listening to a future Pope. Giacomo della Chiesa was then not even a cardinal. Small of stature, exceeding thin, with one shoulder raised involuntarily higher than the other, as he played nervously with his fingers, his head bent forward while a glint of light playing on the thick glass of his spectacles concealed the brilliancy of his eyes, he was not a prepossessing figure. He seemed to utter his first words with the greatest difficulty, and his voice, hard and somewhat shrill, fell unpleasantly upon the ear. Then he raised his head. I was immediately sensible of being in the presence of a man of exceptional intellect. He has a high, pale forehead crowned by the blackest hair; his eyes are black, vivid and penetrating; he has a large mouth with thin, drawn lips, but full of expression. He reminded me of Leopardi, and, in fact, his face and figure belong undoubtedly to the same type as those of the great poet.

The subject of his sermon was the attitude of the Church in regard to the progress of scientific research. Every word told. Every word was carefully chosen, and was the fruit of careful thought. The order, precision and lucidity of his expression was quite marvellous. His was a complete command of language; and despite the defects of his voice he made me feel more fully the beauty of his mother tongue than I have ever felt it before or since. The very economy of his words added strength to what he had to say and in no way detracted from the colour of his discourse. It was one of those unforgettable sermons which remain as food for thought for ever afterwards. I remember the tenor

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of his peroration: The progress of science cannot harm the Church. It is on the progress of arts and sciences that the Church relies as on her foremost secular allies to bring mankind into the knowledge of truth. The Church as in the past will never cease to help and encourage the production of all that is beautiful and the attainment of all that is true. All she asks of science is to abstain from trading on the credulity of man, by setting forth theories as established facts under the seal of scientific authority, and so leading him into a maze of speculation, so teaching him an unworthy and unnecessary scepticism for no other purpose than to do honour to an aspiring professor with an ingenious hypothesis. Be honest with yourselves in the pursuit of truth and be honest to the public when you lay before them the fruits of your endeavours, and you may be sure that the blessing of the Church will rest upon your head.

Have we then a humanistic Pope? It is certainly a significant fact that Benedict XV has chosen the name last assumed by Prospero Lambertini, the great and cultured prelate, who mounted the throne of St Peter in the year 1740. The name was chosen because of all the Popes who at the same time had been archbishops of Bologna—and it was a courteous thought to choose a name associated with Bologna—Lambertini was not only the greatest and the most admired, but also curiously akin in many ways both in character and outlook to Giacomo della Chiesa. Lambertini was markedly aristocratic, deeply read, thoughtful, witty. He was the friend of Voltaire and the patron of arts and letters. At the same time he was rigidly austere and uncompromisingly ascetic. On his monument erected by Horace Walpole in London is written: "Benedict XIV, loved of Catholics, esteemed of Protestants, humble, disinterested. A monarch without favourites, a Pope without nephews; and despite his silence and his knowledge, a teacher without pride and a censor without severity." Since his time there has been no Pope like him. Curiously enough it was he that inspired the character of the Pope, cultured and saintly, which

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Fogazzaro drew in his well-known novel *The Saint*. Giacomo della Chiesa, less lovable perhaps than Lamberini, is no less well read in authors sacred and profane—he is said to be a great admirer of D'Annunzio—no less aristocratic and austere, thoughtful, witty and ascetic. But will he be as wise a patron? Will Fogazzaro's liberal Pope Benedict prove a prophecy? An examination of his career, both on its own account and on account of the additional light it will throw on his character, will enable these questions to be answered at any rate tentatively.

Although comparatively a young man, Benedict XV has worked many a long year in the government of the Church. He was the active and intelligent secretary of Cardinal Mariano Rampolla, Secretary of State to Leo XIII. At one time he might not unnaturally have looked forward, as an expert in diplomacy and in Church administration, and as a student of politics and of canon law, to becoming Secretary of State to Pope Leo XIV, when Rampolla succeeded to the Tiara! Rampolla died and his cloak has fallen on the shoulders of his best and faithful friend. But although the new Pontificate may well be expected to return in many ways to the policy of Leo XIII, and to the policy of Rampolla, Benedict XV seems to show by the very choice of his name that he will add some distinctive lines of his own to the Leonine tradition.

Giacomo was the second son of Giuseppe, Marchesse della Chiesa. He was born on November 21, 1854, at Pegli, near Genoa. After finishing his general education in the Gymnasiums and Lyceums of Genoa, he subsequently took a degree in Jurisprudence at the University. A few months later, in 1876, he entered the Collegio Capranica at Rome to study theology, and from there he passed into the Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici, where he completed his studies. Later on in life he returned for a short time to the Accademia as lecturer in diplomatic science, on which he is considered a great authority. During his time there he made the acquaintance of Monsignor Rampolla, then Secretary of Propaganda, who took him as his secretary to Spain. The question at issue

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was a delicate one. Spain and Germany, unable to come to an agreement over the dispute which had for a long time been raging in regard to the possession of the Carroline Islands, had referred the whole question to Leo XIII for arbitration. Rampolla was sent as nuncio to Madrid; and so successfully and tactfully did he accomplish his business that shortly afterwards, in 1887, Leo XIII called him to the Secretaryship of State. Rampolla had not forgotten the valuable services which della Chiesa had rendered to him in Spain, and a year later on the first opportunity he asked and obtained for him the post of *Sostituto* or permanent under-secretary. Della Chiesa remained the close collaborator of Rampolla until the death of Leo in 1903. After the accession of Pius X he remained at his post for a few years, where he laboured in the hope that the policy of his master would not be entirely changed.

In 1907 he was created Archbishop of Bologna. This proved, after all, a blessing in disguise, for the new Pope was required to be not only an experienced diplomatist, but also a prelate familiar with the workings of an important diocese. As Archbishop, he succeeded in endearing himself to the mass of the population. While in Rome he had been a zealous supporter of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the vernacular; and in Bologna he eventually became an enthusiastic helper in the work of the Catholic co-operative societies. He was particularly interested in education. Although of noble birth, he was a poor man, and was unable to help materially in any education scheme on a large scale. Yet he became renowned for his charity. For the same reason he often regretted that he was unable to patronize the arts; but he furnished his palace with exquisitely good taste, and lent a helping hand whenever he could, to encourage the arts and crafts guilds of his diocese. His democracy was that of the Church: *la carrière ouverte aux talents*; but he has always rightly maintained that the art of government—secular as well as ecclesiastical—is of too difficult and technical a nature to admit of popular control.

Benedict XV: An Impression

Government may indeed wisely take account of popular opinion, but the actual reins of government should properly rest in the hands of an aristocracy, as understood in the exact sense of the word. His views may be regarded as the development of those of Leo XIII, and he is likely to follow the lines of Leo's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.

In regard to Italy, it seems to be expected in many quarters that he will give full liberty to the faithful to love their country, to elect and become members of parliament.

It is considered likely that he will allow a certain freedom to his bishops. It is anticipated that he will be an ardent protector of the great religious institutions, and he will revive the pomp and circumstance of the Court of Leo; that he will labour at the codification of the laws of Pius X; and in regard to foreign affairs, that while maintaining a friendly attitude towards the Central Empires, he will make it the cardinal point of his policy to endeavour to effect a happy reconciliation with France.

If general anticipation is realized, Benedict XV will be—to sum up—a Pope of supreme tact and of exquisite nobility. In matters religious he will be a pious ascetic and a vigorous disciplinarian; in mundane affairs a supporter of the arts and sciences and of elaborate ceremonial. He will be a Pope who will work to win the world by his charity and good example, and he will endeavour to lead his people both in morals and in politics along that *via media* between excess and deficiency which is the true secret of life.

J. S. BARNES

Milan, September, 1914.

NOTES ON THE WAR

September 14.

BEFORE commenting upon the military operations up to date, some explanation of the war plans matured in peace time by the General Staffs of Germany and France becomes desirable. In a preliminary statement of this kind two facts stand out prominently. On the one hand German military preparations, following the trend of German diplomacy were exclusively offensive in character; while, on the other hand, French military measures, designed to accord with the peaceful aims of French diplomacy, were purely defensive in character. Thus it may be said that the military requirements of France were dictated solely by the military aggressiveness of Germany. Let us consider the inevitable consequences. Persistently, Germany led the way in army expansion and France was bound to follow along this ruinous road. But whereas Germany had inexhaustible resources to draw from, because of a rapidly increasing population, France, faced with the problem of racial decline, was compelled, ultimately, to call upon every able-bodied man to serve, thus playing her last card in the desperate competition. Even when France had accomplished all that was humanly possible in the circumstances, she was still at a marked disadvantage in that she was numerically inferior to her contingent enemy. Nor did the handicap end here. Her capacity for mobilization and for strategical distribution was not so perfect as that of Germany. This circumstance also was traceable to the defensive character of French war plans. The French, in other words, were bound by their policy and principles not to move until German aggression became clearly manifest. That being so an initial advantage was to be voluntarily surrendered to Germany. At the same time the French were fully alive to the fact that for this sacrifice some compensation would be forthcoming in other directions. It was a foregone conclusion that in the early stages of any war German opera-

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tions were destined to score by reason of the fixity of purpose which distinguished their aim, no less than the swift acceleration with which, because of their offensive character, they could be conducted. But, as we have said, the advantages did not rest altogether on one side. Though essentially peaceful in its aim the policy of France gave promise of practical results in time of emergency. In that event, whereas Germany with her military aggressiveness would appear as the enemy of civilization, France defending herself against wanton attack could not otherwise than attract to herself valuable allies and sympathetic friends. Without exception all these considerations dominated the initial stages of the present war.

We may now turn to the direction from which the main attack was delivered. It had become a matter of common knowledge that the German General Staff had long since formed the conclusion that an invasion of France from the east would be a protracted and hazardous undertaking. An attack from this side could be met by the whole of the French Army occupying a superb strategical position and supported by a strong chain of fortresses. Moreover, the situation of neutral regions lying to the north might have hampered the free movement of offensive forces, and, in certain contingences, have afforded a nimble enemy suitable conditions for outflanking operations. The violation of Belgian territory and the invasion of France from the north was therefore favoured. The Germans did not attempt to conceal their intentions to follow this plan. Their military writers discussed its merits in the public Press as well as in works of professional interest. For years past a network of railways had been constructed, connecting the great military bases of Germany with the Belgian and Luxemburg frontiers. In short the German plan to invade France through Belgium had become common knowledge long before the present war began. To suggest, as not a few publicists have done, that the French were not fully prepared for an attack from this quarter is absurd. Furthermore, there is abundant evidence to show that the French knew that whenever such attack was initiated

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it would be the main German attack. Offensive operations from other quarters were, of course, expected, and, against these, preparations were made; but upon the question as to where the main attack would be delivered no doubts were entertained—it was to come from the north. To guide them in this decision the General Staff had not only knowledge of the settled character of German plans, but also they themselves were in a position to judge of the military advantages which determined such plans. The superior strategical allurements of the chosen route were self-evident. To begin with, it was the direct route to Paris, and, if the teachings of Clausewitz counted for anything the most effective way of striking down an enemy was to make straight for his capital. Then the way from the north, stretching as it did to the sea, afforded unrestricted areas for the manœuvring of vast armies, and, moreover, through these areas ran a convenient network of communications. It is true that the taking of this direction involved tremendous risks, and it will ever be a matter of some controversy as to whether these last did not outweigh the advantages already alluded to. The Germans could not thin out their line indefinitely; while the danger of having ports open for the landing of hostile armies that could co-operate with the Belgian Army, thus providing a formidable host with which to strike at the enemy's communications and menace his rear, is too obvious to be dwelt upon.

The German choice of route called for swift movement in order that overwhelming success might be attained before the entrenched camp of Paris compelled contraction of the advancing line. What was to be feared from failure in this respect has been effectively illustrated by the march of events. Any disadvantages there were, however, could not well be obviated. As far as the General Staff was concerned every possible preparation that could be made was perfected, every conceivable contingency provided for. Great reliance was placed upon the certain knowledge that, owing to her quicker facilities for mobilization and distribution, Germany would be able to bring superior num-

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bers to bear upon the crucial point. In other words, the French were to be attacked while yet in a state of preparation. Thenceforth German strategy was to accord with its traditional principles, a wide enveloping movement conducted with extraordinary swiftness and without the slightest regard to the expenditure of human life. Within less than a month the French Army was to be completely demoralized and the siege of Paris begun. Anything short of these results meant the failure of the German plan. German strategy was, therefore, dictated by German necessity, and was developed according to a scheme which had long since been adopted and which, as far as the preparatory stages were concerned, had been partially executed. The French, on their side, as we have seen, were also as ready for war as circumstances would permit. They realized to the full that when their organization had been strengthened as far as possible there remained certain defects which no human effort could remedy. It was these defects, largely arising from inferior mobilization facilities as well as political considerations that, in turn, dictated their strategy. Thus at the outset of hostilities they had no other alternative than to assume what might be termed delaying, rather than defensive, strategy. The enemy were to be harassed until such time as the French considered that the conditions favoured a vigorous counter offensive all along the line. This policy did not necessarily conflict with the teachings of the French military school nor with the temperament of the French fighting man. For though the French, owing to inferior numbers, were bound in the beginning to beat a retreat, they were again and again to deliver offensive blows upon their enemy, and were not in any sense of the term to suffer defeat. It may be said in war that if a force, by withdrawing, attains its object, which is to delay matters until it is in a position to strike, and yet succeeds in preventing an enemy from reaching a goal towards which his whole plan of campaign has been directed, then in truth the success is to the one who retires and not to the one who advances. We have here described, in brief, the conflict of ideas between the German

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and French operations. The Germans planned to sweep all before them, the French to harass and delay until such time as they could begin the second phase of the war, a vigorous offensive against an enemy tired and thwarted. It is already abundantly clear that the French have gained that which they set out to accomplish. They have been assisted by a variety of circumstances, some of which they were entitled to count upon while the coming into being of others was problematical. The participation of Russia in the war was, of course, a foregone conclusion, but that in the first few weeks she would break Austrian resistance, thus confusing in its initial stages the whole German plan of campaign, was hardly to be expected. In this light it must be reasoned that in delaying the German onrush in the west the success of the French has been infinitely greater than they themselves could have expected. For we ought ever to bear in mind that the grand strategy of the war includes two vast theatres, the eastern as well as the western, and that events in the one have an immediate and a direct effect upon events in the other. French calculations, therefore, have been more than fulfilled. When we turn to considerations which they regarded as doubtful before hostilities we find that these, too, have gone in their favour. Both England and Belgium have been drawn into the war, and both nations have already rendered immense service to their ally. It is the part played by Belgium that introduces us to the opening events of the campaign. Frequently it has been asserted that Germany was surprised at the decision of Belgium to take part in the war. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Belgium herself over the years had made no secret of her intention to resist invasion, from no matter what quarter it might come. Moreover, she had taken all possible measures for expanding her national army to its utmost limits with a view of meeting such contingency. The German General Staff were certainly well acquainted with the situation as it was developing and the hostility of Belgium was one of the disadvantages which attached to their plan. What does, however, appear to have disconcerted them was the sustained character of

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the Belgian resistance. Exactly to what extent their arrangements were disorganized by the check which they received at Liège it is difficult at this juncture to determine. We do not know the amount of time that was allotted in the German plan for the removal of the Belgian obstacle from the path of their advance. German officers affected to despise all little armies, but it is unlikely that the General Staff, composed as it was of cool heads, failed to make allowance for some initial delay in Belgium. But it was imperative that this delay should be reduced to the minimum. Of all the enemies that beset the Germans the most formidable was time. To them it was essential that the French should be crushed not only before their preparations on the frontiers were completed but, if possible, before they were joined by the English Expeditionary Force. Here was the immediate problem with which they were faced. But the larger requirements of grand strategy also necessitated the solution of this problem with all haste, so as to release forces for the campaign in the east against the onrushing Slav tide. To us it seems, therefore, that the importance of the Belgian resistance was incalculable. In the nature of things such resistance could not be protracted, but it could be sufficient to exert a tremendous influence upon subsequent events. The Belgians did all that was expected of them. Like the nations that were to be their allies they were taken by surprise, and at a moment when their military organization was in a state of transition.

Liège lay right in the path of the main German advance. Situated in an important strategical position on the River Meuse, and the junction of a railway system that included the main line from Germany and her bases of supplies, its possession became essential to the progress of any hostile forces. In regard to the strength of the fortress, many erroneous impressions appear to have existed. Since the investment of Port Arthur there has been considerable advancement in siege artillery and its employment. To be strictly accurate the development of the weapon of attack rendered the fortress of Liège out of

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date. If opinion was divided there certainly existed among the Belgians themselves a school of experts who had long realized the truth of this assertion, and they came to regard Liège and also, it may be said, Namur, as little more than barrier forts. The energies of the Government were chiefly concentrated upon strengthening Antwerp, which it was always intended should constitute the base of operations. Also it followed that not a little attention was paid to the development of the field army and, pending the maturity of a larger scheme of military reorganization, hopelessly inadequate garrisons were, for the time being, allotted to the fortresses on the Meuse. Had Belgian preparations been completed this last defect would naturally have been remedied. As it is, Belgian policy has been brilliantly vindicated, inasmuch as German plans were disorganized at the outset by delay, while there yet remains in being the Belgian Field Army, free to move about, and not, as might have been the case, cut into divisions and hemmed up in citadels.

We must assume that if the Belgians themselves realized that the defences of Namur and Liège were out of date and but lightly held, both Germany and France were also in possession of correct information on the point. Where the Germans fell into grievous error was in believing that they could carry the fortifications by assault and that, consequently, time need not be wasted in bringing up heavy siege artillery. They were strengthened in their assurance by the knowledge that only hastily thrown up defence works would oppose their advance through the wide gaps between the forts. What actually happened at Liège is at the present moment a complete mystery. It is known that the Germans, having crossed the frontier on the previous day, appeared before the fortress on August 4; that they proceeded to deliver a direct assault with a desperation that finds its only parallel in the early Japanese attacks at Port Arthur; and that, as might only be expected, they were repulsed with very heavy losses. The Germans then wasted no time in bringing up light siege guns and, as early as August 6, they succeeded in silencing

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two forts. It was significant that a note of pessimism characterized the French official news of this event. "The works," it was declared, "were thirty years old and were only intended to delay the enemy's advance. The Germans are passing through the gap thus formed, and the Belgians are preparing to defend the town of Liège by street fighting." But as matters turned out, there was no street fighting, and on the following morning the inhabitants of the town awakened to find the Germans in their midst. The precise date when all the fortifications of Liège had fallen is still unknown. Recent statements which appear to be of a reliable nature give August 17 as the actual day on which the last forts capitulated. To accomplish their purpose the Germans brought up heavy siege artillery—probably 11-inch guns—against which the cannon of Liège were powerless. That within a fortnight after crossing the frontier they should have reduced the forts of Liège proves, after all, that these works were no more than *forts d'arrêt*.

No one at this stage is in a position to state exactly when the Germans secured complete control of the railway passing through Liège, upon which they were largely dependent for supply. Clearly their freedom of movement was restricted northwards by the proximity of the Dutch frontier and the range of the guns at Liège, and southwards by the sweep of the guns at Liège and Namur, leaving them in either case a reduced gap for entry through areas already limited. The bridge at Visé to the north had been destroyed by the Belgians, but there is evidence that on August 9 the Germans succeeded in crossing the Meuse in this region at Herstal, just outside Liège, and at Lixhe near the Dutch frontier. Doubtless they had at last succeeded in throwing pontoon bridges across the river. To the south they had at their disposal the important bridge at Huy. As far as supplies were concerned it must be remembered that the employment of motor transport at this stage afforded the enemy tremendous assistance in the execution of their plans. But as a matter of fact there is no exact information

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as to how the main German forces were moved forward across the Meuse into the Belgian plains. As already remarked we do not even know with certainty when Liège fell or on what day the forts ceased to prevent the enemy making use of the railway. August 17 is the most probable date of the complete surrender. But beyond disconcerting the German advance it would seem that, long before this, Liège was eliminated as an important strategical factor. It may perhaps be found that in the initial stages of their operations the Germans were not so dependent upon the possession of the railway in this quarter as some writers would have us think. They must have known that so soon as they were able to bring up their heavy siege guns the fortifications of Liège would be quickly reduced to ruins. Anticipating the event, they threw across the Meuse large forces of cavalry, supported by infantry and artillery. A series of engagements of varying fortunes took place; but the net result was to achieve the German object, inasmuch as whatever forces the Belgians had in the field these were kept fully employed at a safe distance from the region where the Germans were concentrating. At the same time a moral effect was created, the whole countryside being terrified if not, indeed, reduced to stupefaction by the barbaric practices of the enemy. It was a deliberate part of the plan of the Germans to strike fear into the hearts of non-combatants. The formation of civil guards in Belgium had led them to anticipate the possibility of a nation in arms, and they were apprehensive for the safety of their communications. The main German forces followed quickly upon the heels of the cavalry. On August 17, ten days after the Germans had forced their entry into the town of Liège, it was officially reported at Brussels that "the mass of the enemy is advancing." Two days later the Germans were at the gates of Brussels and on the succeeding day they entered the capital. Meanwhile the Belgian Field Army, which, as such, had never thrown its full weight against the enemy, retired to Antwerp. This retirement was in accordance with a plan of long standing, the advantages of

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which were manifest. Were the Germans to lay siege to Antwerp they would be called upon to detach for the purpose a force of considerable dimensions. On the other hand, merely to mark the citadel could not effectually dispose of Belgian initiative. Any reverse to the main German armies in France would immediately react on the situation in Belgium, thus allowing the garrison to emerge and to strike with effect at the enemy's communications. In the meantime there was always the hope with the Belgians that by making bold sorties they could threaten the army of occupation. So far Belgium had fulfilled her part of the grand plan of the Allies almost with precision. At Liège the Germans had been delayed; beyond Liège they had been harassed; and when at last overwhelmingly superior numbers of the enemy swept across the plains to Brussels the Belgian Field Army was withdrawn intact behind the guns of Antwerp, one of the strongest citadels in the world.

We have now traced a definite stage in the movement of the German armies northwards across the Meuse, and have seen that their first accomplishment was to remove from the path of the main advance on Paris the obstacle of the Belgian Field Army. Between the 19th and 21st of August these armies were concentrating northwards of the line Mons-Charleroi-Namur. In the meantime another important concentration, the movements of which had been screened by the mountainous country of the Ardennes, had reached the country lying immediately east of the Meuse, as it flows southwards from Namur. On the opposite bank, at Dinant, they were faced by the French who, as early as the 15th, had repulsed an advanced force which had succeeded in crossing the river. Farther to the east and south, on the frontier of the Duchy of Luxemburg, and supported on its extreme left by the fortress of Metz, was another army under the command of the Crown Prince. Here, briefly, we have the position of the German forces explained as far as the northern region was concerned on the eve of the battle of Charleroi. The only troops which had so

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far come seriously into action were the advanced forces of the armies which had crossed the Meuse to the north. Meanwhile interesting events had been taking place farther still to the south and along the eastern frontier of France. On the evening of the day on which the Germans entered the town of Liège the advanced guard of the French covering army, consisting of a single brigade, arrived before Altkirch in Alsace. There they were met by the Germans in equal strength entrenched behind strong field works. In the fighting that followed the French were completely victorious, and on the following evening, having continued their advance, occupied unopposed the large and important manufacturing town of Mülhausen. Next day, however, they were driven out again, the Germans having moved up a whole army corps for the purpose. Nevertheless, they maintained their position at Altkirch, just across the frontier, at the southernmost end of the long fighting line that stretched away north to the plains of Belgium. In the meantime, the French had established themselves in the passes, and along the crest of the Vosges. Thereupon they commenced a strong forward movement, their forces being altogether superior to those of the enemy. The Germans replied with a countermove from Lorraine, the object of which was clearly to get in the rear of the French operating in Alsace. They penetrated from Southern Lorraine into France as far as Blamont. On August 14, a French division of advanced troops came into contact with a Bavarian army corps, strongly entrenched before this town. Subsequently, the main French forces came up, and after severe fighting the enemy recrossed the frontier towards Sarrebourg. Thus, for the time being, the position of the French in the Vosges was secured. In this part of the field they were carrying all before them. They had succeeded in occupying Mount Doinon, a commanding position on their left, and by August 18 General Joffre was able to report that "We have conquered the greater part of the valleys in the Vosges on the Alsatian slopes, from which we shall soon descend into the plain." By this

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time also the French, following up their victory over the Germans at Blamont in French territory, had turned the tables and advanced into Lorraine. Here they held a front of forty miles, stretching from a point north of Sarrebourg through Mouchingen to Delme, thus being astride the communications between the fortresses of Metz and Strasbourg. So long as this position was maintained, there could be no further attempts on the part of the Germans, by operating from Lorraine, to threaten the rear of the French in the Vosges. The latter, however, were not long destined to remain in the enemy's territory. The German forces in Lorraine were promptly reinforced, and when, on August 19, a forward movement began, the Crown Prince of Bavaria probably commanded three army corps, namely the 14th, 21st, and 1st Bavarian, together with reserve divisions. By August 23, the day on which the battle of Charleroi was decided, the French were driven back into their own territory to their prepared positions along the Meurthe. It followed that they were compelled to evacuate their position in the Vosges, the retention of which was wholly dependent upon the continued success of their offensive in Lorraine.

The operations here described suggest some interesting reflections. It has been urged by a few critics that it was the intention of the French to deliver a strong attack upon the extreme German left, advancing northwards and threatening the whole of the southern communications of the German forces. Moreover, it was asserted that the knowledge that the main German attack was being prepared in the north, and that, consequently, the Alsace-Lorraine frontiers were but weakly held, had induced the French to make this tremendous effort. Success, it was said, would mean overwhelming disaster to German arms. Now let us see what would have been the minimum effort required to carry out this plan with any degree of thoroughness. An effective occupation of the entire provinces of Alsace and Lorraine would have to be established at the outset. Then, to contain Metz and Strasbourg large armies would be required. The further the advance

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into the difficult Rhine country beyond, the more dangerous would operations become. It is beyond question that for such operations to be really successful an army of great strength, far stronger than France could then have afforded for the enterprise, would have been necessary. In the meantime, how was the German avalanche to be stayed in the north? The French could not hope to resist such tremendous pressure from this quarter, and at the same time invade their enemy's territory in the east in sufficient strength to bring about decisive results. The Germans, on their side, were well acquainted with all these considerations. They knew that if they appeared in great strength on the plains of Belgium then the French could not assume a prolonged offensive on the Alsace-Lorraine frontiers. The latter, too, would be compelled to concentrate their main forces in the north in order to defend the road to Paris. Thus in possessing, as they did, owing to advantages which have been enumerated before, the possibility of taking the initiative on a grand scale, the Germans dictated the strategy of the French. It could surely not be said that General Joffre was so naïve as to assume the offensive in Alsace and Lorraine, believing that the resistance of Liège must so delay the main German advance from the north as to provide a sufficient margin of time in which the initiative in the larger strategy would pass from the enemy to himself. He must have known that so soon as heavy siege artillery arrived on the scene, the fortress on the Meuse was doomed. It is not even clear as to what extent the inability of the Germans to secure the railway communication passing through Liège delayed matters, for motor transport, which was to play such an important part in subsequent and far more extensive operations, must have considerably relieved their dependence on rolling-stock. In any case Liège was already in a parlous condition when the French were advancing in Alsace and Lorraine. Then, if General Joffre did not exaggerate the importance of Liège, it is childish to suppose that he seriously contemplated an invasion of German territory on any

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considerable scale, while the enemy's legions were known to be gathering strength for an irresistible advance into his own country. The simultaneous invasion by two countries of each other's territory, with the decisive object of crushing opposition by the retention of such territory would constitute a manifest absurdity.

What, then, was the object of the French incursion into Alsace and Lorraine? The only answer possible is that, by attracting German forces to this region, it was to relieve the pressure from other quarters in the vast theatre of operations. From that point of view the French succeeded admirably; for German forces were sent south where they were kept fully occupied, while with armies weakened by their absence the grand attack further north was in progress. The retreat of the French from Alsace and Lorraine was certainly not a catastrophe, and rather than that it should be regarded in the light of failure it must be looked upon as successful in so far as it achieved its purpose. The French merely went back to their prepared positions. Thereafter they continually resorted to vigorous offensive tactics, thus, detaining and employing the enemy in front of them so that there could be no question of his being spared in strength for any other part of the field. The stand made by the French in this region, together with the strength of the defences between Verdun and Toul, all of which had been foreseen by the General Staff, has exercised an important influence upon the fortunes of the whole campaign. To hold stubbornly this long eastern line was vital to the success of the French plan. Its effect was to make the German progress wholly dependent upon extended lines of communications running northwards through hostile countries, France and Belgium, and to confine such progress to the territory west of Verdun.

We may now return to the fighting in Belgium with the added knowledge that the task of Germany was complicated by the French operations in Alsace and Lorraine. We left the German armies advancing to take up their positions preparatory to the battle of Charleroi. As to the

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strength of the armies taking part in this engagement, or, for the matter of that, of the whole forces in the field, no reliable estimates are in existence. We may know the strength of armies on the eve of mobilization, and also their paper strength on a war footing; but we are entirely in the dark as to what reserve corps and divisions are subsequently formed out of the vast amount of material which the necessity of war produces. A conservative estimate of the German forces in the western field about the time of the battle of Charleroi places them at a million and a quarter men of all arms. With regard to the strength of the Allies we have less precise knowledge. We do know, however, that they were hopelessly outnumbered. The *Official Messenger* of Petrograd, a journal that, because of its standing, has special sources of information, declares that at this stage of the operations the Germans were in superior strength to the Allies, to an extent of no less than seven army corps. This superiority of course was distributed over the whole front. What proportion of the total number of men in the field took part in the battle of Charleroi is not known. Nevertheless we may assume that the Germans, in accordance with their settled policy of bringing to bear an overwhelming pressure on the crucial point, employed every available man. At this period they were advancing in force, from the north and north-east towards Mons, Charleroi and Namur, and from the Ardennes in the west to the region lying between Neufchateau and Dinant, east of the Meuse. As early as August 18, French troops of all arms began to pour into Charleroi and it was evident that a decision had been arrived at to offer battle in Belgian territory. This decision, General Joffre has admitted in official dispatches, constituted a departure from the original plan, which had contemplated a clash of forces further to the south in French territory. The heroic resistance of the Belgians alone rendered possible this enterprise on the part of the French commander, and enabled the British Expeditionary Force to be on the scene just in the nick of time to take its place on the French

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extreme left. It must not be assumed that General Joffre's initiative on this occasion was in conflict with the guiding principle of French strategy which we have explained elsewhere. A welcome opportunity had occurred—one that could not have been anticipated with any exactitude by the General Staff—for assuming the offensive under conditions that appeared to be favourable. Because of the unexpected achievements of the Belgians, the Allies, as we have seen, were able to throw forward their lines, and with the fortress of Namur at the head, place their forces in the form of a salient which can be traced on the map along the Sambre and the Meuse, as this last runs southward from Namur. Both the advantages and the dangers of this situation will be revealed at a glance. Had the French succeeded in crossing the Meuse in considerable force, and continued their advance successfully, they would have threatened German communications to the north. But the country of the Ardennes which lay before them, broken and wooded, was of such a character as to favour defence, and here the enemy was strongly posted. The prospect, therefore, that the French could sever the communications of the Germans and isolate their forces in Belgian Luxemburg was remote. It is indeed doubtful whether General Joffre was so sanguine as to hope for decisive results of this kind. At this stage he was hardly in sufficient force to enable him to entertain the belief that initiative in grand strategy rested with him, and the operation had not been long in progress before he became aware of the overwhelming superiority of the enemy. That being so, any movement across the Meuse far into the Ardennes, was, in the event of the fall of Namur, perilous in the extreme; for instead of menacing German communications, the French would then have been in danger from the victorious advance of the Germans southwards. At the same time, it was necessary that the enemy be held back in the country to the east of the Meuse in order to safeguard the operations along the Sambre. Had the French been in equal, or, better still, superior numbers, then the fate of Namur need not

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necessarily have become a decisive factor in the engagement. As events proved, because of their comparative weakness, they were at no time able to influence the position around the fortress; nor could they elsewhere make any considerable progress. They never, in fact, succeeded in getting east of Charleroi or north of Dinant in force, and in both regions they were ultimately compelled to beat a retreat, owing to the presence of the enemy in vastly superior strength. Namur was therefore left to its own devices, and the 11-inch siege guns of the enemy speedily pounded the defences to pieces. It may be argued that had the fortress held out longer, thus detaining large German forces for its investment, then the prospects of the Allies might have been considerably improved; but it now appears that the Germans were in such overwhelming strength that they were in a position to deal with Namur and the Allies simultaneously. What, then, it may be asked, was the sum total of the Allies' achievement in the offensive movement which culminated in the battle of Charleroi? If we refer again to the angle formed by the Allies on the Meuse and Sambre, we will see that their weaker forces were so placed as to offer a stout resistance to the *whole* of the superior forces of the enemy assembled for the great wheeling movement down through the plains of Belgium. It was the beginning of the first and inevitable phase of the campaign, the French defensive. If they were to compel the enemy to fight every inch of the road towards Paris, then it were better that the punishment should commence with as little delay as possible. For this engagement to have developed into a successful French offensive it would have been necessary for the morale of the Germans to go instantly to pieces at the first shock of battle, for, as we have seen, they had, beyond question, the advantage in numbers. The battle of Charleroi began what Sir John French has termed "the colossal strategic endeavour to create a Sedan for the Allies by outflanking and enveloping the left of their whole line, so as to encircle and drive both British and French to the south." In this retreat the British Expe-

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ditionary Force occupied a post of great honour and responsibility. Originally holding positions in Mons and its vicinity on the Allies' extreme left, they were to receive the initial shock of General von Kluck's great flanking movement. Opposed by four German Army Corps, and hopelessly outnumbered, General French's men, wholly unsupported, withstood the first deadly onset. The French themselves were too exhausted to come to his assistance. There are few parallels in military history where a greater issue was staked upon the stand of a relatively small force than was the case with the French Army's strategical dependence upon the steadfastness of the British. The casualties in Sir John French's army were heavy, but not excessive when we consider the nature and achievement of the fighting. On the other hand, not only had the whole situation been saved, but certain positive results likely to be of incalculable profit in the future had emerged. "There is no doubt whatever that our men have established a personal ascendancy over the Germans," reported Sir John French. This ascendancy applied to every arm in the British force.

In spite of its complete failure the southern advance of the German Army numbering more than a million men will ever be looked upon as one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of war. It was an achievement only excelled by the masterly retreat of the Allies. There were times when the outlook appeared critical. At the beginning of the retirement the Germans believed that they had encircled the British on the extreme left, and in consequence there was much premature rejoicing in Berlin. But General French extricated himself with a skill that perhaps provided the most conspicuous and thrilling episode in the long story of valour and glory. Thereafter, he was reinforced with French corps on his right and left. Again and again, in the language of official *communiqués*, were the Allies obliged to "yield ground," but the losses inflicted upon the enemy were always enormous and they were compelled to pay dearly for every inch of territory won. At intervals the

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English and French lines may appear to have been eccentric, but always an unbroken front was rigidly maintained. It is not surprising that we should have heard more of events taking place on the Allied Left than is the case with movements in other quarters of the field. Here it was that the German initiative was in full swing, and had to be met if overwhelming disaster was to be averted. Fortunately this end could be accomplished by skilful retreat, and at the same time the way paved for victory in the future by harassing the enemy at every turn. The farther the Germans penetrated into France the more weary and footsore would they become, and the farther would they have to fall back in the event of failure. It was, of course, essential to the success of General Joffre's plans that they be held at all costs in the centre. When the fog of war lifts we shall doubtless find that the French achievements in this direction were no less brilliant than those of the Allied forces to the west. Penetration at any point here would have compelled the retirement of the French, the abandonment of the eastern positions, the isolation of the fortresses, and consequently the opening up of German communications running east and west. All that it was necessary for the French to do in this area was doggedly to hold their ground until such time as the Generalissime deemed the moment opportune for an assumption of the offensive. Elsewhere the fate of fortresses did not count so much as was the case with Verdun and the eastern barrier, and the Allies were determined that there should be no wastage of forces as a result of garrisons being uselessly penned up in citadels. At a later date every available man would be required in the Field Armies so as to give the greatest possible momentum to the forward movement that was to bring about a change in the fortunes of the campaign. But when it was absolutely vital that fortresses should be held, a grim effort was forthcoming; and the Germans, in spite of their great guns, did not everywhere succeed. Liège and Namur, with their out of date works and armament, establish no

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precedent. The truth of this assertion is evident not only from the positive lessons to be learnt from the French defence at Mauberge and Fort Troyon, but also from the tremendous, though not active, influence which the existence of the entrenched camps of both Paris and Antwerp have exerted upon the campaign as far as it has gone.

It was Paris with its wide perimeter of one hundred miles that confused and confounded the strategy of the Germans. If they were to succeed at all in the war then it followed that their enemy must be beaten decisively in the field before the siege of the French capital could be undertaken. But great though their numbers were, they were not sufficient for this purpose, more particularly when we reflect that the first clash of arms exploded the myth of German invincibility and established the man-for-man superiority of the Allies. Briefly, the position when the enemy had arrived, so to speak, at the gates of Paris, was as follows: The French and English, who at no time had thrown their whole weight against the enemy, remained intact and full of fight, and were, moreover, so placed as to be able to receive large reinforcements of fresh troops. In their long retirement they had allied themselves with Germany's most potent enemy, time, and the results of this alliance were to become immediately evident. The Germans on their side were not by any means disheartened at this stage. As a matter of fact, the somewhat rapid retreat of the Allies had produced in them an excess of confidence. Knowing that they had paid considerable attention to the English forces they wildly overestimated the extent of our losses, and imagined that we had ceased to be of any serious account. Furthermore, we have it on the authority of Sir John French that the enemy was weakened because of the dispatch of troops to the eastern theatre of war. It is stated from other sources that the number of men so moved was no less than 300,000. We see that, contrary to the expectation of some experts, the Russian operations exerted a very early

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influence upon the war in the west. Thus silent time, controlled by General Joffre, was surely bringing about the undoing of the enemy.

In spite of the depletion of their forces, the Germans arrived, as we have said, in the neighbourhood of Paris, confident that their foe was on the verge of demoralization and full of belief in themselves. That their enveloping movement had so far failed, did not in the circumstances have the same importance to them as it did to the Allies. It was awkward that decisive results could not have been obtained and Paris entered in triumph according to the original plan; but at last the Allies were to be brought to battle and the victory of victories could not long be deferred. The Germans hardly dared contemplate failure. In that event, though they might avoid destruction, their grand plan would forever be thwarted. Behind them were long lines of communication, and their troops in the field, already weary, and merely sustained on the march because of its triumphant character, had left just sufficient margin of strength for what was to be the supreme effort in German history. In the meantime, far from being demoralized, the Allies were reinvigorated. The British had been reinforced, while a new French Army, the Sixth, emerged from Paris to operate on the north-west, afterwards to close in towards the east. Time again appeared as the most formidable enemy of the Germans. To lay siege to Paris or to operate west of Paris would at this stage have been nothing short of military insanity. The Germans were bound to go forward, and in a south-easterly direction too. They left a strong rearguard on the Ourcq to watch the newly-formed French army; but where they blundered badly was in their miscalculation that the British had been driven out of the fight. In the language of Sir John French, "they were evidently executing what amounted to a flank march diagonally across our front . . . they were initiating an effort to attack the left flank of the French main army, which stretched in a long curved line from our right towards the east, and so to

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carry out against it alone the envelopment which had so far failed against the combined forces of the Allies."

Thus, the day arrived for which the French had been waiting, and General von Kluck, who had hitherto played the rôle of the outflanker, was in turn outflanked. The action of the French Sixth Army against the line of the Ourcq, and the advance of the British, placed the enemy's own flanking movement "in considerable danger of being taken in rear and on its right flank." Therefore, when the Germans met the Allies in the first real trial of strength at the Battle of the Marne, they were out-manœuvred and were compelled to beat a retreat along the weary road towards the French frontier, over which for a fortnight past, fighting every inch of the way, they had victoriously advanced. History can record no more poignant example of human chagrin since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

When the Germans surrendered the initiative their cause was lost. Time and the Allies had defeated them. From that moment their superiority in numbers vanished, while on the other hand strong reinforcements were reaching their enemies. The German right extricated itself magnificently from threatening disaster, ultimately to take up a superb position, previously prepared, along the River Aisne. The belief is now expressed that the enemy will wage a purely defensive war in the west, and that, as in the case of Manchuria, we are about to witness a "campaign of field sieges." It is true that the proximity of the Russian avalanche will curb German enterprise in France; but the Allies are under no such restrictions, and a glance at the map will show that an opportunity is afforded them of operating against Von Kluck's communications thus compelling him by the pressure of events to abandon his "dug outs."

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

PROFESSOR CRAMB'S book (*Germany and England*. By the late Professor J. A. Cramb. Murray, 2s. 6d. net) is advertised as "a reply to Bernhardi" (*Germany and the Next War*. By General Friedrich von Bernhardi. Arnold. Popular edition. 2s. net). It is not exactly that. For it endorses certain propositions which, in this curious exhibition of German "frankness," most need attack. Professor Cramb proclaims himself, as enthusiastically as General Bernhardi, a disciple of the Religion of Valour, announcing, apparently with satisfaction, that Corsica has, in this twentieth century, conquered Gallilee. Yet he has a conception of England's imperial responsibility to which every Englishman worthy of the name will respond, and this, together with his ardour and his intuition, may secure for the point of view he advances more sympathy than it deserves. He is one of those who regarded a struggle between England and Germany as inevitable; and so far his reading of history has been justified by the event. But the struggle now raging has a greater significance than that which he foresaw; and upon those who cannot fight rests in a peculiar degree the duty of understanding to the full the meaning of the effort and the sacrifices that are being made on their behalf.

For this reason to reflect upon books such as those now before us becomes a national obligation. Our strength to deal with present actualities will be the more resolute in proportion as, under the stress of war, we remain in touch with a life in which war is transcended. Is any such life realizable for mortals here on earth? For Professor Cramb and General Bernhardi not merely unrealizable but undesirable. Professor Cramb does not, of course, prostrate himself before the juggernaut with ceremonies; we may attribute this to his common sense and intrepidity, his

Germany and England

lack of German thoroughness and method. Yet the glamour of war possesses him. His main purpose is to drive the German attitude home, to enable Englishmen to see their country through German eyes, to understand, in short, why to Germany she seems despicable. He is aware that our Empire is menaced and that we must defend or lose it; and he can think no ill of those who believe that we are weak and challenge us. A peace policy is, in his eyes as in theirs, a mere confession of weariness, a symptom of demoralization. When the Germans, in response to our suggestion for a limitation of armaments, replied by a new war vote of £50,000,000, they kindled his passionate admiration.

England has certainly acted in the past, and perhaps, more recently than we like to think, on the principle that might is right. Our position, as Germany sees it, is that having by force and fraud secured all that we want, we are anxious to proclaim new principles, and so retain our booty with the sufferance of the world. This hypocrisy is revolting to the Germans. They claim, and Professor Cramb allows to them, the same right to conquer us as we had to conquer others, the only limit to their right being their power. General Bernhardt's book is a careful exposition of the means by which this power may be developed and directed; it explains why its development is Germany's duty to the world, and shows how social and economic forces, and even religious beliefs, may be made to play their various parts, each contributing to the foundation of that great Empire which England blocks, the great German Empire that is to be.

The great German Empire, say rather, that is not to be! For whatever the interpretation of past events, we contend serenely that no great Empire will in the future be founded on a policy of deliberate aggression and conquest. Nations cannot, any more than individuals, refuse the lessons of experience. The world grows up. And wherever there is civilization, there is now the knowledge that nothing worth deciding is decided by an appeal to force. Hypocrisy—or shall we call it simplicity rather?—lies

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in the attempt to evade this knowledge and still to talk of thought and culture and religion. One of the more curious fallacies of Professor Cramb's book is that he has allowed himself to be deceived, by the mingled pompousness and ingenuousness of Germany's claims, into the belief that the Germans are an Imperial people. The tradition of Empire to which they point back is, he allows, a tradition of failure; and he does not see that the aspirations with which they confront the future are, simply, an anachronism. That power of thought which, in its application to the abstract, has been the glory of the German people, reveals, in its application to the concrete, their limitations, their inexperience. Not only is their estimate of the value of English imperialism perverted by envy and by ambitions the very ineptitude of which breeds rancour, but the ideas with which they justify their purposes to themselves are in plain self-contradiction. The truth is that Empire is not as an idea pursuable at all. The English Empire was not pursued at the dictates of a philosophical imperative; it grew up out of the genius and generousities of an adventurous people, its justification in the past—so far as it can be justified—being its relation to irreflective impulses, its justification in the present, its organic life, its majestic exhibition to the world of the principles of good government, in a word, of independence. As for the Germans, they multiply, they are submissive and malleable, they are valourous, they are capable, as we see, of forming together a machine of first-rate strength and efficiency; but there is nothing in all this to change the fact that the world power for which they are ready to stake their all is a will-o'-the-wisp. Their scheme of imposing "universality" and "culture" upon the prostrate peoples over whom their guns have rolled is defeated by its own childishness. Whatever the force momentarily behind it, it provokes the greater force by which it must finally be overwhelmed.

In fact, the reply to General Bernhardi is given, not by Professor Cramb, but by the present disposition and temper of the armed and unarmed forces of our Empire and of

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the world. Germany is felt to be a menace to civilization, and the menace lies not in the strength of the Germans but in the ideas which they intend their strength to serve. The Germans contend that these ideas are really held by every one, and that international understanding, international law are mere phantasms. Our debt to General Bernhardi and the country he represents will be inestimable, if he obliges us to come to an understanding with ourselves on this fundamental question, and to think it out to its only issue; so that in future, as in the existing crisis, we may stand seriously and unmistakably for the great ideals with which, in the past, we have too often played.

B. de S.

IT is not long since Dr G. F. Wright's book on the antiquity of man was noticed in this REVIEW and now the great interest which the subject is at present arousing is testified to by the appearance of two other works dealing with the same matter—*The Antiquity of Man in Europe* (By James Geikie, LL.D., D.C.L. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. 1914. Price 10s. 6d.). *The Quaternary Ice Age* (By W. B. Wright. London. Macmillan & Co. 1914. Price 17s. net).

Both of these are notable contributions to the subject, the former dealing with it rather from the anthropological, the latter from the geological side. Both, and especially perhaps the second, are admirably illustrated, and of the second it may also be said that it is the fullest account of the period which is at present available, and must long remain the standard work on the Ice Age.

It is little wonder that this age should excite so much interest when one remembers that it not only moulded, to a very large extent, the physical geography of the northern halves of Europe and America, but that there is wrapped up with it the problem of the first appearance and characteristics of the earliest members of the human race known to us. Yet beyond the fact that there unquestionably was an Ice Age, leading up to what is called the Recent Period, and that it existed over a definite area

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which can be mapped out with great accuracy, how little is certain and how much is surmise as to this period.

In the first place no one knows what caused it. There are a number of suggestions on this point fully described in Mr Wright's work, but no one of them has secured even partial acceptance and no one of them commends itself as in any way convincing to the student of the subject.

Nor does anyone know how long it lasted. That there were genial intervals sandwiched in between periods of intense cold seems to be fairly well proved, and these intervals are associated with the different races of mankind whose scanty remains have so far been discovered. But how long these periods were and how long the whole Quaternary Age is matter of pure surmise.

Dr G. F. Wright, whose work we have alluded to, thinks that the Ice Age was in existence whilst the civilization of Babylonia was at its zenith, and that some 20,000 or 30,000 years will cover its entire extent, and brings forward cogent arguments to support his thesis. The two authors under review do not deal with his arguments but adopt the much larger, and, it may be added, much more generally adopted view of Penck that the minimum period for the duration of Pleistocene times is 620,000 years. Between the two estimates there is ample room for divergences of opinion. But both writers candidly admit that all this is guess-work, founded, it is true, on careful observations in the Alps and elsewhere, but still guess-work. Geikie says (p. 2) as to the date of man's appearance: "Do not expect from geology, however, any precise statement as to the date of that interesting event. It is not at all likely, indeed, that the stony science will ever be able to tell us just how many years have passed away since then. Her answer to all inquiries of the kind will doubtless continue to be that of the old man in the ballad:

'I cannot tell, I do not know,
But 'twas a long, long time ago.'

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And W. B. Wright (p. 157) adds that "estimates of geological time from considerations of denudation and deposition are, at the present day, regarded with much distrust, and Penck, although he puts forward some figures, makes it clear that they are only to be regarded as an indication of the magnitude of the periods involved."

Both of these authors are inclined to look upon "eoliths" with a more favourable eye than most archæologists do, but this seems to be largely due to the fact that they, in common with most students of the subject, expect to find ruder implements than the comparatively finished Chellean *coups-de-poing*, which are the earliest definite artifacts known to us. It is, however, unlikely, we think, that the eoliths are anything but natural objects. "The Chellean stage we should assign to the second Interglacial epoch, and the Acheulian to the close of that epoch; while the later gravels with Mousterian artifacts represent the two succeeding epochs, namely, the Third Glacial and the following Interglacial" (Geikie, p. 264). "As the Chellean stage dates back to at least the middle of the [glacial] period, this would give somewhere between 250,000 and 500,000 years for the antiquity of man in Europe. But if, as recent discoveries would seem to indicate, man was an occupant of our continent during the first Interglacial epoch, if not in still earlier times, we may be compelled greatly to increase our estimate of his antiquity" (*ib.* p., 303). We may remind our readers once more that G. F. Wright, a high authority on this subject, and the Abbé Breuil, one of the first prehistoric archæologists of the day, take a much more moderate view of the question, believing that 20,000 to 30,000 years will fully account for all that has to be accounted for. One remarkable fact emerges, namely, that man, whenever he appeared, appeared as man—a new thing, as Branco said some years ago. Palæolithic man "was very human: doubtless at the outset of his career a bestially selfish and merciless savage, but gradually developing finer traits with the passing of the ages. It is not without emotion that we

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look at the beautiful art-work of the Magdalenian reindeer hunter. And when we remember the conditions under which he lived—exposed to a severe climate and the attacks of many formidable wild beasts, his home a dark cave or rude rock-shelter—we may well be astonished at his attainments as an engraver, a sculptor and an animal painter. With the simplest of tools and appliances his best efforts rival, if they do not sometimes excel, those of our modern art-schools, and must ever be a marvel to critics who may have nourished a belief that such attainments are only possible in a civilized community." (Geikie, pp. 304, 305). B. C. A. W.

MR WELLS was ever romantic. For a short phase he tried to be severely realist and materialist and succeeded fairly well in that most disagreeable of all his books *Tono-Bungay*, perhaps the only wholly disagreeable one he has written, for *The New Machiavelli*, though it was painful and agitating reading, is too evidently a human record written at white heat to offend as much as the other heartless satire *Marriage*, with its pathetically true picture of the deterioration of ideals in a young married couple under the influence of worldly success, tails off into inconclusive and almost puerile moralizings upon Life with a big L.

The fact is Mr Wells is one of those very modern people who having fundamentally a deep "conviction of Sin" spends his life running away from it. It is true he looks original sin very full in the face at times, but like a shying horse he seems to swerve just as you think he will master his reluctance to pass the obstacle, and then he plunges back into romance.

He has also, of course, a strong sense of the Supernatural buried under his fertile and creative imagination and every now and then, at moments of stress and confusion, little flickers of its light are thrown along the path he tries to carve for humanity, but he is afraid of it as yet and hastily extinguishes it under a bushel.

It would be ponderous to examine *The World Set Free*

The Mind of the Disciples

(Macmillan. 3s. 6d.) in the spirit of a military expert in the light of present crucial events. Besides the Last War of which Mr Wells writes takes place a hundred years hence and he writes in his most purely romantic mood. Science and atomic bombs which continue to explode indefinitely after being neatly dropped from aeroplanes into each of the great capitals of the world, destroy the old worn-out civilization with its overcrowded towns, its greed for money and its downtrodden masses. As after the deluge, the world reconstructs itself. A World's Council governs it, nationality vanishes with the impossibility of war, Science leaps forward by bounds and the toilsome struggle for the necessities of life ceases with the increasing facility of production, and what is more delightful still, humanity suddenly wakes up to the fact that selfishness and vice are self-destructive and that a collective conscience makes things much easier for the individual. Mr Wells is really inspiring as he lays his castle in the air before us.

But what does he mean by this:

"Any road leads to religion for those who will follow it far enough. . . . The common sense of mankind has toiled through two thousand years of chastening experience to find at last how sound a meaning attaches to the familiar phrases of the Christian faith. The scientific thinker as he widens out to the moral problems of the collective life comes inevitably upon the words of Christ." Perhaps some day he will tell us. C. B.

ONLY in the proportions allowed in a long article could *The Mind of the Disciples*, by the Rev. Neville Talbot (Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d. net) be adequately treated from the point of view of Catholic theology. Here it is only possible to touch on one or two of the main or basic ideas in this very living and curiously spirited book.

These main ideas are closely interwoven and it is not a little difficult to summarize them in a few lines. The author dwells throughout on the idea that it was the disciples' faith in God that was at stake in the story of the Incarnation, in the darkness of the Crucifixion.

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From this standpoint he develops his thesis to the psychological conclusion that if the darkness of Calvary had not been followed by the glory of the Resurrection, if the naturalistic non-miraculous history of Jesus were true and His life ended on the Cross, the very fact of the writing of the gospels becomes almost inconceivable.

Once more, therefore, if the Cross was all: if Jesus, dying there, passed as others do into the silence and finality of death; if He could lead Peter only to the porch of bitter weeping—then He left the vision of Himself ringed round, not only with the clouds which hide the Father, but, also, with the blackness of man's impotent remorse. In a word, He left the two questions which, in the last resort, alone matter—the questions, What is God? and What is man? sharpened in their pain and deepened in their darkness.

So we return to the question from which we started. Would the followers of Jesus have given the story of His life to the world? Would the mere memory of Jesus, remaining inalienably in the minds of those who had been with Him, have constituted a Gospel of God for mankind?

We seem compelled to the conclusion that it would have lain buried in their broken hearts, and would have perished with them off the earth.

The condition of the mind of the disciples, of the portrait painters of the gospels, of the men who bore good tidings into Europe, who justified the ways of God to men, is in itself a proof not merely of the veracity of the presentation of a beautiful human figure but of the glory of God revealed in the face of Christ.

That is their testimony. If it is false, there is nothing else to turn to. Perhaps the greatest mystery of all is that their testimony in its details contains difficulties and inconsistencies. The stories do not seem fully to harmonize. The writer would try not to minimize that. Nevertheless, nothing satisfies his reason but the acceptance of the testimony that the Cross, which asked all the questions about God and His love and power, was not the last event in the drama; but that He did act and did deliver and at His Hour, for all its darkness, impenetrable to human eyes, did reveal

The Mind of the Disciples

Himself. The testimony never tells us the how of what happened, but that it did happen, namely, that He, their Master, the Crucified, did return to them, the same and yet not the same, in His body in which He suffered, the same and yet not the same. That is the beginning of the good news, its foundation and root, namely, the event, the fact, the happening, something beyond vision and imagination, something which, like all events, first happens and then is understood. And the essence of the good news was *God*, just because it was He about Whom the Cross was evil tidings. God is faithful. He promised and, after all, He has fulfilled His promise. He has done it. Blessed be God!

Leaving perforce on one side the two chapters entitled "The Coming of the Spirit" and "The Body of Christ," though there is much in them that shows the marked power of sympathetic suggestion characteristic of the author, the chapter on the "Authenticity of the Portrait" must claim special attention. It is, perhaps, in some ways a little disappointing. The author is dwelling most rightly on his main theme, but the reader may have grown to expect a more subtle development of the actual notion of the evidence to be gained from the mentality of the portrait painter. At the same time the chapter does usefully incite each mind to work out the theme for itself. It is still admirable work from which one quotation must be given.

But the main reason for rejecting the hypothesis of invention is just this, that the contrast we have spoken of was between human expectation and Divine action. The disciples understood "afterwards"—after the event. They went, that is, Christ led them, to the furthest point attainable by their understanding. He quickened in their minds all the thoughts and surmises about God and Himself of which they were capable. They harmonized the truth about Him with their conceptions of God, as far as those conceptions would allow. But in the end events were too much for them. Their schemes, their hopes and imaginings were rent by the eventual facts—by what happened to Christ, by His fate. When, therefore, the truth of God revealed in Christ Crucified reached them through the Resurrection and the coming of the Spirit, their task was to witness to it and interpret it, but never,

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in intention, to imagine or invent it. In after days they looked back to the days before the Cross and saw that their part in what then was done, came to nothing at all. The truth had been wrought out without them.

The literary quality of *The Mind of the Disciples* is, perhaps, uneven, but the main theme, the wide swing of the intellectual action, the unstudied eloquence, the candour and total absence of controversial effort, the poetic comprehension of the suffering of the disciples as typical of suffering humanity—all these things go to the making of a book that is a real gain to the one cause that the author has at heart. S.

A KEY to Cardinal Newman's Thought: Index to the Works of J. H. Cardinal Newman (By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., B.Sc. London. Longmans. 6s. net). We have waited many years for the patient and thoroughly equipped reader of Newman who could and would give us a classified Index to his writings. The task was a perilous one. Newman, to repeat his own language, had almost from the beginning found himself "thinking aloud," and that in the presence of a public quite unprepared to follow the mind thus richly laid open before them. He had also changed his "religious opinions" from Evangelical to Anglo-Catholic, passing through several distinct phases, until he turned away altogether from Anglicanism and submitted to Rome. This conversion brought in its train the bewildering effect of a "right about face"; and we have studied with a sense of something uncanny the works reissued with notes correcting their text, which date back to Newman's first forty-five years. Ending his Oxford days with an *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, he produced one of the most original—but certainly as involved and intricate as it was stimulating—of philosophical writings on the growth of dogma. Twenty-five years afterwards appeared the *Grammar of Assent*. How many strains of reflection are bound up in its pages! What a careful handling is requisite to lay them out side by side!

A Key to Newman's Thought

Newman was not a systematic thinker; he swore by no great master's words. Except for the slight training in Aristotle's logic which could be acquired in the University of Oxford, and some collaboration with Whateley's superficial book, he was thrown back upon his native wit in the matter of technique and terminology. His very genius in literature, his keen sense of the associations lurking in common words, made it difficult for him to use definitions, axioms, and set reasoning after the scholastic manner. When he became a Catholic it was too late, if not to consult the great mediæval authors, at all events to mould his style and nomenclature on St Thomas, or even on Jesuit princes of thought like De Lugo, Suarez, Molina. So much as regards the philosophy of belief.

But Newman's first book, *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, preluded to his life-long studies in theology proper, in the Fathers, the Councils, and the Creeds, ranging from St Ignatius of Antioch to the Pseudo-Dionysius. Here, too, his way lay along precipices and by the roaring sea. Terms and schools, doctors of the Church and heresiarchs, unstable bishops and steadfast faithful, gave scope for misunderstandings which St Athanasius could scarcely heal, and which had led more than thirteen centuries later to disputes between Petavius and Bishop Bull. The Arian, Anglican, Rationalist controversies occupied Newman for sixty years. In each he took up his own position, spent his unrivalled skill in language on defending it against opponents from contrary sides, and showed a mind teeming over with distinctions at all points, to which the chief contemporary parallel was W. E. Gladstone, also an Oxford man of the finest water. But the politician is gone; the philosopher, the theologian remains. We want, if we could get it, a judicial summing up of Newman's thought, its light and shade, its substance and drift. To this desirable end Fr Rickaby has helped us many steps forward by the Index just brought out.

Hackneyed terms of praise fall below and beside the mark. We are grateful to Fr Rickaby, whose devout reading of Newman has qualified him, among the very few

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that could attempt this labour, to do it well. From the Society of Jesus it is a compliment paid to one who lived in most friendly relations with its members. To Catholic students the work will be indispensable. The author tells us what precisely we must look for in it. "I claim," he writes, "that this index be tried by these three questions: 'Did Newman say this?' 'Did he ever unsay it, and if so, where?' 'Are there any notable sayings of his not brought into due prominence?'" It is meant, therefore, to be a guide or key to Newman's thought, so far as we possess it in his *Collected Works*. These do not include, however, his correspondence of the Anglican period, published with a large fragment of autobiography by Miss Anne Mozley. The volume entitled *My Campaign in Ireland*, put together by Fr Neville, is not drawn upon. Scattered letters, of which there are many in print, furnish no material; and references to Mr Ward's *Life of Newman* occur very seldom. Proper names have been selected on the principle of elucidating theories, not events, so I judge; hence the omission of Hawkins, Kingsley, Manning; while by accident the name of Canon Oakeley is wrongly spelt, and W. G. Ward has no rubric to himself. An important omission is Eusebius of Nicomedia. We might conceive a literary index to writings which have long since taken their place among English classics; and one day it will be given to the world. Then the characters appearing in *Loss and Gain* and in *Callista*, some of which yield large illumination to their creator's views, will receive honourable mention. Charles Reding, for example, is not simply Newman, any more than Arthur Pendennis was Thackeray; but to my thinking the youth at Oxford reveals indirectly much of the heart and mind from which he sprang that we do not find in the *Apologia*. I have myself called *Loss and Gain* a "volume wherein he consigned many of his dearest thoughts." In it occurs the English form of Newman's self-chosen epitaph, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem," for Reding speaks of "coming out of shadows into realities." So, too, *Callista*, *Juba*, *Jucundus*, *Agellius*, bear upon them a typical significance.

The Third Miss Symons

Perhaps what I am thinking is this, that while we read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest Fr Rickaby's most welcome, most useful, compendium of the written word, we must not deal with it as Protestants treat the Bible, for still and always "the letter killeth." Consistency in language, nay in thought, as shaped into sentences, not even Newman could secure throughout his array of volumes—not although, on matters of highest moment, he never varied. Turn to such headings as "Conscience," "Development," "Reason," "Inference," "Natural Theology," and the like; what is there summed up will not easily fall into a system; the words themselves bear connotations neither uniform nor identical; their application depends on the context. Newman preferred agents to formulas, and poetry or Scripture to philosophy of a scholastic precision. He would have smiled or frowned, or perhaps done both, if a critic ventured to take his measure with an epigram. Fr Rickaby has let him speak for himself. The Index is eminently readable, and by judicious repetition it evades the worst penalties of its kind. It is not too long, though running in double columns to one hundred and fifty-six pages. Omissions were inevitable; I am not so confident of my own knowledge as to declare the work free from venial slips. It is sure of a place beside the master's *Opera Omnia*. What more might be said I keep for another time.

WILLIAM BARRY

ONLY a true artist can depict a dull and futile life with such sympathy and humour as is shown in the story of *The Third Miss Symons* (By F. M. Mayor. Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net). Henrietta Symons was an everyday person without the gifts suited to everyday life. The tragic element in her character was an immense capacity for loving joined to a strange incapacity for inspiring love. Her very longing for it made her tactless and over-eager, and she was sensitive and prone to discouragement—enough material for misery. Henrietta's story might be tedious in the telling, but Miss Mayor has made it

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enthralled by reason of her sympathy and sense of humour, and her artistic method on which Mr Masfield touches in his admirable preface.

Miss Mayor [he says], arrives at an understanding of her heroine's character by looking at her through a multitude of different eyes, not as though she were her creator, but as if she were her world, looking on and happening, infinitely active and various, coming into infinite contrast, not without tragedy, but also never without fun.

This method is adopted throughout the book, and from childhood onwards we feel that Henrietta's "world" was unsympathetic towards her, but it must be remembered that she was ill-tempered and "difficult" and did not naturally inspire sympathy. The picture of her childhood is drab and depressing. But not long after she left school a certain Mr Dockerell turned up and there was "an exquisitely happy month. He was a commonplace young man but what did that matter? . . . She did not think much of his proposing, of their marrying, just that some one cared for her." But her heartless sister Louie managed to attract the attentions of Mr Dockerell and to end the small romance. We are told that Henrietta "spoke only the sober truth" when she said that Louie had "wrecked her life."

Almost from the time of this disappointment Henrietta's capacity for discouragement made her adopt the attitude and to some extent the habits of an old maid. And so her life drifted on, marked from time to time by such small changes of circumstance as must happen to all, even in an early Victorian age. Her mother's death gave her some importance by putting her at the head of the household, and her sisters began to think that really "Henrietta had done very well for herself" after all. But here again her incapacity for winning affection showed itself. She was ill-tempered and nagged her father and brothers and she was given to that futile pretence of so many ladies of leisure that she had never a moment to spare

The Third Miss Symons

If any visitors were coming to stay, she spoke of the preparations and the work they entailed as if all was performed by her single pair of hands. "What with Louie and Edward coming to-morrow, and Harold going to the Tyrol on Wednesday, I cannot think how I shall manage, but I suppose," with a resigned smile, "I shall get through somehow." She was persuaded into visiting a small hospital once a fortnight for an hour, and the day and hour were much dreaded by her entourage, so vastly did they loom on the horizon, and so submissively must every other event wait on their convenience.

The third Miss Symons' temper grew steadily worse. She quarrelled with her youngest sister Evelyn (the most charming character in the book), although she was really devoted to her. She quarrelled with her father for marrying again and wrote him a bitter letter. She was always sorry afterwards, but it was generally too late. After her protest against her father's marriage she felt that she could not go on living at home, and began a terrible course of travelling involving sight-seeing and "packed-in days" without any real interest or enthusiasm. She tried other things—work among the poor and extension lectures—but proved strikingly incompetent and decided that the travelling, was less insupportable. But she grew tired of it at last and ended her days in Bath. There she was a little happier, living the life of an elderly lady, taking a course of the waters and interfering in parish matters.

The poor people of course did not like her, for as she grew older she was more convinced than ever that the lower orders must be constantly reprov'd. But poor people are very magnanimous, and they were sure of a good many presents. She was also for ever bickering with her servants, but "poor old lady," as they said, "she's getting on now, it makes her worry," and she found in Annie one who knew at least how to give as good as she got.

When the third Miss Symons died she left an inlaid sandalwood box for her sister Evelyn in which were mementoes of Evelyn's babies who had died in India, and a sheet of notepaper on which was written: "I cannot tell you how much good you have done me, I seem to have been living for this for fifteen years.—EVELYN."

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And Evelyn remembered a long and intimate talk with Henrietta in which she herself had said these words. And she thought sadly that Henrietta was "capable of greater love than any of us, and she never had her chance." But suddenly Evelyn felt a

rush of the most exquisite sensation, emotion, replenishment she had ever known. She felt through every fibre of her being that it was all perfectly well with Henrietta, and that the bitterness, aimlessness and emptiness of her life was made up to her. O.

WHEN Driesch's most important work, *The Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, first made its appearance it was very fully dealt with in the pages of this REVIEW and we are now glad to welcome two further treatises from the same author and on the same subject (*The History and Theory of Vitalism*. Macmillan & Co. London, 5s. net, and *The Problem of Individuality*, same Publishers and date, 3s. 6d. net.)

The contents of these works may be looked upon as supplementary to and in some measure explanatory of the views already set forth in the two larger volumes, and they will be read, as they well deserve to be read, by all those who have studied the spirited and conclusive defence of the Vitalistic position which we owe to their learned author.

The first part of the *History* is devoted to an account of the fortunes of the Theory of Vitalism during the ages, and here we are confronted with the strange fact that there is absolutely no mention of any writer or thinker on the subject between Aristotle and Helmont; for our author St Thomas Aquinas might as well never have existed, perhaps one might almost say never did exist. In a way this makes the books more valuable to Catholic controversialists, since no one can say that there is a theological bias in them. Once launched on the recent history of the vitalistic controversy our author is excellent and gives a most valuable account of the earlier vitalism; of its temporary obscuration by materialism; of the vigour with which it was attacked: "Things were not pleasant for

History and Theory of Vitalism

the few who, when materialism was at its zenith, guarded the tradition of the old, i.e. of the vitalistic, biology. People would have preferred to have locked them up in madhouses, had not 'senility' 'excused' them up to a certain point." (*History*, p. 149.) Finally he deals with what is called, but as he thinks, since the old faith never entirely died out, unfairly called, the Neo-Vitalistic movement. However we may style it, certain it is that, after a brief interval of obloquy, Vitalism in some form or another, and under some name or another, is becoming the accepted creed of most thinkers of to-day, in spite of the efforts of some belated wanderers from the mid-Victorian age to the contrary. The latter part of the *History* and the whole of the second book are concerned with the philosophical arguments in favour of Vitalism and to a restatement of some of the doctrines laid down in the author's *Gifford Lectures*. There is an excellent restatement, for example, of the "harmonious equipotential system" argument developed at such length and with such force in the Lectures in question, and this restatement is the more necessary since Haldane (in his *Mechanism, Life and Personality*) has rejected this argument which—may we say it with all respect?—he scarcely seems to have fully appreciated. The writer leads his readers up to the threshold of a Theistic solution of the cosmos. "Quite apart from time, there is certainly *one* special system of relations in the absolute, *besides* the one that corresponds to experienced spatiality; and we only know about this system in so far as it cuts, so to speak, across the system which we know under the sign of spatiality. It is for this reason that, even in the realm of the mere theory of order, we only know about the existence, but not about the suchness of entelechy taken for itself." (*History*, p. 236.) This shows us that there are "features of the Absolute about which we have no signified knowledge." (*ib.*, *ib.*) "Our problem is the problem of pantheism or theism in a special form; at least, if we call *pantheism* the one doctrine that reality is a something which is making itself ('*dieu se fait*' in the words of

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Bergson), whilst *theism* would be any theory according to which the manifoldness of material reality is predetermined in an immaterial way." But having brought them to the threshold he leaves them there: "The problem of theism or pantheism must remain unsolved and surrendered to belief; and we may only say that those who regard the thesis of the theory of order as necessary for everything that is or can be, must accept the theism and are not allowed to speak of 'dieu qui se fait.' But to accept theism would again mean to accept a number of alternatives among which it is impossible to decide" (*ib.*, pp. 238-9).

Though it is impossible within the narrow limits of space here alone available to deal adequately with a tithe of the topics dealt with in the two books under review we have, we hope, said enough about them to convince those concerned in the study and still more in the teaching of philosophy that they cannot afford to neglect these two very important contributions to an argument now of pressing importance in the biological as well as in the philosophical world.

Just one final word as to the *History*. Here is a book of 239 pp., packed with facts, names of men and other information, yet devoid of any index. It is really a literary outrage that such a book should be given to the reading public thus unprovided, and we sincerely hope that the error will be rectified in the next edition. B. C. A. W.

THERE are few aspects of life which are not subtly dealt with in these *Essays* (*Essays*. By Alice Meynell. Burns and Oates. 1914. 5s. net). From *Winds and Waters* through *Arts* and the *Colour of Life* to the *Darling Young*, ending with the *Illusion of Historic Time*, nature is painted not by phases or change, but as a complete scheme. Whether Mrs Meynell is speaking of *Ceres Runaway* or *Tethered Constellations*; whether *Solitude*, *Composure* or *Shadows* form the subject of her essay the same theme runs through each. We see things in their true proportion, for Mrs Meynell, constantly finding fresh aspects

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of the unity which surrounds us, interprets life and nature in harmony.

Most of the essays are reprinted, but are now collected together for the first time. They are divided into different subjects, and under the heading of "Arts" are seven essays chiefly in criticism; criticism of a kind which excels in contrasting ideas. Thus in speaking of Velasquez in her essay on the "Point of Honour," Mrs Meynell contrasts him with the modern impressionists. "Velasquez," she says, "made an appeal to the confidence of his Peers; he relied on his own candour and asked that the candid should rely upon him; he kept the chastity of art when other masters were content with its honesty, and when others saved artistic conscience he safeguarded the point of honour." Then estimating the modern Impressionists: "There is too much reason to divine that a certain number of those who aspire to differ from the greatest masters have no temperaments worth speaking of, no point of view worth seizing, no vigilance worth awaiting, no mood worth waylaying." Many other passages might well be quoted in illustration of the same thing but, to put it shortly, Mrs Meynell's criticism lies in suggestion rather than in statement. At times, however, she is also emphatic when emphasis is needed. In the essay on Victorian Caricature, for example, she denounces the coarseness and brutality "centring in the irreproachable days of the Exhibition of 1851 or thereabouts." She does not even spare Dickens. "In that time there was moreover one great humorist, one whom I infinitely admire; he, too, I am grieved to remember bore his part willingly in vulgarizing the woman." And continuing to speak of this vulgarity, she says: "It was not able to survive an increased commerce of manners and letters with France. It was the chief immorality destroyed by the French novel."

The mention of French influence brings to mind her essay on Madame Roland, one of five under the heading of Women and Books. It covers only a few pages, but is a brilliant character sketch. In reading it we realize

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how naturally such a personality became the centre and spirit of the Girondin party.

There is not space here even to mention many of the fifty essays which constitute this volume. Each has some original touch for they all bear the mark of Mrs Meynell's authorship. *The Flower* and *Unstable Equilibrium* are typical of her humour, just as *Rushes and Reeds* or *The Tow Path* are typical of her love of natural freedom, just as *The Child of Tumult* and *The Unready* show her insight into the mysterious character of childhood. But the key to Mrs Meynell's mind is to be found in that essay, so full of hidden meaning, *The Rhythm of Life*. R. W.

IN his book treating of *English Church Life from the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement* (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net), Dr Wickham Legg has given us a scholarly volume full of interest, the outcome of a wide acquaintance with his subject and of much research. The subject, as the title informs us, is "considered in some of its neglected or forgotten features," and the motto on the title-page, *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, sufficiently indicates the scope of the volume. It has long been the custom of Anglicans to trace through the three hundred years of their Church's existence a slender thread of Catholic teaching which seems to connect the existing body with the Church before the Reformation. Dr Legg, while restricting his period at each end within narrower limits, would show that in like manner Catholic practices and customs had not entirely disappeared, and that—notably during the eighteenth century, which it has been the custom to regard as a period of deadness, "church life" was by no means extinct. The aim of the book, to quote the author's definition of it, is not to present "a complete history of the Church of England from 1660 to 1833," but

rather to draw attention to points that have been hitherto but little dealt with by writers and thus remain unnoticed, and out of mind; and especially to emphasize the existence in the period

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of practices and ideas in which it has been often assumed that the time was most wanting, but of which a great part of the period shows a marked persistence.

The chapters into which the book is divided afford some notion of its comprehensiveness. After an introduction, dealing with piety and morality among the people, the old High Church School and the Nonjurors, we have two devoted to the Eucharist, and one to the Daily Service; then come the building, furniture, and decoration of churches, "manners and customs in Church and Home," Observance of Church Seasons, Discipline and Penance, Church Societies, Prayers for the Dead, Invocation of Saints, Books of Prayer, the Ornaments, Rubric, the Apostolical Succession. The evidence bearing on these subjects is adduced not only from "the influential authors of the period, but also from the lesser, the almost forgotten, writers and pamphleteers of the time; even the evidence of playwrights and novelists has not been neglected." The result is certainly a justification of the author's position, and to place the eighteenth century in a new and more favourable light, so far as the religious aspect of its earlier position is concerned. In its later portion, religious observances seem to have diminished, and at the beginning of the last century were at a low ebb. Thus with regard to the daily recital of Morning and Evening Prayer, the revival of which was one of the first undertakings of the Tractarian Movement, Dr Legg gives a table which shows that in 1746 one or both were said in sixty-three London and Westminster Churches—a number which in 1824 had dwindled to ten.

In the space at our disposal it would be impossible to deal adequately with so important a book; we will therefore confine our remarks to the chapters on the Eucharist, which stand first in the book. It is right to say that Dr Legg is careful not to damage his case by exaggeration similar to that which induces some among ourselves to find perfection in the Middle Ages. He frankly

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admits that the position of the Eucharist was unsatisfactory; but he shows, for example, that early celebrations, which were practically unknown at the beginning of the Tractarian Movement,* were, relatively to the small number of Eucharists, not infrequent; in 1728 the weekly celebration—itself more frequent than a hundred years later—was between six and nine in nine London churches. Fasting communion was not uncommon, but this, as Dr Legg points out, was, at any rate in part, owing to the fact that at that period “usually no food seems to have been taken until dinner, which was at noon-day, except by the luxurious and self-indulgent.” Sparrow, Jeremy Taylor and other less known writers are, however, quoted as having enjoined the practice on Catholic lines; and individual instances are given of its traditional survival until quite recent times. The *Agnus Dei* and less frequently the *Domine non sum dignus* (both of course in English) are recommended in several books of devotion for use immediately before receiving; and in one book (1693) is a translation of the *O Sacrum Convivium*. It will come as a surprise to many to be told that “although the celebrations were so rare, the number of communicants in proportion to the population of parishes will bear comparison with that of the present day” which, Dr Legg says, “gives no room for self-congratulation”; in one parish where were 236 “of age to communicate according to the Canon,” 200 did actually communicate—this, however, appears to have been exceptional.

With regard to the teaching of the period on the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Dr Legg’s evidence is hardly conclusive. He writes (p. 69):

Much has been said in the way of denial of the existence of teaching in the Church of England that the Eucharist is a sacri-

*The late Dean Gregory in 1844 knew of only one instance, and Bennett did not introduce them at St Paul’s, Knightsbridge—then the high-water mark of movement—until 1848. The articles on “Anglicanism Sixty Years Ago” and “A Neglected Aspect of Anglican Continuity,” published in this REVIEW for April, 1910, and January, 1914, may usefully be consulted on this and kindred subjects.

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fice. As an answer to this, it is enough to point to John Johnson or to Waterland as authors of repute who have maintained this doctrine:

but he tells us later (p. 71) that these authors "could not agree in their teaching on the subject, although both taught that there was a sacrifice." Nor can it be said that the other authorities cited represent the Catholic doctrine; even Robert Nelson (1665-1715), the representative lay High Churchman of the time, in his *Companion for the Festivals and Fasts* (1698)—a work which "is said to have had the largest sale in England of any book, except the Bible"—only regards the bread and wine as "by consecration being made symbols of the Body and Blood of Christ." More to the purpose are the writings of the Rev. Samuel Hardy (fl. 1741-1784), to which Dr Legg devotes two of the five pages allotted to the subject; but the fact that "his name does not appear in the *Dictionary of National Biography*" suggests that he did not occupy a high position among contemporary divines.

It remains to be said that Dr Legg frankly admits that his work is to some extent polemical: he has in view the refutation of "the Roman Catholic controversialist, the Churchman's hereditary enemy," as well as "the friends of the Church of England who have combined to blacken its history," and "those who hug themselves in the belief that all virtue began in the nineteenth century." Those acquainted with the author's writings know that he holds the modern ritualist and the "spike" in abhorrence, partly, we fear, on account of their attitude towards the Catholic Church—we seem to remember to have seen a sheet almanack, issued under his auspices, which contained the caution—"Whenever you see six candles upon the altar, you may suspect the rector of Romanizing tendencies." But whatever his motives, he has produced a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical history of his country, for which all who are interested therein cannot fail to be grateful.

J. B.

CHRONICLE OF RECENT BIBLICAL WORKS

THE discussion on the fundamental thesis of modern Higher Criticism, the textual reliability of the present Hebrew text, still continues. Dr John Skinner has now republished his six articles on the Divine Names in Genesis which appeared in the *Expositor* of last year. He has added a Supplementary Chapter (vii) on the Problem of the Priestly Code and a "Last Word with Dahse," together with some further Notes and Tables. This "last word" was provoked by a rejoinder of the Lutheran Pastor in the December number of the *Expositor* and is meant as a counterblast to the pæan of triumph raised by the Dean of Canterbury in an address to the Victoria Institute. It is a pity the whole thing has so largely become personal controversy. "My task is finished. Dahse will doubtless go on his way rejoicing, a mighty conqueror, tilting against wind-mills and thrice slaying his slain; but I shall be content to admire his progress from afar. As for the wicked insinuations with which he has thought fit to close his article it . . . is best left to the judgment of the charitable reader. I will only say that I know nothing of 'situations' in this matter. . . . It is unworthy of a scholar so lightly to impute a dishonourable motive to an opponent who may have caused him much trouble, but who has hitherto treated him with respect." It must be admitted that in this discussion a great deal depends on the view taken of the value of the Samaritan text, for to all intents and purposes the Divine Names in Sam. are identical with M.T. Dahse seems practically to neglect it, Skinner thinks it the earliest witness to the Hebrew text. Truth to tell, we know hardly anything about it; it is all theory and guesswork as yet. A critical edition of the Samaritan is being prepared in England and Germany; the latter is said to be nearly ready. This indeed may help, but after all it will probably leave the problem unsolved. What is really wanted is some knowledge of the history of the Samaritan community. At present our knowledge is almost nil.—Professor Ed. Naville's ingenious suggestions on Babylonian as the original language of the Old Testament receive very cautious and scholarly treatment by Prof. E. König in the *Expositor* of August and September, 1914. Without accepting all Dr Naville's inferences, it must, I think, be admitted that the finds of Assyrian tablets in Taanak, Gezer, and Samaria, and, unless I am misinformed, of Assyrian blank clay writing material at Jericho, create strong presumption for extensive use of Babylonian in Palestine long after the Tell El Amarna days. In the interpretation of 2 Kings xxii, 8, it still seems that Naville has hit the true meaning. It is true that it is not explicitly stated that the High Priest could not read the book, but the very mention of "the scribe" after Shaphan's name is a clear hint. If in a dispatch from India we read: "The officer Thompson gave the document to Ali the dragoman and he read it," we should naturally conclude that the handing of the

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document to Ali was best explained by the fact that he was the dragoman and at least better at reading Indian languages than Thompson. Dr König argues that the High Priest calls the document "the book of the law," and therefore must have known what was in it, but this seems to leave out of account the indefiniteness of the expression "sepher hattorah," which may mean some book connected with priestly law or temple lore and be the merest inference from the place of its discovery; documents walled up in temples are naturally supposed to have to do with "The Thora" of the priests of the temple.—However brief the note of W. R. W. Gardner, in *Expository Times*, 1914, pages 526-7, it is of distinct value. He asks the question: Did Moses write the Pentateuch in Babylonian Cuneiform? Having stated Naville's position concisely, he gives six short but telling grounds for concluding that Moses did not do so. These grounds may not be all equally strong, but none of them are without some cogency, and I have nowhere found in such a brief compass more reasons to suspend judgment on Naville's thesis. It must, however, be remembered that the question of the script is entirely separable from that of language. How far even the language of Canaan is expressible in Cuneiform script is well brought out in the three articles, "La langue de Canaan" of Père Dhorme in the *Revue Biblique*. Canaanitic written in Egyptian characters seems almost inconceivable and of a Phœnician script there is no clear and definite proof till many centuries after Moses.—The importance of the Book of Genesis in the *Cambridge Bible*, by H. E. Ryle, is not to be measured by its modest size or the fact that it appears in what is called a manual for schools and colleges. The *Cambridge Bible* contains some of the most remarkable products of English Exegesis, and no English biblical manuals, nor foreign ones either, are so much in the hands of scripture students as these. Things have, indeed, moved on since the days when this series was begun! The five books of Moses were kept for the very last. It is about them that the battle rages most fiercely, between the Old Schools and the New. They had to be attempted at last. Driver in Exodus, McNeile in Numbers, Chapman quite recently in the Introduction to the Pentateuch, and now Ryle in Genesis show, what Driver's *Daniel* foreboded, that the series stands unreservedly, unconditionally, for the New School. We do not refer to the adoption of the modern documentary hypothesis, we refer to the total outlook on the divine character of the Scriptures. The Dean of Westminster tells us of Genesis: "like every other human medium it was adapted to the age of its production. It was neither infallible nor perfect (page xlv). The Biblical narrative represents as in a series of parables fundamental religious ideas respecting the beginning of things. It is neither history nor science. The mysteries of the universe receive their interpretation through the medium of stories which have come down from the intellectual childhood of the Semitic peoples. No historic records of primitive man can be looked for. Before the ages of civilization man, with the spark of divine life implanted in him, slowly fought his way out of the condition of a savage. Any historic

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reminiscence of the Beginning is inconceivable (p. xxxviii *passim*). With regard to the Fall, Sanday and Headlam's view is put forward for consideration: "we may well believe that the tentative gropings of the primæval savage were assisted and guided and so led up to definite issues, to which he himself perhaps at the time could hardly give a name, but which he learnt to call "sin" and "disobedience," and the tendency to which later ages also saw to have been handed on from generation to generation in a way which we now describe as "heredity" (p. 67). And so throughout, inspiration and revelation, as we understand it, are absent from the Old Testament dispensation. It is "the glorious tale" of Dr Nairne, not indeed perfect or infallible, but told in man's "intellectual childhood" by people, who in God's good providence thereby delivered a noble religious message. Apart from these theological prejudices the commentary has the excellencies of the series, it is cautious and reliable and contains a mine of first-class and up-to-date archæological, literary and historical information. The illustrations, to one's surprise, are somewhat hackneyed and poor.

Das Buch der Weisheit. Paul Heinisch. Münster. 1912 (Asschendorff. pp. lvii, 345. 5s. 10d.). *Das Buch Jesus Sirach*. Norbert Peters. Münster. 1913 (Asschendorff. pp. lxxviii, 470, 8s.). *Das Buch Judith*. Andreas Jansen. Münster. 1914(?). The first two of these commentaries, for the third has not come to hand, are worthy companions to the truly monumental work on the Book of Kings, which opened the list of the series known as *Exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament*. This is no small praise to those who have studied Sanda's commentary which was reviewed in our last Chronicle. Wisdom is the latest book of the Old Testament, written only some fifty years before the Christian era, and has a charm for Christian readers which no other Old Testament book possesses. The problems to be solved by the commentator are those of the mind of an Alexandrian Jew two or three generations older than St Paul. The most difficult of these problems is that of the portrayal of Wisdom as a person throning at the side of God. This figure is indeed older, for we find her already in Proverbs, but in Wisdom she is clothed in Grecian robes adorned with gems of Greek thought. The author of this commentary is a Strassburger professor already well known by a monograph on *Greek Philosophy in the Book of Wisdom* and another on *The Influence of Philo on early Christian Exegesis*. He is therefore quite at home in this field of study and the work bears the mark of mature scholarship. With Cornely's posthumous commentary in the *Corpus Scripturae Sacrae* and the second edition of Lesètre's (R.I.P.) *La Livre de la Sagesse*, this book has received abundant treatment in recent years from Catholic hands. The introduction is comparatively brief (44 pp.) and the chapter on the personification of Wisdom and of the Spirit of God is almost epigrammatic. All too short references are made to the idea of Wisdom personified in the Book of Proverbs and in Persian and Egyptian literature. The note on p. xxxix: "Der Begriff der Person war im Alterthum nicht scharf erfasst," is somewhat laconic and unsatis-

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fying. The preparation of man's mind by God for the reception of the doctrine of the Trinity is a point worthy of greater emphasis than it receives in the Introduction. Happily, there are scattered through the book various excursus which are excellent, such as, for instance, that on the influence of Greek Philosophy on the doctrine of Wisdom (pp. 149-158) and that on the relation of Xenophon's *Personification of Virtue* to Wisdom (viii, 3-18). The German retranslation of the Greek text is good, though not so good as that of Ecclesiasticus by Dr Norbert Peters, which is superb. Dr Peters has specialized on this book for almost a score of years and gave us two editions of the Hebrew text of it. This commentary is worthy of him. Perhaps its greatest value lies in the close comparison between the Hebrew and Greek texts, in which almost word after word gives opportunity for display of philological and literary insight. Few books in the Bible offer greater temptations for conjectural emendations of the text which are more ingenious than secure. In the translation the author has steadfastly resisted these allurements, and it is well. He is certain of the more recent date of the book and argues for the years between 174 and 171 B.C.

The book certainly gains in vividness and reality if we see in it the portrayal of the Jewish pious soul immediately after the murder of the saintly high priest Onias, when renegades such as Jason and Menelaus and Lysimachus, with a crowd of apostate priests, polluted the Sanctuary with bloodshed and abominations. With all its technicalities the commentary brings out the literary charm and in many places even the grandeur of the Biblical book which the casual reader might for a moment consider a little prosy. The nobility of its style never so much struck the present writer as when he read Dr Peter's treatment of it. Monsignor Jansen in Holland maintains that the Book of Judith is by the same author as Ecclesiasticus, and the name of this Dutch scholar has long been quoted for the next following volume in this series, which is to be a commentary on Judith. It has, I fancy, not yet appeared, and we trust the present war will not interrupt so notable and so worthy an undertaking as the *Exegetisches Handbuch* to the Old Testament.

During the last ten years and more, M. Jastrow has slowly recast his famous history of the religion of Babylonia and Assyria. The parts of *Die Religion Babylonien und Assyrien* as they succeeded one another in slow succession have grown into a work of immense bulk in which the reader is overwhelmed by the mass of details. It required a heroic resolve to keep on reading these parts as they appeared during the last twelve years. Now the work is finally concluded, it forms indeed a monumental treatise on Babylonian divination, especially that derived from the inspection of animal livers (*Leberschau*), but hardly gives the reader a permanent and precise idea of the religion in the Euphrates Valley. The religious life of 3,000 years among the most highly civilized nations of antiquity cannot have been so utterly absorbed in sheep's liver as M. Jastrow's book would lead us to believe. One is grateful for his

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astounding display of patience and erudition and his abundant translations of Assyrian omen literature, but realizes that Babylonian theology must have had other chapters besides that on the formation and position of the bile duct of the victim slain to a god. Be it owned, however, that sheep's liver must have loomed large in the Babylonian conscience, and that on opening the Jewish Old Testament one feels a relief that the prophets of Jehovah felt no need for an exposition on *Leberschau*. Jehovah, after all, must have been very different from Marduk or Istar, from Samas or Nergal or Bau, notwithstanding the much vaunted and true beauty of some Babylonian penitential psalms. The portfolio of illustrations published after completion of Jastrow's text contains excellent reproductions with very concise explanatory notes and will prove an invaluable help to every student. For preciseness, lucidity and brilliancy of exposition nothing could exceed the conferences which a few years ago the French Dominican, Paul Dhorme, gave at the Institut Catholique of Paris and which appeared in second edition in 1910 (*La Religion Assyro-Babylonienne*. Paris. Gabalda). Professor Hehn of Würzburg published a remarkable study comparing the Biblical and Babylonian idea of God (*Die Biblische und die Babylonische Gottesidee*. Leipsic. Hinrichs), which fully merited the laudatory critique in *The Times Literary Supplement*, which brought it to the notice of English readers some months ago. Whether the results of his researches will ultimately prove true, it is too early to decide, but scholars cannot but welcome the thoroughness and earnestness of the endeavours made to solve so difficult a problem. The most important chapter is doubtless that in answer to the question: Was there a primitive Semitic God called El? Dr Hehn answers: No, El is merely a generic term on a par with other generic terms for the divine, such as Baal, Lord or Melech, King. Its meaning is leader, director, commander, ruler, guide. It was originally a *nomen appellativum*, not a *nomen proprium*. It is derived from the root Aleph, Lamed, Yod, with the meaning of reaching out, directing. The etymology is sound, but to be frank, the inference does not convince me. It is a startling fact that all Semites have one name for God. The Aryans have not; there is no connexion between GOD, DEUS, BOG, but there is connexion between El, Elohim, Ilah, Alonim, Ilani, Alaha, etc., etc. It is a startling fact that the founder of monotheism in Arabia, Mohammed, took for his cry: There is no god (ilah) but (allah) GOD. Mankind was originally monotheist; it gradually lapsed into polytheism. Some groups retained the One God longer than others, all seem to retain some vestiges of their primitive belief. The Semites had a definite designation for God before they parted from their common home, and they retained it to the last. Melech and Baal are common nouns applicable to every king or lord; El, as far as history carries us, never was. Of course, it has an etymology, it is not a nonsense word, but that it has a meaning does not prove it to be a *nomen appellativum* in the sense that from the first it was applied to all the individuals of a certain class. The argument for primitive monotheism from the word El may not be so cogent as that from the designation Heaven or Sky, concealed in the Latin or in the Chinese word

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for the Deity, but how El can be used as an argument for original plurality of gods among Semites, we cannot quite see. Another important study connected with Semitic Origins is that of J. Feldmann on Paradise and Fall (*Paradies und Sündenfall*, Münster 1913). Though non-Semitic parallels to the Biblical account of the Fall are not neglected in this work, the greater part of the book naturally deals with the story of the Fall among Semitic peoples, and it is here that the author is evidently most at home. The book is not merely an essay or some piece of special research, it is a bulky volume which intends to be a sort of *repertorium magnum* of all that somehow bears on the exegesis of the first chapters of Genesis and contains even a chapter on Paradise and Fall in Art and Profane Literature so far as these are explanatory of the Christian exegesis of these Biblical passages. The industry of the book is portentous and sometimes, perhaps, a little wearisome. The book is divided in three treatises of which the first and shortest deals with the literary, the second with the historical and the third with the dogmatic aspect of these chapters. The third treatise is a splendid piece of historical theology which will prove a classic on this question.

The Layman's Library, edited by F. C. Burkitt and G. E. Newmann. *What is the Gospel?* (J. G. Simpson). *The Faith of the Old Testament* (A. Nairne. Longmans, 1914. 2s. 6d. each). We fear that these handbooks will be widely spread and considerably mould contemporary Anglican thought. Their tendency is best revealed by a short quotation: "The more constantly we read these books (i.e. *Prophets of the Old Testament*), the more deeply the conviction holds us that the prophets' course was never supernaturally deflected, but was always supra-naturally directed; that reason was carried in them to a higher plane and was never atrophied." "Isaiah, and still more Jeremiah, appeal to the Lord's constancy in the unchangeable laws by which He rules nature; and an abrupt interference with the regular laws of human life and reason would stand in puzzling contrast with this." (*Faith of Old Testament*, pp. 51-2.) The phraseology of this passage is familiar to us, it is that of the school of which Dr Sanday is the champion. Prof. Nairne, of King's, London, pursued the same aims in his much-lauded *The Epistle of Priesthood*, viz. the popularizing of the idea that there is no revelation and no miracle in the sense in which these words have been hitherto understood by mankind, but that nevertheless these two words can and should be retained to signify the stately harmony of nature and the orderly progress of reason, when it suddenly rouses us to admiration. Prof. Nairne's style is both charming and dignified, and he tells "the glorious tale" of the Old Testament well. We admit the old Bible is a "glorious tale," even as mere literature, even with real miracles and prophecies left out. Dr Nairne's book has no scientific value. In reviewing the different critical theories, he too often says, this may be so or may not be so, and then passes to the order of the day. The book intends to create an impression and make propaganda, and no doubt it will do so, for it is good of its own kind. J. G. Simpson's book is more doctrinal than exegetical. With regard to the most advanced view

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of New Testament criticism he would say: let it be, it does not matter, Christ is known by experience, the collective experience of Churchmen, and this stands unshaken, no matter what critics may prove. It is refreshing to read: "In the first place *Christ is God*. That is the core of Christianity, the article of a standing or falling Church." It is taken "as axiomatic that Christ is God, that the Son became man." Soon after, however, one feels an unpleasant shock on reading: "We regard His manifestations in human nature, His death and resurrection as a Divine Action, comparable, not to the words and acts of human beings, which in a secondary degree may manifest God, but to the works of nature through which God acts directly." (p. 194.) One fears that Canon Simpson's belief in the Incarnation, however vigorous, is not a little confused. The Biblical scholar or Catholic apologete turns away unsatisfied on reading (p. 39): "Of primary importance is not the precise value of any or all the narratives included in the Gospels, which are necessarily far less certain than the Fact which underlies them, but the preservation of that standard presentation of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, out of which the Christian's fellowship with God invariably springs."

The Epistles of St Paul from the Codex Laudianus. E. S. Buchanan. London. 1914. (Heath, Cranton & Ousely, 12s. 6d.) About A.D. 800 Humbert, Bishop of Würzburg, had a copying school in which were a number of Irish scribes. The city of Würzburg still venerates St Kilian as its first bishop and apostle. They wrote some splendid manuscripts of the Latin Bible and the text they used is exceptionally interesting, as showing traces of the ancient Latin version which preceded Jerome's Vulgate. The text of the Laudian MS. shows a type of Western Text notably different from the usual Greek and possessing some remarkable readings. One specimen must suffice. After 1 Cor. x, 29: Why is my liberty judged by another man's conscience? the telling words are added: "Christo sto et cado," words which Mr Buchanan very appositely uses on the dedicatory page of the volume, and which one would not be loth to acknowledge as St Paul's. There are further remarkable instances of dogmatic differences, such as 2 Cor. xiii, 4: "Though He was crucified through our weakness yet He liveth in the power of God." Eph. 2, 18: "Through Him we both have access in one Lord unto the Father"; and Heb. x, 12: "He after offering one eternal sacrifice for sin, sat down on the right hand of God." Mr Buchanan looks upon our current text as Arianized. The whole volume is very carefully and scholarly done. What a painful surprise and bathos suddenly to read (p. xxv): "This text had not the Greek emendations of the Vulgate brought into Kent by St Augustine in 597—and in spite of its opponent was still copied in Britain and Ireland as late as the times of Bede. Bede's vindication of this text probably led to renewed efforts towards its extermination on the part of the upholders of the verbal infallibility of the Vulgate. Texts containing Old Latin readings were either destroyed by the Roman Catholic Church or their readings erased. The escape of such MSS. as the Codex Bezae from destruction seems to me to have been nothing short of

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miraculous. During the dark ages France and Germany were less completely dominated than was England by the papal power, and hence it has happened that while the earliest copies of the Old Latin texts have been destroyed in Britain, some of them have escaped destruction in France and Germany. Würzburg and other German cities in the eighth and ninth centuries gave an asylum to many Britains who preferred the Church of their fathers to the Church of Rome." And so the Irish monks went to St Kilian's monastery to escape the tyranny of Giant Pope, did they? and so saved precious Bibles which the wicked Pope and his Roman Catholic Church wished to burn? because forsooth they believed in the verbal infallibility of the Pope's own version! They should have chosen another monastery, for St Kilian, Bishop and Martyr († 689) died as Papal Missionary to the East Franks, and would certainly have betrayed these harmless Irish monks into the hands of the Jesuits and other Roman Inquisitors! I am afraid there was not much to choose between the Irish Kilian and the Italian Augustine, who shortly before had perverted the innocent Saxons to the Roman schism! I suspect that the German Emperor in burning the Library at Louvain was but a tool of Benedict XV, who suspected it to contain MSS. of the pure Word of God, don't you? The importance of the Western text, which receives illustration in Mr. Buchanan's study, has likewise been brought out by Albert C. Clark, Corpus Professor of Latin at Oxford (*The Primitive Text of the Gospel and Acts*. Clarendon Press, 4s.) in an essay of remarkable importance. He tries to show the falsehood of the adage: *Brevior lectio est potior*, and would maintain that the reverse is almost everywhere the case. He bases his arguments on the copyists' methods of the second and third centuries. His researches in profane literature have made him familiar with the ways of the copyists in the later years of the Roman Empire. With great ingenuity he brings out that the so-called Western text, summarily set aside in favour of Aleph and B, because of its ample additions, is much more likely to contain the true form of text than the shorter text advocated by Westcott and Hort. The argument derived from the shortness of the lines—ten or eleven letters and about 165 letters in a column—and again from the ancient arrangement of sense-lines as retained in D, will have to be reckoned with in the future. His suggestion also, that the shorter final clause of St Mark actually preceded the so-called longer one (xvi, 9-16) is, though unusual, not lightly to be set aside.

The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. The First and Second Epistles to the Thessalonians. 1913. *The First Epistle to the Corinthians.* 1914. (C. Lattey, S.J.) New translations of the New Testament into English receive a favourable reception in these days, witness the second revised edition of James Moffatt's rendering just issued by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton. The Westminster Version is a noble attempt by English Catholics who more than others were in need of a retranslation, for the Douay is far from satisfactory. This version would have been gratefully noticed in this Chronicle a year ago, were it not that the two short epistles to the Thessalonians were thought too slender a specimen to judge by.

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Now *First Corinthians* has appeared, though by the same pen, one has more to base an opinion on. The rendering is certainly fluent and idiomatic, it is perhaps more homely than majestic. It is certainly pleasing and plain, and we have found no passage which was not at least a plausible rendering of the Greek. The printer's art has certainly done its utmost to render intelligent reading possible, and the editors may be proud of their unmistakable success. The notes both in their preciseness and the restriction of their number betray an admirable discretion. Does not the verb "egging on" belong to a vocabulary of bantering and familiarity rather than to that of scholarship? Would it not be difficult to find the word "justness" in a standard dictionary? It is used to render the Greek *dikaiousune*. Now it is of supreme importance to have this word throughout the New Testament rendered by the same English equivalent, and can anyone imagine "justness" as a desirable version of *dikaiousune* in the Epistle to the Romans? In the last note of all to 1 Cor., Maranatha is said to mean in Aramaic "Our Lord, come." Is an Aramaic imperative, "tha" = come, really proven? The indicative Maran atha, Our Lord comes, is surely more likely. Unless my memory fails me, the heathens of Gaza shouted against the Christians, Maran, Maran, calling upon their God. It is also said that Abba may be the beginning of the "Our Father," but "our father" would have been either Abban, or Abbana, just like Maran or Marana. Father Keogh, S.J., adds an interesting Appendix II on the Ministry in the Apostolic Church. In his conclusions he does not differ greatly from Dr Moran in his excellent study on the Government of the Early Church. Both agree that the Episcopate as distinct from the Presbyterate is an apostolic creation; that the terms episcopus and presbyter are synonymous in the New Testament; that St Paul and the other Apostles appointed at first only a body of presbyter overseers of equal authority in the churches they founded, and that these churches came only later on under the rule of bishops in our sense of the word. Father Keogh would think that the rule of a collegiate presbyterate was of very short duration, and that the apostles themselves during their lifetime saw to it that monarchical bishops were appointed in every church, which in consequence, possessed at the death of every Apostle the same government of bishops, priests and deacons as we have to-day. Dr Moran, perhaps more correctly I would think, would hold that the monarchical episcopate was of somewhat later origin. St Paul consecrated indeed a few of his most trusted disciples bishops, but they remained itinerant Apostolic delegates and did not claim any local see as their own. At the death of SS. Peter and Paul, local bishops must have been exceedingly few, and only in the biggest centres, such as Rome, Alexandria and Antioch, the bulk of the Churches were governed by a collegiate presbyterate. St John multiplied local bishops in Asia Minor and thence the local monarchical episcopate spread. One does not quite see why Father Keogh sets the testimony of the Didache aside as unimportant or irrelevant. Why should a document, which at the latest dates with a score of years of St John's death, and is, perhaps, contemporary with the New Testament, be disregarded?

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